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SOLDIERING & SPORT IN UGANDA



BY
E. G. DION LARDNER





HOOVER INSTITUTION
on War, Revolution, and Peace

FOUNDED BY HERBERT HOOVER, 1919

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**SOLDIERING AND SPORT
IN UGANDA**

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SOLDIERING AND SPORT IN UGANDA

1909-1910

BY

CAPTAIN E. G. DION LARDNER,
F.R.G.S. //

(Late The King's Regiment)

WITH A FOREWORD BY

COLONEL R. H. VETCH, C.B.

(LATE ROYAL ENGINEERS)

Sc.

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TO
MY FATHER
W. G. LARDNER, ESQ.
F.R.G.S., F.C.I., Etc.

FOREWORD.

LESS than sixty years ago the country of Uganda was utterly unknown to the civilized world. No European had ever set foot upon its soil, and geographers found no place for it upon the map of Africa. All that part of the great continent where the Victoria Nyanza and the countries surrounding it exist was a blank. Later on vague stories of a large sheet of water and of an organized kingdom somewhere near the equator began to reach the outside world, but it was not until 1858 that John Hanning Speke, the explorer, travelling from the south, reached the coast of the great inland sea, and rightly believed that he had found at last the source of the great river of Egypt, and had solved a mystery of the ages. A few years later Speke and Grant met Sir Samuel Baker on the western shores of this great lake in the kingdom of Uganda.

Here was a country considerably larger than Great Britain, situated on the second largest fresh water lake in the world—the very source of the Nile—inhabited by a population of virile black races which, after devastating inter-tribal wars, was consolidated and organized under a king who ruled with power. Yet this region was totally unknown, sealed up, and hidden away from external civilization, a country

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given over to idolatry and fetishism, superstition and cruelty, and so it remained for over another decade and a half after Speke's discovery.

At the present time this country, undreamed of sixty years ago, has been for eighteen years part of the British Empire. A great change has come over the land and its inhabitants. With a native population estimated at some three and a half millions, at least half a million are said to be adherents of the Christian religion in one form or another, and probably half that number have been baptized.

Summoned by H. M. Stanley, when he visited Uganda in 1875, the Church Missionary Society sent out missionaries in 1877, who worked with devoted zeal among the benighted people, and two years later the French Roman Catholic missionaries arrived and did good work, though unfortunately the two systems were somewhat bewildering to the natives, and there was great antagonism between the rival churches.

Under the terrible persecutions of 1884 and 1885 these poor native Christians passed through the fires for their faith. They were no self-interested converts, leaving their old superstitions for gain or advantage. They accepted the message delivered to them as from God Himself; and like slaves freed from bondage, were zealous to show their gratitude by spreading the good news. They emulated the courage of the early Christian martyrs, and were not ashamed of the Cross of Christ, but rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer and

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bear witness to the truth. They went to cruel tortures and to death rather than renounce their belief in the Saviour who had died for them—the Redeemer of the world. Once again the blood of the martyrs proved to be the seed of the Church.

After many wars, sometimes between the French and English native parties, sometimes between these and the heathen and Muhammadan parties, the country eventually settled down under British protection. At the present time a young Christian native of the old royal house governs the natives under the ægis of a British Governor and his staff, and peace reigns from one end to the other of this fair land.

Not only among the Christians, but among the Muhammadans and the heathen, the influence of civilization has had a wonderful effect. The very face of the country is changed. Roads and telegraphs, Government buildings and Government officials' residences, churches and schools, court-houses, hospitals and markets, steamers and piers are to be found, and are the sure signs of a people living under a settled Government and amenable to law and order.

Several books have been written about Uganda, and in the future no doubt many more will be written, some from one aspect and some from another, according to the different points of view of the writers and to the progress of the country as it becomes better known and is more fully developed. A country whose faithful converts to Christianity

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have shown to the world a heroism so great is a country worth writing about, and its people worthy of study.

The author of this book is a great-grandson of a well-known scientific and literary writer in the first half of the last century, Dr. Dionysius Lardner, but he does not write at all in the doctor's style or on the doctor's subjects. Joining the King's African Rifles in Uganda early in 1909, he here tells of his experiences during a year's stay in the country.

He had previously seen active service during the Boer War in South Africa, going out to the Cape, a boy almost fresh from Harrow, at the beginning of 1900. He learned his duties in the field amid the stern lessons of actual warfare in the operations in Cape Colony, south of the Orange River, in Natal, and in the Transvaal, and was awarded the Queen's medal with clasp for his services.

Ultimately laid low by enteric fever, he was left during a long convalescence and recovery to brood over many things both in his own experiences and outside them. Becoming familiar with the vast solitudes of South Africa, where the kopjes stand like sentinels in the brown stretches of a wide horizon, he seems to have acquired in some degree the knowledge of that mystic feeling which the immensity of the desolate veldt exercises over so many. It is not unlikely that what is known as the "call of the veldt," or some similar feeling, induced him to leave the humdrum life of a garrison

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town at home to return to the African continent and the life of solitary regions.

Of the country of Uganda he had the advantage of seeing a large part, and while he devotes short chapters to past history, missions, sleeping-sickness, trade statistics and developments, the main object of the book, as the title, "*Soldiering and Sport*," indicates, is of a lighter character.

The *Soldiering* was at one time hard work, but it included no fighting. Our men occupied a position on the frontier and were encamped on one side of a disputed boundary, while the Belgian-Congo force was encamped on the other side. A collision might easily have occurred at any time; the attitude assumed by the Belgian force was threatening, and the small British force had to adopt all the precautions of actual war.

The *Sport* is a record of first experiences in shooting big game, and the author is to be congratulated on his success in bringing home the spoils.

The title of the book, however, does not cover all the ground. The predominant subject that engrosses the author is Nature in all its aspects—delight in the beautiful but solitary places of the earth. Enraptured with the scenery and colour wonders of equatorial Africa, and captivated by the gorgeous sunrises and sunsets, the lights and shades on the hills and valleys of the highlands of Western and South-Western Uganda, he endeavours to communicate his feelings and enthu-

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sians to his readers and to make them see with his eyes the scenes depicted. Little incidents too are quickly seized upon and made to contribute to the joys of "safari." The ways of the natives afford a never-ending source of amusement and appreciation; they are pictured as children never grown up, of imperturbable good humour and high spirits; they sing, dance, and chatter, contented with little, happy and careless as the day is long.

Going to South America for the benefit of his health just as he had placed his book in the publishers' hands, the author asked me to edit it, correct the proofs, and write a foreword. I have thus had an opportunity of reading the book carefully, and am able confidently to recommend to the public a work so pleasantly written and so admirably illustrated.

Owing to the distance of the author from London, I have had to take some responsibility in dealing with questions which have arisen in the course of seeing the book through the press, and should errors have crept in I must hope that the indulgence of the reader will be extended to me.

ROBT. H. VETCH.

PREFACE.

TOWARDS the end of the year 1909, the War Office seconded me from my regiment to enable me to join the King's African Rifles, under the Colonial Office, in the colony of Uganda. I was especially fortunate in having ample opportunities of studying our newest colony, since the vicissitudes of my service sent me to stations in diverse parts of the Protectorate. Landing at Entebbe, on the Victoria Nyanza, I passed through Kampala to my first station at Bombo. Thence I was sent for duty to Hoima, in Unyoro, North-West Uganda. During a brief stay there my short hunting leave enabled me to traverse most of the ground from Lake Albert to Masindi, and even as far as Mruli, near Lake Kioga.

Suddenly ordered to proceed in haste to Mbarara, in Ankole, South-West Uganda, on reporting myself there, I received instructions to reinforce an expedition to the M'fumbiro district, which lies in the direction of Lake Kivu, and was then considered by the Congo administration as part and parcel of their domains. That they have since discovered it to be British territory forms an interesting chapter in Uganda's modern history, as our sovereign rights rested on so slight a fabric as a mere meridian. The meridian 30° E. had been wrongly drawn

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on former maps, so that when the position of this arc was correctly laid down, Great Britain added a small slice of territory to those already vast domains which progress so rapidly under her firm and stable government.

On my return from the frontier to Mbarara I was appointed acting adjutant at headquarters, passing through Entebbe on my way back to Bombo. I had thus effected a complete tour round the Protectorate; and as there are no railways, I had necessarily to march the whole distance of, roughly, twelve hundred miles.

During my itinerary I jotted down a few facts about the habits and customs of the natives, and "safari" life in general. To these I have added accounts of sport met with during my wanderings, and, for the information of those interested, short sketches of Uganda's past history, its trade and future prospects, and the growth of Christianity. Lastly, as any account of that part of the world would be incomplete without some reference to the terrible sleeping sickness scourge, a chapter has been devoted to that awful and mysterious disease.

Probably the expedition to the M'fumbiro district may be found of some interest, as I do not believe that any European has traversed the route taken by the expedition since the days of Emin and Stanley. The unique incident of a misdrawn meridian leading to political complications between ourselves, Belgium, and Germany makes quaint reading in these modern days of scientific geo-

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graphy, when even the earth's Poles are yielding up their long-hidden mysteries, and reminds us of the boundary dispute with the United States of America over the treaty of 1783, of which the Ashburton treaty of 1842 was the final outcome. The territory in dispute in Central Africa is of importance to us, as it might eventually form a link in the chain of our Cape to Cairo Railway—a scheme that seemed at one time in danger of frustration by the German advance in East Africa to the very shores of Lake Tanganyika, thus defeating Rhodes' original plan that the line should run up the east side of that lake. All that is required to-day is a concession of Congo territory on the western shores of Lake Tanganyika, from Northern Rhodesia to the present south-western confines of Uganda, which are being delimited by the Commission recently appointed.

In conclusion, I desire to express my warmest acknowledgments to Mr. J. M. Coote, District Commissioner, Uganda; Captain C. R. Hall, Royal Munster Fusiliers; and Mr. A. Lobo, of Entebbe, for their kindness in placing at my disposal many beautiful photographs, which, with my own, have been used to illustrate this book.

DION LARDNER.

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Soldiering and Sport in Uganda.

CHAPTER I.

FROM MOMBASA TO THE VICTORIA NYANZA BY THE UGANDA RAILWAY.

YES! I have embarked on the ship which is to take me to East Africa, and am about to see that part of the globe which, to my mind at any rate, has no equal in point of interest, whether regarded from the view of the sporting "shikari," active trader, government official, or the mere globe-trotting sightseer.

On anchoring within the picturesque harbour of Mombasa, at Kilindini (see illustration), I was rowed ashore to the custom house, where I encountered the usual difficulties, only greatly enhanced by an idea, apparently entertained by the authorities, that every intending settler passing through must be an incipient millionaire. After a somewhat fatiguing delay we reached Mombasa by trolleys, propelled by perspiring natives along rails laid by the side of the road. This means of transport is general throughout Mombasa. The road, two miles long and lined by mango-trees on each side, forms a most pleasing

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picture, and a very welcome one after the dull sea-voyage. The most interesting spot in Mombasa is the old Portuguese fort shown in the illustration. It was built over 300 years ago, and has experienced all the vicissitudes entailed by the constant strife and the ever-changing fortunes of its masters.

Mombasa is so hot that I left it without much regret. At about eleven o'clock in the morning I caught the train for Nairobi. The distance of about 327 miles is covered in twenty-four hours, and what a magnificent journey it is! What other can compare with it? I had previously entertained some expectations of seeing big game, which I had been told were visible from the train, but imagine my surprise when on looking out of the window I saw a herd of zebra, within a hundred yards of the train, in the open. These were quickly followed by herds of antelope and gazelle, groups of ostriches, droves of hartebeeste and gnu, with an occasional giraffe. I obtained a splendid view of them, for they did not scatter to the four winds of heaven on the arrival of the awe-inspiring train, but, on the contrary, seemed rather filled with sheer and idle curiosity. On the right we passed Mount Kenia, though of course at too great a distance for more than a hasty impression, and on the left Kilimanjaro, situated just within the German East African border, one of the highest peaks of Africa, covered with snow all the year round and rising some 19,000 feet, can generally be discerned. In the meantime the train has been steadily ascending to

Nairobi

a height of 5,500 feet, and the air has become quite cool and refreshing—in fact, at night so cold that I question myself whether I can be as near the equator as the map depicts.

At last I sight Nairobi, the capital of British East Africa, about which I have heard so much. But, alas! I am disappointed. From the train it appears to be only the usual tin town one might have expected. Things wore a somewhat different aspect, however, after entering the station. A splendid carriage drawn by two submissive donkeys met my companion, who was an American with a good deal of invested interest in East Africa. This conveyance took us up the main street to the Norfolk Hotel, the only large hotel at present (1910). As in most young towns, prices are high, and I paid a sovereign a day for my expenses. The food was good, however, and the comfort excellent. There were a great many “shikaris” both going and coming, and I heard a lot of interesting yarns on matters of sport in the country.

I tried a rickshaw for the day, and visited the club and the headquarters of the King's African Rifles. I found most of the latter had departed on active service to Somaliland, where the Mullah was again bent on creating his periodical disturbance. Then I called at Government House and took tea with the Governor and his wife. The rickshaws shown in the foreground of the illustration ply for hire outside the station with a fixed tariff, which does

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not prevent the drivers from extorting a most exorbitant fare from the unsuspecting visitor or the just-out-from-home traveller, whom they "spot" with rare perspicuity.

The town is built partly on the plain, with the barracks and residential quarter up on the hill. Most of the roads are fairly good and lined with very pretty trees. The natives are a fine-looking race, and go about with merely a blanket hung very loosely about their bodies, showing clearly that they do not see the necessity of this superabundant adornment.

There are some 5,000 whites in the place, but most of them are non-residential. The entire population is about 20,000. The shops are well stocked, and there are few things you cannot purchase, although the heavy custom-tax at Mombasa renders the prices very extravagant. Government Road is the main thoroughfare of the capital. The town is improving daily, and stone buildings are rapidly supplanting the original wooden shanties and tin erections. There are even agricultural shows, and the illustration shows three-quarter English-bred sheep awaiting a customer. The climate is delightful, and thoroughly fit for Europeans. In fact, Nairobi has as great a future as any rising city in the world, and for any man with capital, a prudent purchase of some of the town plots now for sale should return him a very tall percentage on his money. Another illustration depicts the Government Road or main street of Nairobi, in



Mombasa Harbour (Kilindini).—P. 1.

Naivasha

which it will be observed an important store and place of business has been recently rebuilt in stone.

The next day I again took the train up country and continued my journey as far as Naivasha, which is 391 miles up the line from the coast and no less than 6,230 feet above sea-level. Although this place is, comparatively speaking, in its infancy, there can be little doubt that at no distant date it will become the health resort of the Protectorate. Having been seized near this station with an attack of fever, a rest of two days here enabled me to pick up again with wonderful celerity. The hotel is well placed, overlooking the splendid lake of 150 square miles, which is beautifully situated in the midst of a circle of hills. A launch can be hired and a pleasant trip made round the lake in search of hippopotamus, of which large numbers exist among the reeds that stretch out many yards from the shore. This trip can include a picnic on the island in the centre, which a settler is clearing for an ostrich farm and is valuable from the fact that its situation will render it immune from all marauding and dangerous poachers.

Plenty of duck and other birds are to be met with. The surface of the lake is strewn with beautiful blue water-lilies which have a delicious smell, and on their cool, flat, floating leaves countless small birds are to be seen hopping gaily about, and an occasional frog, disturbed from his resting place upon them, will drop with a slight splash into the depth of clear water to the safer shelter

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of the reeds below. On the shores of the lake enormous herds of cattle graze. These belong to the Masai, who have been granted large land reserves in the district. Formerly a very turbulent and warlike tribe, they are now settling down to the more peaceful pursuit of cattle-rearing. After too short a stay I resumed my journey up the railway, stopping at Nakuro to dine at its excellent hotel.

The following morning I was awakened at daylight by the train coming to an abrupt stop. I looked out of the window and was surprised to see a whole assemblage of natives in war-paint, with tremendous head-dresses, shields and assegais, on the platform of the station at which we were halted. I found out they were Kavirondo natives on their way to a wedding. On inspecting them more closely, I saw that their head-dresses were formed of ostrich feathers stuck into skins of lions or monkeys. Around their necks were suspended teeth, and on one man half the jaw of a hyena. Their faces were painted red, and the eyes made to look very fierce. They danced a short war-dance, composed mostly of swift and furious attacks followed by equally swift retirements. After a few cents had been scattered among them (a cent is a hundredth part of a rupee and enables a native to exist for a whole day), they hurried off lest all the beer should have been drunk by their more punctual *confreres*. This Kavirondo tribe was the lowest in the social scale I had as yet met. They were totally devoid of clothing and quite shame-

Kisumu

less, as members of both sexes roamed up and down the platform of the station. Nevertheless it is a well-known fact that the Kavirondo are, as to their morals, the strictest tribe to be found in this part of Africa. I heard that the men make good soldiers. When on the war path they "make up" with the idea of striking terror into the hearts of their antagonists. They smear themselves with clay and tatoo until their perfection point is reached to instil the necessary fear in the enemies' breasts. The gentleman shown in the illustration appears to have been particularly successful!

The railway had now reached an altitude of 8,350 feet, being about 500 miles up from Mombasa. The night had been very chilly, and I was glad of my warm rugs. The country all along was beautiful, and after a few more miles we arrived at Port Florence and caught our first glimpse of that splendid sheet of water known as the Victoria Nyanza. Alongside the wharf was the S.S. *Clement Hill*, a splendid lake steamer, with fine accommodations and fittings.

Kisumu, the native name by which Port Florence is generally called, is at present the terminus of the Uganda line, and my journey by rail came, therefore, to an abrupt end; any further progress could only be made on foot through the province of Busoga or by steamer across the Victoria Nyanza. ("Nyanza" is the Bantu name for lake.)

Kisumu lies on the east coast of the Victoria Nyanza, and here travellers embark for Entebbe

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and other places on the lake. Here also is the great market-place (shown in the illustration), where the natives bring their produce from all parts. These natives are Kavirondos, and, as I mentioned before, it is contrary to their creed to wear clothes; indeed, it is only with difficulty, and after the most patient explanations, that they can be induced to do so. They are, however, reputedly moral, and as a wag once wrote :—

“ They have to wear only a necklace of coral
To show to the world they're exceedingly moral.”

The accompanying illustrations show groups of Kavirondos displaying, more or less, their disregard for body-gear in strict accordance with their habits and creed, with which, after all, there seems little need to find fault.

I should like here to say a few words about the Uganda Railway. In the first place, it is a misnomer to have given it its present name, as it does not now run through any part of the Uganda Protectorate, stopping short at Port Florence on the Victoria Nyanza. Recently authorization has been obtained for the Uganda Protectorate to build a railway of its own from Jinja (which is one of its ports on the Victoria Nyanza), to Kakindu, situated on the Victoria Nile, near to where it flows into Lake Kioga. Great expectations are entertained from the operations of this new railway in fostering the cultivation of produce, which it is hoped will find its way ultimately across the lake



Old Portuguese Fort at Mombasa.—P. 2.

The Uganda Railway

and down the existing railway from Kisumu to Mombasa, thereby enabling this line also to derive great benefit from the goods traffic.

When the original Uganda Railway was proposed it was considered by some people a mere Imperialistic fad, and openly condemned by certain politicians, who stated that it could never earn sufficient to cover the cost of working and interest on capital expenditure. Their pessimism further indulged its outcry on the publication of the figures for the first year after its construction, 1903-1904, showing a loss of £107,500. Since that year the beneficial effect it exercised upon the development of the country has enabled it to make such substantial progress that the line has now proved itself a sound commercial investment.

During the year 1910-11 a net profit of £98,500 (which to-day has risen to £134,000) was earned; compared with £65,900 for the preceding twelve months this is a great advance. The cost of working is still high, but it is gradually being reduced, and has been chiefly caused by the unevenness of the up and down traffic, which naturally causes waste. The most important increase was in the carriage of cotton. The shipments were 900 tons larger, a very satisfactory indication of the growth of the newly-started cotton industry, which has been more successful than was anticipated, especially in Uganda, where the natives, highly gratified at the prices they have received, are planting further large areas.

CHAPTER II.

ENTEBBE AND KAMPALA.

As there were several hours to spare before embarking, I took a walk up to the Kisumu market, where I witnessed a very interesting sight. All the Kavirondo natives bring their produce here to barter, and as the site is at the junction of several splendid roads they have easy access to the market. I saw groups of natives walking in Indian file, carrying on their heads produce that might be anything from a basket of sweet potatoes to a bottle of milk. They marched solemnly along, with little or no clothing to conceal their ebony forms. This custom of balancing their goods on their heads endows them with a very erect carriage and a free and easy bearing. They seemed quite happy and contented, nor did they resent our inquiring glances. They wear their money around their necks. This practice is facilitated by the fact that all the smaller moneys are coined with holes through their centre. The illustration shows a native Kavirondo woman carrying her produce to market on her head in the usual basket panier. She is indulging herself with a pipe of wood ash.

I now hurried back to the S.S. *Clement Hill*,

Steamers on Lake Victoria

which was to carry me across the lake to Entebbe. She was one of a very fine fleet belonging to the Uganda Railway, which maintains a regular service between Uganda and British and German East Africa. The illustration shows one of these splendid passenger steamers. At certain periods a ten-day trip can be undertaken by tourists, circumnavigating the entire lake and calling at the different ports. I was agreeably surprised on inspecting the vessel to find it fitted up with every luxury—electric fans, electric light, baths, cabins for two, first-class saloon, a roomy deck which was beautifully clean—in fact, everything you can imagine to add to comfort. I never expected anything so up-to-date on a little-known lake in the centre of tropical Africa.

They tell an amusing yarn about the S.S. *William Mackinnon*, which was the pioneer ship for the lake. It appears that, in the days previous to the existence of the railway, it had to be carried in pieces on the backs of porters from the coast up to the lake. As they were passing a desert part of their journey a sand-storm scattered the caravan, and the porters threw down their loads, which were never ultimately recovered. So now the *William Mackinnon* can boast of being the only steamship which ever foundered in a desert.

The voyage, which takes about a day, is very refreshing after such a protracted train journey, and as the vessel's course lies through a chain of beautiful islands, my attention was constantly called

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to various points of interest on the way. The scenery is typically English, and some views reminded me forcibly of parts of the Isle of Wight. A very typical view of the lake is shown in the illustration, where an elephant is seen indulging in the luxury of the bath.

The natives tell a story of an enormous and mysterious sea-serpent which inhabits the lake. Apparently belonging to some pre-historic species, its existence has never been properly authenticated by any white man, notwithstanding that a good deal of native evidence points to the existence of some out-of-date reptile.

Breakfast had scarcely been finished when someone shouted out "Entebbe." I ran round to the starboard side, where a beautiful view met my gaze. Wonder of wonders! Could this be the fever-stricken spot which I had heard so frequently and vigorously maligned? To enable my readers to appreciate the beauties of this favoured spot, a view is given showing the outskirts of the town and the road leading to Kampala.

Splendidly situated, overlooking the great lake, it appeared in the distance as a mass of trees, parks, and gardens of flowers. Nor was I disappointed when I ultimately walked up from the wharf to the top of the town; everything seemed glittering green and bright in the sunshine and, on looking back, there before me stretched the lake, displaying its panorama of ever-changing scenic effects. The inhabitants aver that it never presents the same

Entebbe

view for two successive mornings, whereby it is typical of the unrest of Uganda, which fascinates by its rapidly changeable nature.

The first thing to attract my interest were the fine golf-links, which do great credit to the noble sportsman who laid them out. You can get every sort of game in Entebbe—cricket, hockey, and tennis. The Botanical Gardens of Entebbe are extremely beautiful—almost beyond description. The illustrations furnish views in the Gardens. In one a shady walk among the palms and ferns is seen, with an European lady in a white dress, looking cool and fresh, strolling along the path enjoying the beauties of the foliage and the scent of the flowers; in another a rubber-tree is shown; in the third is depicted a tree typical to Uganda, with yellow-hangers' nests hanging to the branches. There are many European ladies in the place, although the sameness of the climate all the year round becomes a little bit depressing after a year's sojourn in the place.

I made the acquaintance here of the Asafue ant. I was walking in the garden of a Government official, who had kindly given me some luncheon, when I noticed along the broad path a narrow black line, and, on a closer inspection, I discovered that it was formed by myriads of ants. This enormous army was on trek with scouts out in true military style. In my ignorance I attempted to break up their line formation, but their scouts doubling out in skirmishing

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order soon located their enemy. I need only add that one attack was sufficient. I shall in future take every precaution to leave my friend the "Asafue" to eat up the next new-comer. Their bites are so acute that you are impelled to tear off your clothes there and then and to rid yourself of them as soon as you possibly can. I eventually finished up at the Club, where I met many residents, and from whose congenial society I found it difficult to sever myself.

I arrived back on the ship, and early the next morning we steamed up a narrow inlet of the lake to Port Kampala. I must own that whilst in port the mosquitoes had become unbearable, and I got very little sleep indeed. Port Kampala is quite new, and the natives were busy at work on the jetty. The place was rampant with the sleeping-sickness germ, although a part of the shore had been cleared of the dangerous thick jungle which harbours the pestilential fly, but it was difficult and slow work. Uganda was just recovering from a bad dose of this disease, and the Government were trying to eradicate it by clearing all the lake shore of the native inhabitants, who used it to earn a livelihood by fishing. I believe if a germ cannot find an accommodating person to bite for a period of forty-eight hours, it succumbs. The patient may be infected for years, but he eventually wastes away until he is but a mere trembling shadow and dies.

I did not, however, remain very long here. The rickshaw which I had previously ordered was waiting

Kampala

for me. It was dragged along by a native between the shafts, who was assisted by no less than three others, who helped the proceeding by pushing behind. Their methods when travelling are somewhat peculiar. The leader between the shafts will relate a yarn about anything which first enters his head. It may be guessing where you come from, or whether you are likely to give them much backshish, etc. This he does in broken sentences, and at the end of each sentence all the three pushing behind answer in the affirmative and in unison. Sometimes when the *raconteur* gets a little excited with his narrative, he will glance rapidly round, first over his left shoulder and then over his right, shouting out his version with ferocity, as if to ensure that those pushing behind are taking an intelligent interest. A mono-rail has been established between Kampala and the port, as well as motor transport, and has met with great success. The pier at this newly-formed port for Kampala has been recently built at a place called by the natives Luzira, but known officially as Port Bell. It is seven miles from Kampala.

My natives stopped occasionally on the way to drink water, making a cup out of the banana leaf. They have, indeed, a striking number of uses for this leaf. It serves for puggarees, padding for their heads when carrying loads, a cover for letters when acting as messengers; and it is used for carrying eggs, as a stopper to their water-bottles, as a means of packing, both as string and paper, as gaiters for

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their legs, and, in fact, for everything; and banana plantations are to be seen everywhere.

I was rather pleased with Kampala, the ancient capital formerly known as Mengo, although I do not think the place would attract me for any length of time. Like Rome, it is built on seven hills, resulting in the fact that you are always walking up or down a gradient, which may in time become somewhat monotonous. The Baganda natives seem happy and prosperous, and quite civilized, especially when compared with such tribes as my late friends the "Kavirondo." They are dressed in a simple costume made out of the fibre of the bark cloth tree. As both men and women affect this style of clothing, it was probably responsible for the old ideas that in these districts there were no men, owing to the similarity of the dress of the sexes. A Baganda native kilt is shown in the illustration.

The manufacture of this bark cloth forms an important native industry. Although the tree does not grow in dense forests, it is to be found scattered over the whole of Uganda. An interesting fact is its extraordinary fertility, in illustration of which I may mention that a small twig of it, apparently lifeless, when placed in the ground, will burst into leaf with the first rain that falls. The second stripping of the tree produces a finer material than the first. After the stripping, banana leaves are tightly strapped round for a period of three months and upon their being taken off a new



Norfolk Hotel, Nairobi.—P. 3.



Outside Nairobi Railway Station.—P. 3.

The Baganda

coating of bark matures rapidly. This covering of leaves prevents any interference with the growth or the health of the tree. The natives strip it in the piece, and after soaking it in water, hammer it out with mallets until it becomes quite thin and pliable. In the picture the natives are seen hard at work hammering out the bark. A pattern is sometimes formed by ridges cut in the mallet heads. Some of the natives affect a keen dislike to becoming sunburnt; so they carry about parasols, which often have a drawing of Edward Rex in white on the outside and are sold by all the traders.

The Baganda are physically a very fine race; they are also most intelligent; eager to learn and quick to acquire knowledge. Their love of books and written matter is so keen, that a servant is constantly worrying his master for "baruas" (or letters) on any subject, from an order on the local trader for trivial necessities to a written character, and appears pleased even if the latter may not be favourable to him.

With the Baganda wrestling obtains largely—indeed, it is their chief sport. The illustration shows some Baganda wrestling near Kampala. On certain days crowds of these fellows meet to watch a series of contests.

They are childishly fond of counting. Notwithstanding the fact that they can tell at a glance the number of coins you hand them in payment or change, seeing that for rapid mental calculation they easily outvie any European, they will take the

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greatest delight in counting the amount over and over again for sheer joy of doing so. In the same way your headman will count your porters incessantly, at odd moments during your "safari."

The polished manners of the Baganda strike the visitor at once, and one can only hope that under the influence of civilization and education they will not deteriorate in this respect, although already they have learned that it is unnecessary to kneel down until the white man has passed; and the missionary teaching, that all human beings are brothers, irrespective of colour, is an undoubtedly dangerous doctrine, putting them, as it does, on an equality with their rulers. The illustration shows a Baganda chief not above building his own hut with the assistance of two of his servants, but observe the cutaway coat in which the chief is dressed.

Kampala to-day presents a very different appearance to what it did only a few years back, when it was described as a gigantic banana grove. Excellent roads have been laid out, and stone houses are being built everywhere. The local shops are doing a good business, and more traders are arriving constantly as the inhabitants are becoming richer, and, of course, the greater their civilization, the greater their requirements.

A detachment of Indian troops is quartered here. The market-place is a busy centre, and a casual onlooker would imagine that this was the principal rendezvous for discussing the merits of their respective goods rather than for the actual barter

Sporting Licences

and sale. Native women grinding corn for the market are depicted in the illustration. The local museum is only at present in its infancy, but nevertheless attracts a large number of native visitors, who evince a keen interest in the exhibits of domestic utensils, curios, etc., collected from the various parts of the Protectorate. The fact that out of a sum of £466 no less than £200 was subscribed by the chiefs and people for the new museum building, which is situated in the old Kampala Fort, on the top of Kampala Hill, speaks well of their general interest in local affairs.

After a few days spent in the purchase of stores and necessities I started for Bombo, the headquarters of the King's African Rifles, though not before I had obtained from the Commissioner a special licence, the fee for which was £10 for a public officer for a period of twelve months, and permits the shooting of two elephants, as also rhinoceros, hippopotamus, antelope, gazelle, buffalo, marabout, egret, etc., in limited numbers. The fee for this licence falls rather heavily on the ordinary sportsman, amounting to £50, and his best method of proceeding, if not over-burdened with this world's wealth, is to sell the tusks of one of his elephants to pay for the tax. The price of ivory in the Colony varies round about ten shillings to the pound weight, and as a fifty-pound tusker is by no means uncommon, especially in Northern Uganda, it would thus about pay for the licence. A return of your bag has to be sent in to the Commissioner

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granting the licence, for purposes of supervision. A female elephant is protected, although in cases where the plea of self-protection has been allowed after the shooting of one, confiscation of the ivory, without any additional fine, is the usual course taken.

I need hardly describe Bombo, as until the military selected it for the site of their headquarters it was destitute of aught save trees and long grass. A good deal of money is now being spent on the place, and it is rapidly being brought up to date. Already it can boast of a tennis court. I was detained here awaiting my lost baggage, which did not turn up for two weeks, during which time I picked up a little of the Swahili and Nubian dialects. I also became acquainted with some of the past history of Uganda, a *résumé* of which I have inserted in the following chapter for those whom it may interest.



Three-quarter bred English Sheep at Nairobi.—P. 4.



Outskirt of Entebbe and road to Kampala.—P. 12.

CHAPTER III.

A SHORT HISTORY OF UGANDA.

A CERTAIN Hamitic race who supplied the ancient Egyptians with ancestors invaded Uganda from the north-east at some remote period, thousands of years ago. Mingling with the Nile negroes, and also with the aboriginal inhabitants of Uganda, they settled down there and established a neolithic civilization, which formed the basis for the gradual growth of the kingdoms of Uganda, Unyoro, and Ankole.

It was not till July, 1858, that Speke, after the discovery of Lake Tanganyika, parted from Burton and proceeded northwards, coming upon a vast and boundless lake which he named Victoria Nyanza, and immediately formed the opinion that he had found the probable source of the Nile.

This led to much argument in England, and to prove his theory he set out again, arriving in Uganda in 1862, and thus was the first white man to penetrate into that country, although Arab traders had long trafficked in ivory and slaves, and had brought reports down to the coast of a wonderfully civilized nation living upon the shores of a huge lake.

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One can imagine Speke's surprise when, after travelling up from the South amidst naked savages, he eventually discovered this remarkable race, both intelligent and civilized, who actually were fully clothed, and it is said even looked upon his donkey as indecent because it did not wear trousers upon its legs! He was, moreover, well received by Mtesa, who was then ruling over Uganda, but unfortunately with despotic cruelty. He is said to have had seven hundred wives and one hundred and fifty children. His great desire was to aggrandize himself and his country. He therefore encouraged the visits of the white men, in order to gain power by their brains and wealth from their merchandise. Thus it was that when, in 1875, Stanley visited him on his way through to the Congo, he met with a very friendly welcome, and was actually able to induce the King to embrace Christianity. Mtesa even went so far as to send a message through him inviting the Church Missionary Society to come and teach their gospel to the people of his kingdom. This invitation led to the Society sending out the Rev. C. T. Wilson in 1877 as their first representative. The arrival of the Protestant missionaries was soon followed by that of the White Fathers of Algeria, who obtained permission to establish a French Roman Catholic Mission in 1879, thus setting up a deplorable rivalry between the two creeds, who had in their turn to contend with a large following who were earnest worshippers of Islam.

Mtesa died in 1884, and it is said that five

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hundred people were sacrificed on his grave. He was succeeded by his son Mwanga, who was renowned for his vicious cruelties. Urged by the Arabs, he directed his energies to uprooting Christianity, which had by this time obtained a great ascendancy over large numbers of his people. Christian converts were cruelly tortured, being burned at the stake or handed over as food for the crocodiles. The Baganda Christians behaved with courage and extraordinary heroism, so that the religion continued to spread until Mwanga, failing in a gigantic plot to oust them as well as the Muhammadans, fled, and was succeeded by his brother, Kiwewa, in September 1888; but he, in turn, was expelled by the Arabs, and another brother, Kalema, made king. Kalema began a fanatical propaganda on behalf of Muhammadism. He died in 1890, and was succeeded by Mbogo, a half-brother of Mtesa.

In 1889 affairs were in such a bad way that the Christians agreed together to invite Mwanga to help them, and successful war was waged against the Arabs. In the same year a charter was granted to the Imperial East Africa Company, who sent their representatives, Jackson and Gedge, on an expedition into the Uganda country. In July 1890 the Anglo-German treaty assigned Uganda to Great Britain, and Captain (now Colonel Sir) F. D. Lugard was appointed by the Chartered Company to be their administrator, with Captain (afterwards Colonel) W. H. Williams as second in

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command. Lugard entered Uganda in December, and in 1891, at the head of the Baganda, with Soudanese and Zanzibar levies, traversed the north of Ankole through Unyoro, defeating all opposition and gaining a decisive victory over the Arabs, near Kowar, on the 7th May.

Freed from immediate fear of the war-like Muhammadans the two Christian parties again took to bitter quarrelling among themselves, and when Lugard returned at the end of 1891 from a successful expedition to Kavalli's in search of Emin Pasha's Soudanese, left in Equatoria by H. M. Stanley, the killing of a Protestant by a Roman Catholic at Mengo, which was supported by the king, led to fighting in the early part of January 1892. The king attacked Lugard in his fort at Kampala, but was repulsed and compelled to fly to Bulingugwe Island, whence he was driven, and fled to the German frontier. After much fighting and the capture of Sese Island by Williams, a treaty of peace was signed on the 30th March, 1892, and Mwanga returned to Mengo.

By this treaty liberal conditions were offered to the French or Roman Catholic party, and the British flag was hoisted over the capital. In the previous year the British East Africa Company, finding they could not maintain their position, had already ordered Lugard to evacuate the country. Thanks to funds raised by the Church Missionary Society, the move was postponed until 1892, when Lugard left for England to appeal against it. The



Government Road, the main street of Nairobi.—P. 4.

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British Government had, however, already decided to leave Uganda to its fate, thus sacrificing the poor Baganda, who had fought loyally on their behalf. Fortunately, the public becoming interested, moved for the retention of Uganda, and Lord Rosebery despatched Sir Gerald Portal in December to report on the country, and allowed the Company a subsidy in the meantime.

Captain (now General Sir) J. R. L. Macdonald of the Royal Engineers, who had been employed since 1891 in charge of the survey for a railway from Mombasa to the Victoria Nyanza, was ordered in 1892 to proceed to Uganda as Acting Commissioner. He accompanied Captain Williams in the expedition against the Navuma, and remained to assist Portal in his investigations. Accompanied by a large staff and an escort of two hundred Zanzibar troops, Portal arrived in Uganda in March 1893. He soon made up his mind that the old kingdom of Uganda should be retained as a British possession, but advised the abandonment of the provinces of Unyoro and Toro. He satisfied the Christians as to the lands to be held by the respective parties of Protestants and Roman Catholics, but he failed to meet the demands of the Muhammadans. On the 1st April, 1893, the flag of the Chartered Company was replaced on the Kampala fort by the Union Jack.

On Portal's departure Macdonald was left in charge, and met a serious Muhammadan outbreak in the summer with promptness and success at the battle of Rubaga on 17th June and at Port Alice

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on the 20th June, while Major Owen defeated the Muhammadan party in Unyoro in July. In November Colonel (afterwards Major-General Sir) Henry Colvile, of the Grenadier Guards, arrived to take over the administration from Macdonald, and decided to make war at once with Kabarega of Unyoro, who was persistently hostile, and taking with him Macdonald as chief staff-officer he soon reduced Kabarega to subjection.

On the 19th June, 1894, Uganda was declared a Protectorate, and all territorial limits for religious teaching were done away with, Catholics and Protestants working more or less together to reclaim the heathen native to the best of their ability, and on friendly lines. Colvile was invalided at the end of the year, and was succeeded, first by Mr. F. J. Jackson, and then by Colonel Trevor Ternan. In 1896 the Protectorate was extended to the neighbouring provinces of Unyoro and Toro. Industrial peace then set in: trade was opened up, roads kept in repair, trees planted, houses built, and everything seemed to have settled down for a prosperous era, when, in 1897, the lamentable Soudanese Mutiny broke out and upset the peace once more. The men's pay was six months in arrears; it was also only about one-fifth of the pay of the Zanzibari porters. They had been undergoing continuous fighting, and now they were again ordered off on active service and prohibited from taking their wives with them; they also complained of harsh treatment from their officers.

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The revolt broke out in the Nando district of British East Africa, where Macdonald was about to undertake an expedition into the southern part of the Egyptian Soudan to make a geographical and political reconnaissance for the Foreign Office, and had been ordered to take an escort of Uganda Soudanese soldiers. From the Ravine Station in the Eastern Province, where they were assembled under Macdonald, these men set out for Uganda, Macdonald following in the rear with a force of Zanzibaris. Gallant Major Thruston, relying on his personal influence over his soldiers, with whom he was very popular, risked his life in a heroic attempt to bring them round to their allegiance. He hurried to Luba, on the Ripon falls, to interview the garrison there, but was seized, with his two European companions, and made a prisoner. Macdonald's force now gave battle to the mutineers and defeated them. The Soudanese leaders, wishing to commit their followers absolutely, lest they might offer to submit, murdered Thruston and his companions. Macdonald then laid siege to Luba for nearly three months, during which time King Mwanga, who had again bolted and been held a prisoner by the Germans, managed to escape back to Buddu, and was joined by a large following. Things were looking very bad ; but Macdonald, with the aid of the Baganda army, defeated King Mwanga, disarmed his men, and sent them to join the Soudanese garrison at Kampala, whom he had also taken the precaution to disarm, although still loyal.

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But whilst he was thus engaged the Soudanese at Luba, numbering six hundred, escaped down the east bank of the Nile, and made their way towards Mruli. If they had reached that point, in all probability the hitherto loyal garrisons of Toro and Unyoro would have joined them, and all would have been lost. Macdonald therefore hastily pursued the mutineers and, overtaking them, defeated them near Lake Kioga. Then he returned to Kampala, leaving in command Colonel E. G. Harrison, who gallantly stormed their stockade at Kabagambi. Colonel C. G. Martyr, with a large number of Indian troops, having arrived early in 1899, finally inflicted a heavy defeat on the mutineers at Mruli, and later in the year Mwanga and Kabarega were captured by Colonel J. T. Evatt and deported to the Seychelles, where Mwanga died in 1903. A garrison of Indian troops was installed, and in 1899 Sir Harry Johnston was sent out as a special commissioner.

In March 1900, by the treaty of Mengo, the young King of Uganda, Daudi Chwa, a son of Mwango born in 1896, was accorded the royal title of Kabaka, and regents were appointed to govern during his minority. The British Government have not only made him an annual allowance, but have also provided him with an English tutor. The illustrations show the boy king by himself and also with his regents.

In 1901 the Protectorate was divided into six Provinces; but in 1903 the Eastern and part of

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the Central Provinces were transferred to the British East Africa Protectorate. Colonel Sir J. H. Sadler succeeded Sir H. Johnston as Commissioner in 1902, but in 1905 was transferred to East Africa; his place was taken by Sir H. Hesketh Bell, who became the first "Governor" of Uganda in 1906. The seat of the British Administration is now at Entebbe, where the Governor has his headquarters, and the various districts are supervised by local commissioners directly responsible to him, appointed by the Colonial Office. The Administration have also the assistance of the Lukiko or native council, consisting of chiefs who number about eighty. Order is maintained by a local force of police, and a battalion of the King's African Rifles is in garrison at Bombo for the protection of the Colony.

A lasting peace under the continuous administration of the British Government has resulted in the colony progressing with such rapid strides, that the time is not far distant when it will be self-supporting, and probably able to dispense with the present Parliamentary aid.

Thus ends the story of Uganda's past history, at the very dawn of a golden era of prosperity.

CHAPTER IV.

THE UGANDA MISSION.

THE history of the Uganda Mission is so interwoven with that of the colony that a short account of its past most interesting career could not be out of place. It reads more like a chapter out of the annals of ancient Rome than a true record of recent events of these enlightened days, when one turns over the pages to learn how hundreds of zealous Christians faced nobly the painful death of being burnt at the stake rather than forsake Christianity. At the time of the mission's birth, scientific exploration had not dispelled from the popular mind the ignorance which even up to a short time ago prevailed regarding that mysterious land so aptly termed the "dark" continent. It was not until Sir H. M. Stanley, in 1875, sent home his glowing description of the country, coupled with an earnest appeal to the missionaries to embrace the golden opportunities of such a promising field for their efforts as Uganda had to offer, that steps were eventually taken to Christianize the country.

The story of the terrible privations of the first party to be sent out—their sufferings on the line of march through waterless deserts and fever-laden swamps, attacked by hostile natives, plundered by

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petty chiefs, harassed by clouds of biting insects, with death ever hanging over their heads—and, in the end, of their arrival in Uganda with sadly diminished ranks, when they were sent for by the King, and eagerly asked by him if they had brought the Bible; and how they then felt that they had attained the sole aim and object of all their past hardships; this story surely forms one of the most striking pages of missionary history. What greater reward could have been in store for them! And then when all seemed smooth sailing, difficulties loomed large upon their horizon. Their missionaries had found an intelligent race, with an aristocracy and an advanced system of government, living in this fascinating land of promise. But they also found that their King Mtesa was a supreme despot, regarded as divine, and ruled by means of an exceedingly complex feudal system of government. His caprice at times took the form of beheading his wives for forgetting to shut the door, and terribly mutilating his pages for treading on the tail of a pet dog. Immorality was ripe, no man or woman was pure, any pretty girl could be seized by a chief to be placed in his harem. The women were bought and sold like cattle, and were made to do all the manual labour. Fearful and unheard-of cruelties were of daily occurrence in connection with the slave trade. Trivial offences were visited with barbarous punishments, such as the cutting off of ears and hands, the gouging out of eyes, and various mutilations.

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And all this waste of human life was mainly due to rank Pagan superstitions, such as when an army went out to fight it was customary to bury a living child in the path to appease the spirits. It was therefore doubly essential for the missionaries to combat this fearful heathenism in order to put an end to the terrible bloodshed. Even to this day an utter disregard of life is one of the chief characteristics of the Baganda; they cannot feel pain in the same sense as Europeans, for they think nothing of having their teeth extracted, and will joke even under an operation, and they laugh merrily at stories and pictures of tortures and cruelties. A deformed or mutilated person causes them much amusement; and, to quote the Rev. H. T. C. Weatherhead, "one has to learn that the grotesque, however terrible, is humorous in Africa." It is well, indeed, for the oppressed to have that saving sense of humour to support them in their heavy trials.

Such a personality as our friend the dwarf, shown in the illustration, provokes never-ending amusement; also the King's jester is a personage of note, and quite a necessary functionary at the King's "Court." He performs quaint acrobatic feats, and precedes at the head of the King's safari, making the natives laugh till their sides are sore by his weird contortions and grimaces. The witch-doctor, too, is, or was, a man of some importance. He used to exercise great power in the olden days; but the advance of civilization and Christianity is



A Kavirondo on the War Path.—P. 7.

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rapidly diminishing the fear which the neighbours formerly entertained for him. Consequently his power, which was nearly always harmful and used for evil intent, is no longer a factor in any events of political importance; a picture of him is given and another of the King's musician, a local Paderewski who has under him a band of native musicians. These play upon crude instruments made out of reeds, bones, and skins, and the result of a serenade is generally somewhat discordant to the ears of the European.

Many were the current difficulties which faced the Mission, but although formidable in themselves, they would have been in time overcome, had not a second and more intricate obstacle arisen in the path to prevent the smooth advance of Christianity. The arrival in 1879 of the French Roman Catholic Mission, sanctioned by Pope Leo XIII. as a branch of the White Fathers of Algeria, was the signal for a deplorable conflict between the two creeds. It is a painful chapter in the Mission's history, and one would have hoped that the two beliefs would have joined forces in combating the spread of Islam, which, of course, was hostile to them both, as alluded to in the previous chapter.

King Mtesa, who always took an intelligent interest in religious discussion, weary of the continual arguments of the three conflicting parties, reverted to Paganism, dying in 1884. He was succeeded by his son Mwanga, a youth of eighteen, both vicious and cruel, who suspected and feared the increasing hold

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which Christianity was obtaining over his subjects, and determined to extirpate it root and branch. The year following his accession he caused Bishop Hannington to be murdered whilst in Busoga *en route* for Uganda. During 1886 the brutality meted out to the Christians equalled, if not surpassed, even the worst persecutions of the ancient Romans. Hunted like wild beasts, they were tortured, mutilated, and burnt; and yet through it all the Baganda displayed extraordinary heroism, and willingly suffered the most painful deaths rather than abjure their faith, even coming forward to be baptized while the executioner was performing his sickening and horrible work.

Mwanga, mad with intoxication by native beer, surrounded by the most dissolute companions he could collect, took a pride in committing the most fearful and revolting crimes. One Christian was seized, his arm hacked off and roasted before his eyes, then his leg was cut off and likewise burnt before him, and then finally they threw him into the flames.

An end to this reign of horror was finally reached by Mwanga failing in a Pagan plot to decoy to their deaths the chiefs of the Christian and Muhammadan creeds; he was in his turn deposed by them and driven out of the country, while liberty of worship was once more proclaimed under his brother Kiwewa, who was elected king.

Unfortunately this respite, under the latter's

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milder rule, was but brief, for danger was threatened them from the Muhammadan party, who, in 1888, taking the Christian chiefs unawares, murdered many of them, put their followers to flight and sacked the Mission. The Europeans were thrown into prison and eventually expelled to Ankole after many hardships.

Now a very curious turn in the tide of affairs led up to another extraordinary event in the Mission's graphic history. While the Muhammadans were fighting among themselves, the Christians were receiving overtures from King Mwanga. Advancing from Ankole, they carried all before them in the ensuing march to the capital, and restored to the throne the very man they had helped to depose—namely, King Mwanga. Such were the state of affairs preceding the advent of the Imperial British African Company in 1889. Under that Company's tenure the French Roman Catholics were constantly coming into conflict with the English Protestant party, and displayed a regrettable want of toleration. This constant friction led up to the breaking out of active hostilities in the year 1892, which also witnessed another kaleidoscope change in Mwanga's fortunes, when, having thrown in his lot with the French party, they were worsted by the English party, and he had again to flee with the remnants of the former to the Sese Islands.

A settlement of all these lamentable troubles between the two parties had been brought about by

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Captain Lugard when employed in the Company's service. He definitely changed the names of English and French into Protestant and Roman Catholic, and offered the latter the extensive province of Buddu in which to labour without interference. This offer was also accompanied by far better terms than could possibly have been expected, and were accordingly accepted by the Roman Catholic party, by which peace was restored between the two factions, who agreed there and then to bury their past animosities, and who have since worked zealously, each in his own sphere, to do his utmost for the welfare of the native and for the spread of Christianity. After the Protectorate was declared in 1894, territorial limits for religions were abolished (see page 26).

The above is a brief account of the turbulent and precarious beginnings of the Uganda Mission, which at the end of the year 1910 totalled no less than 74,000 native Christians, and is a living, growing native Church. A calamity happened in that year which only served to show the strength of the Uganda Church; the Cathedral of the Mission at Namirembe in the native capital, Mengo, close to Kampala, was struck by lightning and burned. It has since then been rebuilt. An illustration is given showing it after the fire had destroyed it, all but the outside walls. No one can read the full account of the heroic struggles of these Christian natives in the face of such stupendous difficulties, without granting them, in all true



Kavirondo woman carrying produce to market.—P. 8.



Kavirondo woman at Kisumu smoking wood-ash.—P. 10.

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justice, the splendid accomplishment of a noble work, in testimony of which Mr. Roosevelt has written :—

“ Those who complain of, or rail at missionary work in Africa, and who confine themselves to pointing out the undoubtedly too numerous errors of the missionaries and the shortcomings of their flocks, would do well to consider that even if the light which has been let in is but feeble and grey, it has at least dispelled a worse than stygian darkness.”

CHAPTER V.

ON "SAFARI" TO HOIMA.

THE word "safari" will be met with frequently in this book, and I may as well explain at once, as nearly as I can, what it means. It is a very distinctive word in East Africa and Uganda, and, having the advantage of being also comprehensive, it has become quite an English word in those parts. Derived from the Arabic, it is closely allied to the words, "m'safarā," a caravan; and "m'safiri," a traveller. In its present Swahili form it conveys first the meaning "travel," whether on business or pleasure, for fighting or for sport, then a gang of porters carrying loads, or a caravan, and, finally, sport, which includes both travel and porters forming a caravan.

As soon as my rifle had arrived from the Customs, I was able to start on my journey to distant Hoima, where I was to be quartered. I immediately chartered thirty-six porters and a headman, packed up all my goods and chattels, collected two months' stores, bought a bicycle from a local trader for a large sum of money, and said all my goodbyes. It was not, however, until I had made a preliminary donation of one rupee per porter and backshish to

Bombo to Hoima

my servants that I eventually got under way, amidst a great deal of shouting and no little "kalam" (noise).

The illustration shows the party on "safari" moving along a native road.

The porters march in Indian file. One of their number takes upon himself to make somewhat violent statements, which are answered apparently in a fierce affirmative and in unison by the remainder. This colloquy works up their energies to war heat and enables them to carry their huge loads of 60 lbs. as many as twenty miles per day, although twelve to fifteen is a good average. On the first day, therefore, I contented myself with the shorter distance, stopping on the road at Ndegi, where there was a Mission, and where they kindly gave me luncheon. Here I had an opportunity of tasting for the first time some Cape tomatoes, which were very good eating. They also showed me some selanium trees, with their beautiful violet flowering. On reaching Kalassa I pitched my tent and dug a trench round as a protection against the heavy tropical rains. As I had no meat, I took a walk round my camp to shoot some guinea-fowl, and came across a surveyor who sent me round some mutton in exchange for a gin and soda. After dinner I had a visit from a local chief, who presented me with half a dozen eggs. I gave him some sugar and twenty cents, as my Swahili boy told me he was very important. As he spoke Luganda—and I only knew a little Swahili,—I found it extremely difficult to get rid of him. The water was very bad, and, of course, my filter broke

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down. Fortunately I had brought some alum with me. Countless mosquitoes infected the camp, and as I was dog-tired, I turned in early.

The next morning I got up in the dark, had breakfast, struck my tent and packed up in the dark ; although at frequent intervals the terrific lightning lit up everything. The most quaint person I met along the road was a black albino male, and a more awful face I never saw before. He appeared to me to be of slender intellect. The scenery was charming, and being very hilly, presented me with a continuously changing landscape. Bushes of convulvi, purple and yellow, bordered the sides of the road. I at last taught my Luganda boy to wheel my cycle up the hills without tripping over it. He seemed to be able to run after me for a great distance without much discomfort, as a jog-trot was quite a natural method of progression to him.

All natives walk in curves instead of straight to their front, and even when walking on an European road their tracks can be seen to wander first to one side and then to the other. I might mention that however much they may be given to winding on the flat, when a hill is reached the paths invariably lead straight over the highest point.

On my arrival at Busibica, at the bottom of a somewhat stiff descent, a huge wide open plain stretched out before me apparently under cultivation. I enquired from the natives how there came to be so much arable land in that neighbourhood, and I found out that the Uganda Company were planting



Group of Kavirondos at Kisumu.—P. 8.

An Uganda Farm

rubber as an experiment, which was likely to turn out very profitable. I called at the house of their representative, and after we had lunched together he took me round the plantations, some of which were cotton. He showed me the oxen and ploughing machinery. I was rather astonished when, on pointing me out some seemingly fine specimens of oxen, he told me they were about to die, as the Commission had found out that they had been bitten by the fatal "sickness fly." I believe the natives scoffed at his prophetic warnings, and when eventually the cattle did go under were struck dumb with amazement. In the meantime they were getting as much work as they could out of the cattle. After our tour round the farm my friend suggested shooting a buck, to which proposal I readily agreed.

Buck roamed round the plain in great numbers, and we did not have to go very far before we were successful. My orderly taught me a lesson over the incident, or rather, to be more accurate, I taught him one, for when we both rushed up to the spot where a buck had been fired at he ran off in the direction in which it had disappeared without looking for the tracks, and naturally was unsuccessful in finding it. I called him back and made him track the beast properly, and within one hundred yards he came upon it lying full length in the long grass, dead. On my arrival back in camp I sent some of my porters to bring in the meat.

The next morning, after a very hurried breakfast of bacon and eggs, I set out with my orderly and

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two hunters for the river Maanga, where I hoped to get a water-buck. I found this river differed from those I had already passed, by actually existing as a running stream, instead of as a swamp, which is the case in the majority of Uganda rivers. I had to cross the local bridge, which was formed by cutting down trees and throwing their trunks across the river, over which I had to execute a very fine balancing performance to reach the far side, only surpassed by my dusky Baganda orderly, who carried my bicycle on his head at the same time. Once safely across, I mounted my cycle and was making off at some speed when a hurried exclamation from my Nuby "askari," who was doubling behind, had the effect of nearly making me take a toss in my hurry to dismount.

On the left of the road was a herd of water-buck. This was the first time I had seen any of this species, and they certainly looked extremely big in comparison to my friends the "cobus" buck (see illustration). They were quite close, but unfortunately all female, so I merely followed them up out of curiosity. Suddenly, emerging from behind a bush, I saw a herd of cobus. A male followed at some distance by another, and then the whole herd. I hurriedly took a pot shot at the leader, who promptly collapsed. The remainder of the herd, leaving him to his fate, made off at a great pace. I next came upon a herd of Kongoni buck; they were feeding together with a fine male on the look-out. The ground, however, was so open, that, although

Cobus Buck

putting to the utmost use all I had learned when practising scouting on Salisbury Plain, with regard to cover from folds in the ground, I had eventually to take a long shot. I missed; not by much, though, as I saw by the dust. The aim was a little high. The beast rose and shook itself, somewhat like a dog would, and looked in the opposite direction, where the dust was rising down wind, and evidently much puzzled in his mind as to where the danger had come from. At this moment my extractor failed, and I got a jam. It was no use, and I had to walk disconsolately home. Just to annoy me, two herds, cobus and kongoni, trotted gently past me under my very nose, on the way back.

About nine miles further I had to stop at a place called Kitesa, as I heard there was no water at the next camp. My porters afforded me some amusement. They seemed to object to the site I had selected for the encampment, and kept on making short, weird noises. I soon discovered the ground was covered with short, sharp thorns, which apparently penetrated even their leathery soles, and they moved about like Agag in the Scriptures, very gingerly. The illustration depicts a group of Unyoro porters at Hoima with gourds as water-bottles and mats for sleeping on.

There were a good many natives living round who visited my camp. Their form of salutation on meeting or passing a stranger is very weird. The first man says "Otia" ("How are you?"). The other replies "Ah-ou-ah," which is a sort of grunt, and

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is repeated by each in turn a few times. Then one of them will probably say "Agafi" ("What is the news?"), which both will exchange in the same sort of rhythm, holding each other by the hand, and after a pause they each grunt or give vent to an expression that sounds like "Ah!" said in a very knowing manner; this they repeat in turn till out of hearing. Both my arms and knees, which were bare, began to get very sore where the sun burnt them. One of my porters fell very sick. I managed to doctor him. By the way, if giving them Eno's, or any other pleasant medicine, you must be careful to add paraffin oil or some deterrent to prevent them making too frequent applications for physic, which they would otherwise do.

On the fourth day I got up, feeling very unwell, and, in fact, had to take two doses of whisky with my tea to enable me to get under way.

The character of the scenery had changed. From a succession of hills and dales it had become quite flat. Instead of open grass we entered a beautiful park-like country, which reminded me strongly of the Duke of Richmond's at Goodwood. I now had the fact adequately illustrated to me, how difficult travelling is in Uganda. My headman had received instructions to proceed along the Masindi Road, which I had selected because I hoped to meet with elephant on the route; but hearing water was very scarce by that route, he, without acquainting me, altered his (and my own) plans, and made for the direct Hoima Road,



Kisumu Market-place : Kavirondos marketing.—P. 8.

The Wrong Road

which was naturally diametrically in opposition to my intention.

The beauties of the scenery on either side soon attracted me to wander off the path to find something to shoot. But I only found female water-buck and zebra. I tried my rifle at one of the latter with a view of checking its sighting. As I had anticipated, it was very much over-sighted. Aiming below the beast's stomach, the shot hit it on the top of its back. Finding no other game, I rejoined my party, and was surprised to notice the road had dwindled to a native path. My suspicions were instantly aroused; I summoned my orderly, corporal, headman, and head-boy. Yes, I was right; they had purposely taken the wrong road, probably knowing it was the shortest, and, what was worse, it was too late to rectify the error, so we moved on to our camp. Once in camp I got out my map, but as only about three names were correct and the whole geography wrong in every particular, it was worse than useless, although the best procurable. I asked a Goanese clerk, whom I providentially met on his way from the Congo to Kampala, but after trying in vain to locate our position, he gave it up, saying the map was all wrong. He, however, put me in the way of discovering that when my headman took it into his lazy head he did about eight or nine miles instead of fifteen, as I had instructed him. This was very difficult to check, as my watch had stopped, and I had to rely on the sun for time. But I sufficiently frightened him to prevent any

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recurrence, and ordered him to strike camp in the middle of the night, and to march twenty miles to make up for loss of time occasioned by his impudent attempt to deceive me.

That evening, having spent most of the afternoon with my orderly, endeavouring to learn his language, which was a dialect of the Nile valley, I wandered up the Hoima Road trying to locate my position with the help of my map. I had not gone far before I was hailed by a native who seemed excited. At first I thought he was pointing to some guinea-fowl, so I sent him back to camp for my shot gun. Then I discovered it was water-buck, so I told him to hurry back and fetch my rifle. He was off like an arrow at the mere suggestion of meat, and nobly did the savage double, too; he would have won any Marathon race. I would have risked a ten pound note on it.

Whilst waiting for his arrival my attention was diverted to an extraordinary stump of an old prickly pear growing in the middle of the road. I thoughtlessly plucked at it, and before I knew where I was I was stung all over by infuriated wasps. And sting they could! Up came the stalwart native, and seeing my dilemma, quietly took off his scanty clothing, and wrapping it round the stump, crushed the wasps to death. He then showed me a handful of dead ones with great glee, that I might feast my eyes upon them to compensate me for the pain I was suffering. Evidently the man had been badly stung, but did not seem to notice it, or else deemed

Round the Camp Fire

it well worth while for the sake of the Mzungu (Swah., European).

After this slight interruption we continued after the buck. I was greatly struck by the agility and stealthiness with which the savage moved over the ground, which he read like a book. The natives constantly get thorns in the soles of their feet, but they pick them out quite unconcernedly, or leave them in until they return to camp. It was quite humorous to see the enormous native water-jug my orderly insisted on carrying on his back the whole time. This and a weapon much resembling an Irish shillalah were his sole worldly possessions. Suddenly we came upon a very picturesque sight. A splendid old trunk had been split from its top to within twelve feet of its roots by lightning, one-half falling one side and the second half the other. It had the appearance of a pretty rustic bridge.

Just beyond I sighted some more water-buck, but they made off almost at once, and as both the light and my energies were failing, I gave up the chase and returned to camp, where I found all my porters around the fire, eating the flesh of my previous day's buck with no little avidity. They cut the meat into bits about the size of my fist, pierce them on to a stick, and jam the stick into the ground at such an angle that the meat hangs over and almost in the fire. I always wonder why the stick does not catch fire. They then sit round in a circle watching the meat being cooked, with the most perfect look of contentment on their faces you

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could wish to see, feeding the fire at intervals with fresh fuel, always keeping it exactly the same size.

After a hot bath—cold ones give you a chill in Uganda—I put on my dressing-gown and had an excellent repast outside my tent, sharing it with countless insects of every known species that ever came out of the ark, and interrupted at intervals by the dismal wail of a hungry jackal. So to bed.

On the next day I arose and breakfasted under the full moon, and set off bent on doing a long day's march. I saw a great many reed-buck and hartebeeste just as I was starting, but not wishing to delay, and thinking I should be sure to see them in even greater numbers, as I was striking out away from the main road, I did not shoot. But I anticipated wrongly, for I saw no more of them. My native boy had to carry my bicycle the whole of that march, as the path was so bad. As a matter of fact, it was not a very great hardship, as he would otherwise have had to run behind and wheel it up every hill for me. Cycling on "safari" is thus rendered very pleasant, though I fear, once these boys become civilized, they will soon jib at the running business, though at present they seem rather to enjoy it. He was a Luganda, and I did not know much of his language. Whenever I put a question to him, he invariably replied with a most exasperating groan, something like "Ah-h-h!" as if scoffingly implying, "Wouldn't you like to know?" At which the first impulse was carefully to remove one's boots and hurl them at the fellow's woolly head.



Passenger Steamer on the Victoria Nyanza.—P. 11.

Lendu Girls

If the men exhibit marvellous sustaining running powers, the women are equally noticeable by their attitudes when walking. I think the word "undulating" describes their gait most accurately. Owing to their habit of carrying everything, from a bottle of whisky to a cup and saucer, on their heads, they are naturally very upright, and at the same time develop a saucy swing of their arms and bodies, whilst still keeping the head steady—an exact imitation of the London girl when the Gibson walk was the fashion. As if to further produce this Gibson imitation, they wrap a thin cloth of cheap, coloured Americani very tight about their bodies, which displays the symmetry and contours to a great effect, enhanced by their naturally exquisite figures. They always wear what Europeans style "low neck," with bare arms. Nature, however, has treated them unkindly in the matter of looks, as, with rare exceptions, they are unattractive; although the younger girls are bright and intelligent, looking their best when they are laughing, which enables them to display their perfect teeth and good tempers. Our illustration shows three Lendu girls living in the military compound at Entebbe. They are in full dress uniform. Their method of doing their hair for each other, as they squat on the ground, is distinctly novel and interesting.

With regard to what I have said about balancing things upon their heads, they are really unique; and I should say if any enterprising music hall manager chartered a few of them to display their prowess in

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this line he would hit off a good turn with little expense and amazing success.

On arriving in camp I took the time by the sun to check my watch, which I had induced to go again. I had set it at a venture, but it was within ten minutes of sun time. This serves to prove what I always maintain, that you can train yourself to guess very nearly the correct time by instinct. The rest of the morning before lunch I amused myself doing doctor to my party and letting the natives look at themselves in my shaving-glass, with which I also derived much amusement by flashing the sun on to some unsuspecting native at the other end of the camp. Then a chief came in and brought me some fresh milk. Oh, no! There was no charge, because it was a present to the big white man; but as he would not go away until a present in return had been given, the milk cost double its marketable value. Surely no one can deny the value of good manners. The Unyoro tribe, whose country I was passing through, are renowned for their politeness, and in consequence make very good house-boys when trained; but they are wanting in courage and lack the independent spirit of the Baganda, so much so that to call a man who belongs to another tribe a Unyoro is a form of insult. Personally, I prefer manners to independence from black people.

I had another lesson in Nuby from my orderly. I tried to get out of him a word expressing annoyance, to which he replied, "battal" (bad). This,

Learning Nuby

however, was hardly strong enough, and so I asked him for a more emphatic word, and he then gave me "battal ketir" (very bad). But I urged, "When I am still more annoyed, what do I say?" "Oh, then you don't say anything; you merely hit the man!" With true native astuteness he did not wish to give me a word which I might make use of to himself at some future date. One can derive a lot of interesting information from these lessons. I told him the other day how many poor people were starving in London. "Why don't they go to their friends?" he asked in great surprise. In Uganda a man will always share his food with his friends, but when they have become more civilized by the missionaries they will be more calculating and less generous.

It is, indeed, sad to see the ravages made among these natives by venereal diseases. I believe the statistics work out that no less than 90 per cent. are affected.

In the afternoon I felt bored with the camp, and as there was no game in the vicinity, I made up my mind to cycle back to the park, where I had seen the hartebeeste in the morning. I took two hunters with me, and half cycling, half walking, I went back about eleven miles. I was disappointed at only finding cobus buck and dik-dik. I was determined on taking something back after coming so far, and tried a shot at one of the latter; they are shy little beasts, and looked so happy scampering about the trees and bushes that it seemed almost a pity to

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disturb them. However, I wanted something for the pot, and as night was coming on fast I took a pot-shot at the first one I came across, but only hit its fore foot, which, although it knocked him over, did not permanently affect its agility, and it nimbly galloped away. I did not like the idea of leaving the wounded beast, so I traced its tracks by the blood on the grass. I suddenly spotted it behind a bush, and standing up, gave it a second shot which caught it full in the chest. After a few feeble kicks it was what my Nuby orderly somewhat picturesquely calls "kalass" (finished). By now it was getting very dark, so I hurried off to where I had left my bicycle, leaving one man behind with the buck, calculating I could just manage to get back to camp before the twilight disappeared.

It was another case of "L'homme propose, mais le bon Dieu dispose." I found my front tyre punctured, so there was nothing else but a long and weary tramp home. I endeavoured to wile away the time by whistling, and tried every air I knew, from my Regimental "March Past" to "Put me amongst the Girls"; but the way was long and my feet were weary. I was surprised half-way back to meet my head boy with a lamp, who informed me that I was late, which in itself was a pretty accurate statement. He then told me he was anxious, because the "shensis," as he sneeringly called the local natives, being a Swahili himself, were very uppish after dark, and he was afraid they had set on me. I got back at last, wearied out. We were now beginning

Birds and Flowers

to feel the want of water, my porters having had to go ten miles to fetch some. About thirty women came into camp, and I heard there was a great war dance on. Evidently the elements did not intend being left out in the cold, as they joined in with a combination of vivid lightning and appalling thunder-claps, followed by a drenching deluge of rain, a small portion of which I collected in my bath for my personal use.

The next morning was the sixth after my starting from Bombo. Owing to my flat tyre I had to walk the whole of my ten miles to the next camp. There was nothing to shoot on the way, but as the scenery was excellent, resembling very nearly those landscapes so typical of Surrey, and as the sun was obscured by banks of cumulus clouds, it was pleasant enough. Amidst the trees which grew thickly on either side of my path I could distinguish here and there enormous ant heaps, rising sometimes twelve to twenty feet, and very noticeable from their reddish-brown colour. There were numerous birds of different species trying to attract attention by the most weird calls. One of them resembled a cork being extracted from a bottle, and was followed by an imitation of the liquid being poured out. Another was exactly like a policeman's whistle. Yet a third demanded "What?" quite plainly, irritating in its repetition. One bird misled me frequently. It had a way of whistling so that I thought it was my Nuby orderly wishing to attract my attention to some buck or game. I may say,

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however, that I rarely, if ever, noticed a native whistling. On another occasion, when I was stalking a cobus buck, a bird followed me from tree to tree, singing out "Leave it! leave it!" in a sort of frenzied chirrup. These birds were of every known colour, their plumage radiant with tropical brilliancy, and I only wish I could describe accurately some of the many I saw.

So much for the birds; but what attracted me even more were the flowers. They, also, were of every hue, and of endless variations and shapes. Their names were unknown to me, unfortunately, but all the common English flowers had their representatives, besides which there were countless native species. I noticed the sweet pea, convolvulus, lobelia, and primrose. The native specimens were mostly from mauve to purple in colour. The field which I now selected for pitching my tent was literally covered with a flower composed of six minute purple and white bells, out of each of which appeared three green stamens with minute yellow anthers on their tips. The *tout ensemble* made a striking and pleasing array.

To all of these attractions I must add the butterflies. It would, indeed, be futile for me to give even the slightest description of these short-lived though gorgeous insects, the colours of whose delicate wings rival those to be seen in the paintings of the old masters. I can only add that I sent home at once for appliances to start a collection. The common species in these parts was a pure

Forming Camp

white one, known at home, I believe, as the "Garden White." I threw some water on the ground just outside my tent, and very soon the spot was alive with them.

As soon as we arrived in camp my head man, as usual, told off the different jobs to the porters. Two were sent for water, half-a-dozen to pitch my tent, half-a-dozen to build a banda where I could get protection from the sun, yet another half-dozen to erect bandas for my cook and boys, the remainder to clear the camp and cut paths about it. As they are well aware that the sooner they complete their work the sooner they can get away, it is surprising with what celerity they perform their tasks, and they make you as comfortable as possible in the twinkling of an eye. These bandas are very handy. They build them by first sticking boughs into the ground in an upright position, to which they bind bamboos or reeds transversely with strips of banana leaf, inserting dried grass between; they then roof the grass hut in the same manner, so that you can rest within the banda protected from the sun, and enjoy all your meals in the greatest comfort. They are little or no protection against rain, unless you tie a water-proof sheet over the top.

The usual native chief, or trader I might almost call him, brought me lemons, bananas, papaw (a most delicious fruit with the early morning cup of tea), eggs, fresh milk, and some very sweet brown substance in a tea-pot, which I took to be native sugar. In return I gave him European sugar,

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gingerbread biscuits, two boxes of matches, and 20 cents (3d.). He was simply overwhelmed. He, however, caused some dissatisfaction by announcing that we would have to travel two camps, amounting to twenty-five miles, the next day, to reach water. I allayed this partially by a promise of 2 cents ($\frac{1}{4}$ d.) to each porter. He then introduced his two small children, to whom I gave gingerbread and cents. I also presented the little girl with an empty sparklet, which I showed her how to use as a top. She thanked me in the native manner—viz., holding it out in her hands and shaking it several times up and down. The old man then went off wonderfully pleased, not before he had made a very long speech. He told me there were some kongoni buck in the neighbourhood, but a long way off.

Several natives came into camp, and I amused myself watching my Luganda porters telling them news. The Luganda language is quite entertaining and pleasing to listen to. They gesticulate tremendously, as is customary with most natives, so you can generally gather the train of their conversation. They also modulate the tones of their voices in a most fascinating and amusing manner. For instance, when pointing out a place that is close, they tell you in a very low voice; but if far away, they raise their voices to a falsetto pitch, pouting their lips in the direction and talking rapidly.

Again, when explaining the presence of much game in the place, they put their fingers to their



Typical View of the Victoria Nyanza, with Elephant Bathing.—P. 12.

Luganda Porters

lips and blow their cheeks out, then they take their hand away with a sweep of their arm, blowing all the air rapidly out of their mouth. It is nothing more or less than a somewhat violent kiss of the hand, such as lady tight-rope walkers are in the habit of treating their audiences to after some particularly difficult balancing feat. I always used to explode with laughter, which rather non-plussed them.

After luncheon I mended my tyre, but not till after nearly five attempts. My clumsy orderly managed to lose the most important nut of the valve, which I had to replace by string, a somewhat weak substitute.

CHAPTER VI.

AN ELEPHANT CHASE THROUGH A TOWN.

ALTHOUGH the road I was traversing was nothing but a very narrow native path, I conjectured it must be of comparative importance, as a telegraph wire ran alongside. The poles supporting this wire amused me; they were *growing* bark-cloth trees, otherwise they would soon become a prey to the white-ant pest.

About six o'clock I walked out of camp into the middle of a huge park to watch the sunset. The air was particularly still, and the scene struck me as most impressive. The spot was out of the way of the beaten track, as I was now midway between the two main roads from Bombo, the one running to Hoima and the other to Masindi, so that there was not another white man within a hundred miles. This came home to me all the more seeing that I was just out, and being a Londoner had grown accustomed to the throngs of Piccadilly or the stream of traffic down the Strand. As a matter of fact, the park I now stood in might have been situated in the South of England, with its splendid trees and their luxuriant foliage offering homes to numerous birds. Under-

An Unfrequented Path

neath, the green grass formed a natural carpet, looking refreshing and cool now that the sun's rays were less vertical. This spot had doubtlessly been the haunt of wild animals for generations upon generations, until opened up by the intrepid explorer—and at what a cost! Civilization had now stepped in, and in exchange for peace demanded work from the unwilling native. But just at present the latter was at the zenith of his happiness, for he probably managed to evade the work, or if not, to do precious little, while at the same time he could live his life of ease, immune from molestation, with nothing to do but eat, sleep, get married, and laze in his “shamba.” What more does a native want? Oh, these are indeed Uganda's palmiest days! It will not last long. The introduction of a currency, that root of all evil, will upset this easy-going existence. It will teach them the daily worries of earning bread, paying to live, and making two ends meet; great troubles hitherto almost foreign to them, but surely well worth the privilege of serving under the flag of such a great and successful colonizing power as Great Britain.

There is certainly a peculiar fascination in treading unfrequented paths, and I wandered on in the direction of the setting sun, which was rapidly disappearing behind the tops of the trees. Before it went, however, it displayed a series of perfectly wonderful cloud-effects, tinting them with ever-changing hues, so diverse as to be indescribable, and consequently so soon to be forgotten. The

Soldiering and Sport in Uganda

last phase before it finally set was most majestic. Surrounded by a halo of golden lustre, and larger circles with rich hues of delicate purple, it dropped below the horizon with that abruptness known to the tropics, leaving a few parting rays of farewell to shed a sombre sadness over all, until the rapidly advancing darkness obliterated the last vestiges of this truly sublime spectacle. I was interrupted by the arrival of my orderly, who, as usual, thought I had got into difficulties.

The next day, as my bicycle was again *hors de combat*, I had to walk. As soon as we made camp we discovered there was no water, owing to the drought; so we had to march steadily on in the tropical sun to the next halting-place. This was another twelve miles, making twenty-four in all, which I accomplished in five hours. Not bad going. A thunderstorm broke over the camp towards evening. I took this excuse of turning in early. Unfortunately a swarm of wasps made my tent a happy hunting-ground, and I was at my wits' end how to deal with them, when they suddenly all cleared out. Probably their bedtime coincided with mine, which was fortunate. I paid the porters the two cents I had previously promised them, and they fell on their knees with gratitude.

The following day I patched up my bicycle, and with a deal of pumping did fifteen miles to the Kafue River. The road, or rather path, ran through exquisite wooded scenery, and I thoroughly enjoyed my ride, though a bit stiff from my long walk on



Botanical Gardens, Entebbe. Among the Palms.—P. 13.

The Kafue River

the previous day. The Kafue is really a very big river, but owing to the dry weather it appeared small enough. It is a great resort of elephants, but I could gather no news or find any tracks of them. The crossing of the river was wet work, notwithstanding its low level. I saw a big water-buck on the other side, and I was stalking the beast nicely, when my orderly, as usual, not knowing what I was about, came running up and frightened it away. I was very annoyed, as I wanted a trophy badly.

I pitched my camp near the river, and in the afternoon went out to look for a cobus buck. The ground was very open and flat. I met with no success. I then asked my orderly to show me how a native would stalk a beast. He went off and walked straight up to one behind a tree, and without the least difficulty got within twelve yards of it. I believe the beast was spellbound with fright, especially as my orderly, who was painfully ugly, kept his eyes glued on the buck the whole time.

I accordingly got up early the next day, and profiting by his lesson, I walked right out into the open to some cover within one hundred and fifty yards of where I could see a buck feeding. Sure enough, he saw me, and stood there in wondrous amazement while I potted him. He was a fine old hand, too. I sent back two porters to bring him in to camp, as food for the porters, not that they deserved it, for they had recently done little but grumble. I rather suspected the cook, whose

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monthly wages I had cut down by five rupees, and he in return had of late shown great want of interest in his cooking, superseding his efforts in that line by exercising his skill on a flute made of bamboo. My Swahili boy held to his original opinion that the head porter was at the seat of the trouble, and rather tickled me by adding that he was a lazy blood-fool. I wondered where he had learned his English. He was, however, rather proud of this accomplishment, and fond of airing it. Sometimes he was quite amusing, asking in a serious voice for a bottle of paper, etc. I had hoped to have made Masindi that day, but finding it was too far, I encamped half-way and sent on a runner to enquire for news of elephant, which I rather suspected would be somewhat scarce in these parts till the rains commenced.

Whilst cycling into camp I very nearly ran over a drove of wart-hogs which crossed the road just in front of me. I believe they do an immense amount of damage to the crops, and are a regular pest. I met a new common flower to-day growing in great abundance everywhere—a gigantic bright vermilion chrysanthemum. There was also quite a large quantity of palm-trees, introduced originally at the coast by the Portuguese.

I had to remonstrate with my porters for the cruel way in which they carried their fowls. They purchased these unfortunate birds (which are called Swahili "cuckoos") for a little over a penny. They then tied them by their two legs with banana leaf,

Nearing Masindi

head downwards, to their loads. The position of these poor creatures in the tropical sun was thus far from pleasant, and I insisted on rectifying it.

My small "toto" boy forgot to-day to put the spine-pad on my shirt, and I got a violent headache in consequence. I had selected this child because he was so good-looking, which was refreshing after beholding some of his *confrères*, but he was inordinately lazy, and about all he did was to carry my tennis racquet; a veiled compliment to its being well balanced, for if it had not been he would certainly have dropped it like a hot brick if it had exhibited the slightest disposition to weight.

I had quite a surprise to-day. On looking into the glass I discovered I had grown quite a fine beard and whiskers. What a pity I could not consult Mr. Frank Richardson, the only really reliable authority on facial hirsutic growth, as to the best means of clipping it.

My black boy managed very skilfully to lose the rubber valve attached to my pump. A trifling matter at home, but out here one of life and death, principally the latter. I sent him back to look for it, while I hummed and hawed on an ant-heap, laying the odds as to which would be the next important article he would condescend to play ducks and drakes with. It then occurred to me to loosen the valve at its base, which would enable me to use my hand pump without the india-rubber. Great success followed this brain-wave of mine, and one more obstacle surmounted, I managed to make

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camp. After a short rest I took a few natives and knocked over a handful of doves for the pot. They are very succulent, and a nice change from sheep or goat. The natives thought themselves amply recompensed with my empty cartridge cases. What it is to deal with the intelligent! The Board School one day will teach them to value such waste of time at sixpence an hour. As far as I am concerned, please let Uganda alone. I feel sure they are happy enough in their native innocence. It is a well-known fact that the tree of knowledge has been accountable for great distress to its tasters *ab initio*. Starting from the immortal occasion on which Eve seduced Adam, which proceeding has more than one point of interest, the case being rather a *rara-avis*; as in our present days of grace matters are usually the reverse, and as far as I know, Eve's episode remains *per se*, and is likely ever to be so, unless the suffragettes of the present day think fit to imitate her.

I was greatly excited at the prospect of reaching Masindi, as it was marked on the map as being a very big place. The town is surrounded by hills, and so I had rather a fatiguing march. When I arrived at the summit of the topmost hill, I looked round and beheld a wonderful view. There extended as far as the eye could reach a mass of trees and gubba, and I could not help recalling to mind a statement I had once heard that a monkey could travel from Moscow to St. Petersburg without once touching the ground. He could certainly have



Botanical Gardens, Entebbe. A Rubber Tree.—P. 13.

Masindi

travelled all round this part of Uganda in the same fashion.

I saw several superb trees covered with beautiful pink blossoms, and in a picturesque valley through which I passed these delicate pink petals had began to fall off and lay scattered on the rusty-coloured earth. The effect was splendid, and I should say fully equal to the "wistaria" season in Japan. On arriving at Masindi I made for the Boma, which is the term applied to the administrator's office. It is usually situated in the most central position, where help and information can always be obtained. I found it at the top of a flat hill, overlooking what had formerly been a parade ground, around which stood the Post Office, a "duka" (trader's shop), and a few other buildings of minor importance. The main roads or paths mostly emanated from this spot, and had been laid out in the form of a Union Jack, which I believe was an innovation of the late governor, and was undeniably an excellent plan for teaching the natives the national flag. In front of the Boma or commissioner's office, in a position to mark the paths, were laid out a lot of old skulls of elephants. Behind the Boma, and through a delightful avenue of trees, could be seen the commissioner's house.

After sending a wire to Hoima I proceeded to erect my tent under the venerable looking tree on the camping ground. I had hardly completed this when the commissioner kindly came round and assured me he had a much finer locality in his own grounds, at the same time inviting me to luncheon

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with that hospitality begotten of solitude, as well as a warm heart. I took the opportunity of questioning him about elephant, and he assured me there were none in the immediate vicinity, although fairly numerous a few days before. When he ascertained I was bound for Hoima, he asked me if I would mind taking a puppy to a friend of his there. He also gave me one for myself which was only just able to walk. Luncheon over, I went back to my tent accompanied by a white man from Entebbe, who had come in to interview the Commissioner about an elephant he had wounded. The rule out here is that if you hit an elephant badly, so that it eventually dies away in the bush, and the natives bring in the tusks before seven days are up, you are allowed on producing evidence in proof of it being the one you wounded, to claim the tusks. Otherwise they are labelled "Found ivory," and a third of their value is given to the local chief, the remainder falling to the Government. This fellow assured me he had been on the track of elephant within ten to fifteen miles of Masindi for the past fortnight, and as his leave was nearly expired I asked him to take me out and show me them. This he agreed to do. So while he was drinking a whisky and soda I speedily packed up a few things. I had already promised my porters a day's holiday, owing to having given them a forced march into Masindi. We had scarcely leaped on to our cycles when we heard a great commotion and shouting from the town. A native rushing up, shouted "Tembo" (Swahili, elephant).

An Elephant Hunt

It took me some moments before I realized his meaning, but as soon as I did I rode hard in the direction of the shouting, followed by my Nuby orderly, who luckily was carrying my .375 rifle. My friend came behind on his "garry" (cycle), so that we easily overtook and passed the commissioner, who was only mounted on a donkey.

At the top of a hill we spied our friend, an ancient animal with fine heavy tusks. I suppose he was kicked out of the herd and had wandered into the town by mistake. Driven frantic by the shouting all around, he hardly knew what he was doing. He passed quite close to the Boma and other trading shops, about as much scared as the frightened inhabitants. By this time, however, he had reached the outskirts of the town, and was moving with some celerity. My friend, who was very lame, kept on assuring me that we could never overtake the beast by the road we had come, so I stopped to take counsel. My orderly very knowingly pointed out a way by which we could cut off friend "Tembo," as, owing to the lie of the ground, he would in all probability come round in a semi-circle. The Commissioner was for keeping on, which he did. My orderly was right to the letter. He led us round, and then told us to wait in front of a fairly open patch. I took the right, so as to have the first shot. While we were waiting we heard a great deal of firing. Presently, to my horror, up loomed a huge great object going at a great pace, and to all intents bearing right down on us. My orderly had evidently

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worked out the intentions of our friend a little too accurately for my liking. It was the first time I had seen a wild elephant, and I assure you it is a little distracting to the nerves. I was therefore a little backward in coming forward, although no advance on our part was necessary, as the elephant passed within twenty yards of our position.

Well, it was for me to fire first, which I did. At twenty yards there is no missing a target as big as an elephant's heart. Then my friend fired—a little bit high, though. I was about to fire again, when to my horror my rifle jammed. I looked at the elephant, who had halted. He then turned about in a very deliberate manner. I made sure he was about to charge. I looked round for my orderly's rifle, but he had gone to ground, as also the hundreds of natives who had followed us. Working my bolt rapidly, I managed after what seemed ages to me to get my empty case out, and to insert a second cartridge. My friend in the meantime had fired a couple of times more. The elephant was about done. I put in another heart shot. He collapsed most gracefully with his head pillowed on an ant-heap, and his massive tusks pointing heavenwards.

It seemed ridiculous that a small bullet could wreck such a massive monster. All the Uganda natives now clustered round, full of joy, insisting on shaking hands with us, and babbling like monkeys, crowding all over the now prostrate beast. The Commissioner also came tearing up, very much out

Along the Kisilisi Road

of breath, and seemed quite surprised to see us there. He told us he had hit the beast with a .303 before it had reached us, so that he claimed the tusks. He suggested sharing, which my friend stood out for, but I declined, as he had got in the first shot, and it was his by the rules of sport. It did seem a bit hard, though, as it was such a huge brute, and being my first attempt, I was naturally very keen to share in the spoil. Very soon the whole population of Masindi were humming round; the "askaris" (soldiers), standing up in a prominent position on the elephant's body, showed the crowd how the unwieldy beast had met his death, and as none of them had been present their accounts must have been embroidered with fine fabrications. The ivory weighed 213 lbs. the pair. After a photograph had been taken we had tea on the spot, and went home congratulating ourselves on having taken part in such a unique event as an elephant running amok in a town.

As it was now late, I determined to stop the night in Masindi. I dined with the Commissioner and his wife, both of whom were very pleased with the exciting events of the day.

Next morning I arose at dark and cycled ten miles along the Kisilisi Road, which was only just being built. It was bitterly cold rushing through the air, which was weighted with a damping mist. This new road was already covered with grass two feet high, except for a narrow path used by the natives. On my arrival at a place where elephants

Soldiering and Sport in Uganda

had recently been seen, I pitched my camp on a rise and sent out for information.

My boys brought back a hunter who volunteered to lead me the next morning to some fresh elephant tracks. I did not like the appearance of my friend, however, whose face alone was calculated to create alarm and despondency. In the afternoon I walked out three miles to where the herd had crossed the road, making a fearful havoc of it. I had to hurry back pretty sharp. A tremendous thunderstorm rolled up, and I only just made my tent in time. The rains were starting their season in this district; but the storm was as brief as it was severe. As soon as it had ceased, which it did all of a sudden, I strolled down to the bottom of the rise to enjoy the fresh scent of the air, cooled by the rain. I shall never forget that evening. It was one of those calculated to make a deep impression, leaving behind a haunting memory not easily forgotten. My tent was pitched on a hill surrounded by typical elephant country, unsoiled by those numerous grass fires with which the natives check the eternal and rapid growth of the weed. An exquisite sunset bathed the scene in a glory of beauty, tipping the tops of the trees, throwing ever-lengthening shadows, and reflecting itself in sundry pools which the elephants frequented during the darker hours of the night. Above all, the sky so spectacular as to be almost unreal, dressed itself each moment in a different hue, and lent its mysterious charm to the *mise en scène*. A curious medley of feelings filled

Elephant Hunting

my mind and held me chained. A restful quietude, commingled with a riotous exaltation, permeated my whole frame, and induced a vain hope that the effect would not fade away.

Night soon approached, heralded by a perfect deafening chorus of shrill croaking from the numerous frogs. But later this hideous babel died down, and the inky darkness became studded with beautiful fire-flies, wending hither and thither in countless numbers, like moving stars, with no apparent aim than to lend charm to nature.

I returned, thinking how fortunate I was to be in Uganda.

I met with disappointment the next morning, for after protracted wanderings along some elephant tracks, with the tenderfoot grass thick on either side, I discovered the herd had gone. One thing amused me. When a native leads you along these paths whilst hunting and comes to a hole, he invariably smacks his hand behind his back, which warns you not to trip up. You do the same to the next man.

I was exceedingly tired when I arrived back at Masindi, as I had done thirty-two miles in all. I was very fortunate in meeting two Europeans, who gave me tea. One of them was an old elephant-hunter. He told me unless you catch up with elephants before noon, it is useless. He warned me that those around Masindi were very "kali" (Swahili, knowing), and instead of charging upwind, seemed to make a point of doing the opposite.

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He recounted to me several narrow shaves which had recently taken place among the elephant-hunters of his acquaintance. One man had fallen between the fore legs of an elephant; the latter had dug the ground several times with his tusks, missing the man by the hair of his head, and then gone off. Another hunter had been knocked over by an infuriated beast, who then drove his tusk through the man's thigh and hurled him into a bush. This case was more unfortunate, as the victim did not come round till some considerable time afterwards.

Another man was hot on the track of an elephant, when the latter rushed out from behind some bushes quite close to him, and passing him, turned round and faced the man within two yards and did not see him.

I afterwards verified all these three incidents. They certainly prove that the excitement of hunting elephants is mingled with no little danger. I believe after an elephant has charged, he will never return on his tracks, but circles round, and that the correct thing to do is to fall off the line of the elephant and to be "down" in the grass, or whatever the cover may be. If he sees you he merely picks you up in his trunk and goes off without ever checking his pace as you are unable to think about it. After tea I started out along the Ikoma road to catch up my "safari," which had gone out in the morning. Ikoma is about thirty-four miles from Maseru. The road is quite unique being an unbroken series of hills and valleys so that when I talk of "safariing"



A typical tree with birds' nests hanging to the branches.—P. 13.

A Thunderstorm

along it I really mean wheeling my cycle along it. A terrific thunderstorm preceded me, and it was a sight to see the forked lightning playing incessantly among the pitch-black clouds, which collided together intermittently with terrific claps.

The storms arrive very suddenly ; but you are given about a minute's warning of their approach, as they are always preceded by a terrific wind, behind which you can perceive a thick grey curtain of rain advancing stolidly towards you. Then comes a brief hush, followed by heavy drops, which are the vanguard of the downpour. In less than a minute you are drenched through. You can scarcely open your eyes ; water flows all round you ; streams are formed in a twinkling ; you cannot see to move ; and, above all, the deafening crashes of thunder seem almost to shake the earth.

Whilst you remain standing in helpless inactivity, wondering what on earth to do, the rain ceases abruptly. You behold the storm sweeping on ahead of you, and a second after out pops the smiling sun, and very soon scarce a trace can be seen of Nature's frown, but for a sparkle here and there at the tips of the leaves or the tops of the grasses.

To any visitor to Uganda these thunderstorms are most awe-inspiring. They are a distinct feature of the country, whose atmosphere seems charged with electricity.

How delighted I was at last to see a green patch in the distance, where my boys had erected my tent, and had everything ready and comfortable for me.

Soldiering and Sport in Uganda

These boys are truly excellent on "safari," and seem thoroughly to enjoy it. I daresay they levy a quantity of food and other necessities from the natives, and do themselves handsomely at the latter's expense. I found my "safari" had come about ten miles, which left me twenty-four more to Hoima.

As there was no hurry, I took two days over it. The road was in a very fair state, except at the bottoms of the nullahs. The country through which we passed was very thickly wooded, and we crossed a good many streams.

On the second morning we came across a whole pack of monkeys, all jabbering away on the centre of the road.

The next day I got up early to do the last lap into Hoima ; it was the thirteenth since I left Bombo.

Suddenly on emerging from a defile, I beheld my new station—the usual Boma and houses of the few white officials, scattered upon a hill ; and away off to the left, on another hill about a mile and a half away, I could see the neat lines of the Soudanese Detachment, composed of a collection of thatched huts with round walls of sparkling whiteness arrayed in lines on a beautifully swept square, doing credit to the zeal of the commandant. I soon found him out at work checking his store, and he showed me round to my new abode, and then took me to luncheon at his own house.

CHAPTER VII.

HOIMA AND THE ALBERT NYANZA.

It is now six weeks since I left London, and I have travelled by land and sea, by train, steamer, rickshaw, trolley, bicycle, mule, and last but not least, on my own feet, for a distance of six thousand miles to reach my destination. The map of Uganda, which, of course, is somewhat in its infancy, hints at Hoima being rather an important town, and consequently it is printed big enough to catch the eye of the interested observer, and to instil him with some assurance that he might have been sent to some more insignificant station. It was accordingly in a hopeful spirit that, after crossing the perfect succession of hills and valleys which I mentioned before, I at last viewed my new home. I was doomed, however, to suffer some disappointment. The surrounding scenery is certainly magnificent. The hill called Kampala, upon which the town is built, rises up out of the centre of a plain, which itself is hemmed in by a variety of quaint shaped hills, remarkable for their steepness of ascent, due to the powerful denudation of the heavy tropical rains, and to cleavage caused by excessive changes of heat and cold.

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Thirty miles to the west lies the Albert Nyanza, whose position, though actually hidden from sight, can easily be discerned in the early morning by the layers of clouds which ascend from its surface, and appear over the top of the adjacent hills. As a matter of fact, the lake can be seen from a hill quite close to Hoima, a fact not generally known, which I discovered myself in one of my peregrinations. The number of the white population is rarely over ten, and frequently reduced to two or three, but there is a large black population of the Munyoro tribe, whose fairly powerful chiefs are beginning to build themselves houses of no mean importance around the outskirts. There is, of course, the usual market-place with one or two traders' shops, containing a variety of goods, chiefly remarkable for their price. The remainder of the town consists of the Post Office, presided over by a Goanese official, the Boma or seat of administration, the houses of the Mzungus (Europeans), and the police lines.

The camp of the 4th King's African Rifles and the Catholic and Protestant missions are all some way out of Hoima. The best feature about the place are the roads, which are quite numerous and fairly good walking for a single person. This is due to the fact that the natives make a point of proceeding in Indian file, and always follow the track of the man who went along before them. This facilitates cycling, as they smooth a path down with their feet, which also pick up any thorns that may fall on the

Quarters at Hoima

way, so that a puncture should be of rare occurrence. Theoretically, this holds good, but practically I fear it is otherwise. The sole means of recreation is tennis. A fairly good court exists, cut out on the side of a hill.

As for my domicile, it was beautifully situated near the top of the hill, and therefore had a perfectly magnificent view of all the surrounding country. From the distance it had looked the best house in the place, as it certainly must once have been several years back; but on a closer inspection I was sorry to see it was on its last legs, and, in fact, had, I believe, been more than once condemned as uninhabitable. It really presented quite a pathetic sight, with its walls leaning familiarly the one towards the other, never nearer than 15° to the vertical, with its capacious verandah extending completely around, but with a large slice, unfortunately in the front of the house, fallen down, the victim of time and decay; and the roof propped up with warped beams, forming a fine hunting ground for bats, snakes, and insects of all sorts, threatening to relinquish its exalted position at any moment, and to seek a more humble repose in the neglected garden below. To crown all, an army of white ants had done me the honour to build their immovable house in a corner of my drawing-room; and as their palatial abodes frequently rise ten to twenty feet in height, I have a lively prospect in front of me. The name of my new abode is "Blackwater Villa," a gallant captain of the Imperial Army having

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succumbed to a disease bearing a similar name whilst enjoying the temporary ownership; and several of his successors having had to deal with it, but with somewhat better success. The early morning view, looking towards the Albert Nyanza, makes up for any little deficiency in other respects. A long line of banked-up clouds, hovering between two lines of hills, marks the position of this enormous sheet of inland water. And as the sun rises, so does the landscape alter, displaying a wonderful exhibition of panoramic effects by means of an ever-varying diffusion of light and shade.

With regard to food. Living would be wonderfully cheap if your tastes could be satisfied with meat, eggs, milk, sweet potatoes, and bananas; half to three-quarters of a rupee per diem would amply suffice. But once you attempt something beyond that, then you run up against a perfect rock of expense. Groceries are bought with gold, as also are table-linen, crockery, and furniture. You must send one hundred and eighty miles for butter, and twenty for milk which goes bad in a night. Your bread will grow stale in a couple of hours. You must beware of leaving your inkstand open, as the ink evaporates perceptibly; in fact, in Uganda, everything seems to take place in a hurry. The sun may be smiling one moment, the next a thunderstorm, and whilst you are still gasping in surprise the sun returns once more. The elephant grass grows in a night. I am of opinion that the beanstalk belonging to Jack of fairy-tale fame was



A Baganda Native Kilt.—P. 16.



The Author with his dog on the parapet
of a trench.—P. 189.

The King's African Rifles

nothing more than a seed of this Uganda elephant grass.

Well, so much for Hoimā. I found the life very quiet after that of a gay garrison town in England. I, however, busied myself with my soldiering, and spent a good deal of time in learning the "ropes." I found the class of native from which we recruited to be Nilotic; they called them Nubies. They mostly came from Nimule and Gondokoro. Their language was a sort of degenerate Arabic. What religion did exist was Muhammadan; but I found that they valued sleep, food, wives, and rupees far more than the forming of ideas as to their future state. The King's African Rifles recruit from the Nubies, and consequently many families have migrated from the Lower Nile into Uganda. They drill well, and are excellent fighters; a trifle too excitable. They have a very good opinion of themselves, and a correspondingly low one of other natives. Look at the drummer boy in the illustration. Is he not superb in his good opinion of himself, as he prides himself on being the regulator of the march? He stands every inch a soldier of the King. He is a native of Central Africa. They love a joke, and are very easily humoured either one way or another. They make their wives work hard, nevertheless the women are very independent, and often give their husbands no little trouble. It must not be overlooked that these "tommies" are allowed as many wives as they can pay for. The women are generally

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exceedingly ugly, but have most excellent figures and limbs, as the illustration of a young Nuby girl shows. The lady wearing the native kilt can scarcely be ranked, we think, among the beautifully shaped! They look very attractive strolling about the huts dressed only in a garment composed of a band round the waist from which hang numerous strings cut out of hide, resembling a short kilt. This gives them a saucy swing to their walk, and at first sight one is inclined to think it indecently insufficient, but after a time one marvels from the opposite point of view, for as a covering it is most complete, and, moreover, becoming in the extreme, as one moment it displays a fleeting outline of their graceful contours, and at the next softly veils them from view. They spend their spare time in weaving mats out of various pliant grasses, and also baskets. These are beautifully made with great artistic skill, and wear for almost any time. The mats are exceedingly pliable, and woven in many colours, such as black, lilac, red, and orange, with dyed grasses, which they blend into pretty patterns. The dyes are extracted from the juices of plants and trees. The work takes a great deal of time, as it has all to be performed by hand, but for rough usage there is nothing to equal them.

I should say these women would make almost as good fighters as their husbands. At any rate, on more than one occasion I have seen them cause disturbances rivalling the far-famed suffragettes.

Soldiers' Wives

One night I had retired to bed, and was quietly reading a volume of Byron, when I heard a great clamour. Then followed a bugle-call turning out the guard. The next moment in rushed my old orderly, armed to the teeth, and telling me the whole camp was in an uproar. Snatching up my revolver and hastily loading it, I put on a few clothes and made for the guard. Here I found them all in a state of masterly inactivity. They told me that all the women were storming round the lines. I had them all chased back to their quarters, and put their husbands on guard over them. Now, although the matter was thus peaceably terminated, I could well see that had they been successful in winning over their husbands to aid and abet them, the disturbance would have had most serious consequences.

I paraded the whole company, and spoke very plainly to them about the husband's duty of keeping his wife in order. But as they were never allowed to beat their wives, the duty was exceedingly difficult for them to carry out. The family of a soldier of the King's African Rifles is shown in the photograph, taken in the military lines at Hoima.

After a few weeks of dull routine, during which I had often cast longing eyes in the direction of the Albert Nyanza, I determined to spend a week-end on the banks of that famous lake.

I accordingly went down to the Boma and engaged a dozen porters. Giving them half a rupee each as "potia" money—*i.e.*, to purchase

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their daily food, which amounts to about a sixth of a penny a day—I sent them on ahead with my boys under my orderly. The next day I did my office work very early, and jumping on my bicycle set out for the lake. With the exception of a very bad river just outside of Hoima, over which I had to cross, the road was excellent, and I progressed pretty rapidly. There are few things so exhilarating as coasting along on a good path in Uganda before breakfast, whilst the sun's rays are yet cool.

The only drawback is that you have not time to enjoy the superb scenery all around you. About half-way to the lake I met with a very steep hill, but a whole party of young girls, who were working in a "shamba," on seeing me fly past, immediately gave chase. I selected the most fascinating of my friends, and allowed her to wheel my cycle up the stiff gradient. They certainly were delighted at finding so unexpected an excuse for leaving their work, and they followed me, radiant with good humour, laughing and showing their lovely teeth in a most attractive manner.

The young girl whose assistance I had enlisted was particularly winsome, and the first really good-looking damsel I had seen among the natives. She had a bad wound on her leg, which I pointed to, but I could not understand what she said in reply. All the other girls followed us, roaring with laughter, especially when the maiden "barked" her legs on the pedal, or wheeled the cycle into the bushes by the side of the road.

Lake Albert

When I reached the top of the hill I presented her with some cents, and bade them all farewell as I jumped up and rode off. On looking back over my shoulder, I saw my young friend running after me as hard as she could go—and run she could, too! I slowed up to entice her on to give her a chance of showing her speed, which was marvellous, but coming to a slight downward gradient I soon left her far behind.

I now continued on my way without any serious check, until I arrived at the escarpment. This escarpment is a long, high ridge skirting the shores of the lake, and closely resembles the downs of Sussex. It is covered with short grass, and is fairly open. It formed a pleasing change to the eternal tall and ubiquitous elephant-grass, of which one grows so tired.

From the summit of this ridge I caught my first glimpse of the Albert Nyanza. If I were an American I should use the expression "stunning," for it absolutely brought me to a halt. I felt I wanted half an hour to take it all in. I, of course, had been prepared for it; but just imagine the astonishment of its original discoverer, Sir Samuel Baker, when he suddenly came upon it, at a time when its existence was nothing but a vague suspicion. On the far side, the escarpment fell away precipitously down to the flat bushy country, which fringed the margin of the lake, across whose vast expanse of water could be seen the Blue Belega Mountains hemming it in on the far side. One might have been on the

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Riviera, and I constantly felt that at any moment I should catch a view of some crowded resort, with a pleasure steamer pushing off across to the opposite side.

But this was an idle dream, and I realized at last it was tropical Africa, and that I was the only white man anywhere about. Moreover, I had been told that the natives who lived on the other side, amidst those fascinating and alluring blue mountains, treated life with the utmost scorn, and never gave a chance murder a thought. I inquired whether canoes ever paddled across to the farther side. They said at certain periods of the year it was possible, but during the rainy seasons it was too dangerous, as storms arose in a moment, whilst the passage took them about eight hours by canoe. North and south the lake presented a horizon of sea. I was very eager to get down to the shores, and hastily mounted my cycle in order to do so, but luckily my orderly had sent me a porter to warn me, who insisted on my getting off. I soon saw the reason. We had to descend an absolute cliff, without exaggeration, and it was really wonderful how any passage at all had been discovered down it. The air was simply laden with a heavy seductive scent, given off from a white flowering tree which grew in great profusion. The porters had great difficulty in descending the cliff, which is hardly to be wondered at, carrying 60 lbs. on their heads. We reached the bottom at last, after I had delayed a great many times to gaze at the many striking



Bagandas making cloth out of the bark of a tree.
—P. 17.

Lake Albert

views which presented themselves from different points.

My orderly came along to meet me, and taking my hand between his own two, raised it towards his lips. This is the Nuby form of salutation to a senior. Their women generally go even further, and actually kiss the hand, which is both pretty and graceful, and a token of pleasing resignation to the will of their lord and master, and an excellent example for the suffragettes to follow.

I was conducted to a "banda" on the sea-shore, where my boys had laid out a sumptuous repast for my arrival. Near by was a native fishing village, which owned the quaint name of Tonio. Seeing that I had come twenty-six miles on scarcely any breakfast, I did justice to that meal with a vengeance. I found out that my skipper had gone on to a point further down the lake called Kisu. As there was a bad swamp and a difficult piece of water to cross, I sent my orderly to the village to charter canoes for my party, to enable us to cut across the bay, as Kisu is situated on a promontory which juts out into the lake, and going by water is a great saving in distance. I could not resist the temptation of a dip whilst they were loading the canoes under the direction of my head boy. He had donned a red fez and put up a regular omnibus driver's umbrella to serve the dual purpose of saving his dusky countenance from the severe rays of the sun and to lend him the necessary dignity becoming so important a personage as the

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representative of the "Mzunga Mkuba" ("big white man"). Sharks or no sharks, I stripped on the sand and dived in. It was a most refreshing bath. I kept my helmet on my head whilst swimming, although I believe it was an unnecessary precaution. Somehow it is hard to eradicate the abject fear which a tropical sun instils. When I had climbed back into my clothes, we set out on our nautical expedition. I sat on a chair in the canoe which leaked the least (although this was pretty considerable, and necessitated a "toto," or small boy, baling out the whole time), with my orderly and two native rowers.

Behind me came the rest of my party in more antiquated craft, some of which could only just be kept above water. I saw my excellent head-boy, renowned for his almost fascinating ugliness, still reclining under his enormous sunshade, looking very important. The name of this individual was "Babu," implying "grandfather." He had a fund of quiet humour and a vast experience, having done "boy" to a perfect army of Europeans. Once when an acquaintance, of well-known alcoholic tastes, was calling on me, Babu advanced with a bottle of lime-juice and gravely proffered him a drink. I once asked him about his former master, and he told me he was very easy to serve, as it was a case of "Whisky-soda, ishtenna shweer; whisky-soda, ishtenna shweer" ("Whisky-soda, wait a little; whisky-soda, wait a little"). He used to worry me somewhat for thirty rupees to buy a wife, but I told

To Kisu by Water

him that as the commandant could not afford a wife, it would be insolence for his servant to buy one. He never asked me again. I believe he secretly saved for that purpose; but he was so vain, notwithstanding his ugliness, that he spent most of his wages on his dress. I never wish for a better servant; he never broke or lost anything during the year I had him. I only gave him ten shillings a month, and he fed himself. I must say that the Uganda native does make a most excellent servant. He tries so hard to teach himself, and once having learnt never forgets. The Unyoro make the best servants, as they are naturally polite and subservient. They are apt to be despised because they do not fight well; but, of course, a servant need not be valued by the number of black eyes he has presented or earned.

To continue with our inland voyage. We hugged the coast pretty close as far as we could in case of accidents. We had scarcely started when my boatmen got very excited. They rowed very vigorously towards a black object floating on the face of the water. It was an enormous great fish, of what sort I do not know, dead as a door nail. This meant food for them for weeks to come.

Arrayed along the sandy shore was a most beautiful collection of birds. There was one promontory of low-lying sand, around which the waves were gently lapping, which was simply thick with them. Nor were they all of the same sort; there did not appear to me any two alike. They were of

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all shapes and colours. It was a truly wonderful and singular spectacle, and I only wish my ignorance would but allow me to give some slight description of them.

Leaving this feast of colour behind, we rounded the promontory and came in full view of Kisu, which lay on the opposite side of the bay. It did not seem far off, but the air was so rarefied that it led one to suppose the distance less than it actually was.

It took several hours to get across, and I was very cramped by the time we had beached our canoes. I had scarcely jumped out, when I espied my captain coming down the hill leading to the beach.

He was greatly elated, having had another tussle with buffalo, one of which he had brought to book. He had had an eleven hours' trek after them, and was as tired as I was. So after we had bathed we sat down to an *al fresco* dinner outside our tents, whence we could obtain a commanding view of the lake and the sun setting behind the ranges in the far beyond.

I do not think I could ever forget that sight. It is well worth coming all the way from England to see. It instilled in one a sort of eternal peace; one felt in tune with the world; that everlasting craving for some new excitement was dulled or dead. To be left undisturbed and merely allowed to look was bliss.

The sun spilling golden light on land and sea, seemed to work one's soul into the glorious picture



Baganda Wrestling.—P. 17.

A Glorious Sunset

it was presenting to Nature. My mind became a mixture of gold and red, and was transported to a pinnacle from whence it beheld an exalted view of things in general. One seemed to be looking on from some impersonal point of view, in which all worldly things were richly laden with colour, and wore an appearance not of trouble and distress, but rather of unsullied joy. Yes, if the next world has a promise of the like of that, the sooner we arrive there the better. We ate our meal in comparative silence, drinking in th's superb sunset.

The extravagant colouring was continually altering as the sun dipped lower and lower behind the sharp outline of the darkened hills. Just over our heads a mass of white cumuli clouds were ascending and, catching the distant colour, were flecked with a rosy red, and in their turn reflected themselves in the smooth waters of the glass-like lake. I felt myself a different person after having been allowed to behold such a perfect display of Nature, and its mysterious influence still permeated me long after I had retired to my tent for the night.

A lion came prowling round the camp shortly after dark, lending a full share to the many varied sounds ever to be heard breaking the stillness of an African tropical night.

The next day being Sunday, we agreed to take a rest. We wandered along the shore, watching the natives and some of the men of my escort bathing together.

We picked up some shells of wonderful hues,

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and then sat down for a while on some upturned canoes, close to where the waves were rolling gently to our feet. Soon I was overcome by a delicious, dreamy feeling, and my thoughts wandered from this elysium to the strife and bustle of the more civilized world, and I awoke with a start, only too happy to find myself still on the beach of the little-known Albert Nyanza.

We then strolled back to our luncheon. Afterwards we had a bath in the lake. It was glorious, and apparently the crocodiles were either away or asleep. I lay just on the edge, where the waves rolled me lazily over and over on the soft sand. How refreshing it was after all my weary treks to be in the water once again! The banks were thick with a fly which I called the aeroplane fly, as it had four wings in the shape of a plane; it presented a very picturesque appearance. After loitering about a long time in the sand and waves, we reluctantly came out.

A careful inspection of the captain's trophies followed. Although the heads of the buffalo were extra good specimens, I do not think they run very big in these parts, and certainly not equal to those between Masaka and Mbarara. He had also several species of buck, such as kongoni, cobus, bush, and reed-buck.

Suddenly his orderly pointed to the hill at the back of the camp, exclaiming "Nyama" (meat), and looking in the direction I saw a buck grazing quietly on the hillside. My friend suggested I

A Tussle with a Buffalo

should go and see if I could get a shot at some of them. So I seized a rifle and, followed by my orderly, went off. I soon, however, was brought to a standstill, as I had no puttees on, having discarded them after my bath. I sent the orderly back, and by his return the buck had disappeared. I continued on for about a mile to have a view of the country. It was hilly, with very short grass (for Uganda), and eminently suitable for buffalo shooting. These wily beasts have a way of making off to a flank when being chased, and coming round your rear, charge you in the back, so that if you are in long grass you are apt to be taken by surprise. One of my brother officers had a very near escape in that very locality. The buffalo charged him, and he fell flat on his stomach, but the beast was determined not to let him off, and stamping all over him, a fearful medley ensued, in which he got a grip of the beast's hind foot. He held on bravely for a brief while, during which time none of his orderlies dare shoot for fear of hitting the man instead of the animal. Eventually they frightened the infuriated beast off with a volley in the air, and he made off into the gubba, leaving him in safety, and with nothing worse than a few bruises. I also learned that a herd of elephant had quite recently been through.

That night an awful thunderstorm overwhelmed us. I had to turn out all my escort and porters to hold my tent down; as the soil was sandy the pegs did not hold, and the gusts of wind were fierce and

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furious. After these had subsided, a perfect deluge overwhelmed us. Fortunately, I had followed my usual custom of digging a trench all round the tent, or otherwise I should have been washed out.

The next morning I was up at daylight, and started back for Hoima. The programme was breakfast at Tonio, so I sent my "safari" by water, whilst with my orderly I set out to walk round the bay in the hopes of shooting something.

Just above the camp I came suddenly on a large herd of kongoni. I fired at a good sized one, but missed, as my rifle was sighted very high. I followed them a little way, but my time was precious, so I soon gave up. This caused me to lose the path, but as the grass was short, I set out across the "gubba." At first it was easy going. Then we came to a river edged by almost impenetrable bush.

After a great delay I made my way across to find myself facing a swamp. There was nothing for it but to push on. This swamp continued all the way to Tonio, with slight breaks, a distance of over ten miles, and sometimes I was up to my knees in water. About 10.30 o'clock I began to feel very faint. I had started without food, and the heavy going took it out of me severely. I had hoped to do the distance in two-and-a-half hours, whereas it took me over five hours. There was plenty of buck to be seen in the distance, also quite a common species of small sparrow, coloured a brilliant, light scarlet, and very noticeable. Within a mile of Tonio my orderly pointed out quite a good sized cobus



A Baganda Chief and his servants building his hut.—P. 18.

Back to Hoima

buck. I took a pot-shot to cheer myself up. The buck bounded in the air and made off. My keen-eyed orderly told me he was sick, or in other words, that I had maimed him, so I went a bit closer and fired seven more shots. It was not till the eighth that the beast eventually came down for good.

On closer inspection I found I had hit him every time. This goes to show how difficult it is to bring your quarry down, unless you hit a vital spot.

At last, when I was within a comparatively short distance of Tonio, I found myself separated by quite a broad arm of the lake. I induced the local chief to carry me across in his canoe, and he was greatly pleased by a present of some meat of the buck which I had shot, and speedily lent me some extra porters to help my "safari" scale the formidable escarpment overlooking the lake.

I found my boys had landed and laid out luncheon for me in the "banda." After I had done justice to it, I was so stiff and felt so exhausted that I had to lie down for two hours. When I awoke I had fever on me.

Nothing daunted, I set out to do the twenty-eight miles which separated me from Hoima. It took another two hours to get the "safari" up to the top of the steep escarpment. It was now getting late, and seduced by the air and the wind from the top, I determined to go no further that day, and pitched my tent on the grassy slopes

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above. There were fresh tracks of elephant and buffalo all around. I could almost imagine myself back in my native county of Sussex, from the scenery around. The air was heavily laden with an intoxicating scent, given off by a flowering tree, which was very overpowering, although equally soothing.

I dined early, and was able to watch yet another glorious sunset across the still waters of the massive lake. In spite of fever, I managed to sleep well that night, and awoke early and refreshed.

I strolled through the "gubba" looking for tracks, but the grass was very long, reaching at least two feet above my head. By the time I had reached the foot of the escarpment the early morning dew had wet me to the skin. So, returning to the road, I mounted my bicycle, and after a three to four hours' ride arrived again in Hoima. What an ideal week-end outing. It will always remain as an unfading reminiscence in my memory.

The beautiful scenery of the lake had in it a certain mixture of sadness, which made one ruminate on the pathetic evanescence of all those things which are the most enjoyable in this life. Life is short and joy is fleeting. One may not mark time when the order is to march, and however irksome the duty the order has to be carried into effect.

CHAPTER VIII.

SLEEPING SICKNESS.

WHILE I was on service at Hoima I received instructions to proceed down the Nile to Nimube and Gondokoro for the purpose of enlisting recruits from the tribes inhabiting those districts ; but these orders were subsequently cancelled owing to the prevalence of sleeping sickness.

I now propose to devote a short chapter to this dreaded scourge.

The disease known as sleeping sickness is apparently not indigenous to Uganda, but has been imported during recent times from the Congo. It is known that it made its appearance in Busoga very shortly after a large force of Emin Pasha's Soudanese had settled in that province, having come from the territories west of Lake Albert. The first cases actually reported by Dr. Cook, of the Church Missionary Society, were from the Busoga district in 1901, where, in the following year, it became epidemic, and spread all around the northern shores of Victoria Nyanza, from Buddu on the west to Kavirondo Bay on the east. The disease, moreover, had a remarkable distribution, confining itself to a narrow strip of lake shore and to the

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islands. Notwithstanding this, it carried off nearly a quarter of a million of the native population, as well as Europeans.

Recognizing that it was necessary to take immediate steps to combat this unknown scourge, and to prevent the already decimated population of Uganda from being entirely wiped out, the Government sent out Colonel (afterwards Sir David) Bruce, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, with a commission to enquire into its nature and to report what steps it were advisable to take as preventative measures. It was suspected that the conveyor of the dread disease was a tsetse-fly; thereupon an accurate and careful map was prepared showing the distribution of the fly known as the *Glossina palpalis*. This map was then compared with another showing the distribution of the sleeping sickness in Uganda. The similarity of the district on comparison was self-evident. The search for the fly had produced the fact that it was only found on the shore of the lake where there existed thick jungle and tall trees with dense undergrowth. It did not apparently proceed up the swampy river valleys, and it was not found on open sandy beaches, or in the banana plantations, and not even on the coast behind the swamps of papyrus. It was seldom, if ever, found far from the coast line.

Thereupon the Uganda administration actively engaged itself in combating the spread of the disease by cutting down all rank vegetation bushes and trees by the side of the lake which might harbour

Sleeping Sickness

the fly, and then sowed clean looking lemon-grass, or left bare these formerly dangerous spots.

But this is not all. In spite of natural difficulties, they undertook the removal of natives from contact with fly areas. Unfortunately, the picturesque looking Sese Islands on the Victoria Nyanza had to be depopulated for this purpose, and nearly twelve thousand natives were removed to the mainland, together with their cattle, sheep, and goats. Six thousand people were also removed from the Bavuma Islands to selected places upon the mainland. The removal of people has also taken place from the shores of Lake Albert and the river Nile to certain locations set apart for them. All stations and traffic routes have been extensively cleared, and preventative measures enforced everywhere. The results have on the whole been very satisfactory. The return of deaths from the Uganda kingdom, which has been regularly ascertained, shows a decrease from 8,003 in 1905 to 925 in 1909. A fairly satisfactory decrease is also shown in the return for the provinces of Busoga and Unyoro; but it has been impossible to obtain authentic returns from the Nile province hitherto.

This insidious disease takes about three weeks to develop, during which time it is attended at nights by fever. After the first few months the glands begin to swell, but the disease is of slow growth unless it is an acute case, and in its ordinary chronic form as long as a year may intervene

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before nervous symptoms show themselves, by which time the case is hopeless.

The symptoms and clinical features of an ordinary case lasting over six months are roughly as follows :— The first sign commences with a slight change in the mental attitude of the victim, followed, after a short interval, by a disinclination to work and a tendency to sit about. He undergoes a facial change, and from the happy and intelligent looking native he becomes dull, heavy, and apathetic. He mumbles in his speech and acquires a shuffling gait ; his head keeps nodding, and his eyes close automatically ; he becomes drowsy and lethargic. Terrible emaciation eventually sets in, accompanied by general weakness, and he falls into a coma, from which eventually it becomes impossible to awaken him.

Any casual observer who has watched the disease in its various stages cannot but be filled with mixed feelings of horror and pity for the poor wretches, whose very ignorance has made them easy victims. It is a terrible thing to have to stand by and look helplessly on at a victim ; to watch the vacant expression growing almost idiotic after the third month, by which time the speech will be thick and husky and the body puffy and bloated. A month more and another horrible change has taken place. So weak has he become that in attempting to sit down he falls in a heap, unable to save himself, his hands having lost their power of grip. His previously bloated body has become so hideously

Sleeping Sickness

emaciated that he is a mere mass of bones. He lies down on his side oblivious to everything around him, returning to partial consciousness. The sixth month brings him fresh evils in the shape of ulcers, but so deeply lethargic has he become that he heeds them not, continuing to lie passive until a merciful death supervenes.

Such then is this terrible scourge called sleeping sickness, though actually the patient sleeps very little more than he would ordinarily do; but his lethargic attitude imparts to him a dormant appearance.

The manner of dealing with the disease may vary, but I believe it is more or less as follows:—First, it is necessary to ascertain, by examination of the blood, whether the patient has been infected. If so, a couple of doses of arsenophenylicin in small quantities is administered. If this has no effect, then atoxyl must be resorted to. This latter, unfortunately in some cases where a cure has been obtained in the early stages, has also caused blindness. If the native is cured, he is still obliged to remain under observation, and to report himself at stated intervals for re-examination. Once the sickness has obtained a firm hold no known remedy can save the man, although death may be staved off for a time.

A victim in a state of coma sometimes displays peculiar symptoms almost cataleptic. For instance, he will stop in the act of feeding himself, or if yawning and stretching his arms, he will suddenly leave them stretched out.

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It has been discovered that the tsetse-fly (*Glossina palpalis*) acts as host to the disease, and is the means of spreading the parasite known as *Trypanosoma Gambiense*, which infects the human blood.

Some very interesting investigations have been recorded. They have ascertained that certain antelope, such as water-buck, bush-buck, and reed-buck can be readily infected with the human strain of the sickness parasite by the bite of the *Glossina palpalis* fly; but the blood of these infected antelopes, after careful examination, has failed to reveal any of the parasites, although they can transmit the infection to clean laboratory fed flies. Up to eighty-one days after these animals have been bitten by an infected fly they can pass on the infection to a clean fly, and yet up to the present no antelope has been found naturally infected.

Again, in the case of human beings a doctor has sometimes found it impossible to find the parasite in the blood of an infected person, simply because the parasite lies in the brain. They say that after a time natives living in infected districts may acquire immunity, though I fail to see exactly how this can come about, as the natives are unable to cure themselves when once bitten by the fly, and practically the only step they take is to excise the glands when they commence to swell.

Should the present Central African Commission on Sleeping Sickness discover that the wild animals harbour the fly, it may be necessary to exterminate all



Native Women Grinding Corn.—P. 19.

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Sleeping Sickness

the big game in any district in which the sickness has appeared to prevent the spread of the disease. It is to be hoped, however, that this deplorable step will not have to be finally taken, and that Africa may yet be saved from being denuded of its most interesting feature. At the same time the gravity of the present situation cannot be over-estimated, for although the administration of Uganda has now, by taking stringent measures, brought it under control, a tendency to spread down the Nile by way of Gondokoro is in itself a terrible menace to lower Egypt, and its appearance in the Katanga region, west of Lake Tanganyika, has created the utmost consternation, seeing that the Cape Railway has been recently engaged in completing an extension to tap this very district. The risk of the sickness being carried into Rhodesia is daily becoming more evident ; for should this ever occur it would lead to the closing of the mines, to the detriment of her ever-increasing prosperity. But it is earnestly hoped that the time may be imminent when a remedy will be discovered.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ELEPHANT WITH THE ENORMOUS TUSK.

AFTER a few weeks had elapsed since my week end on Lake Albert I decided to go off on a hunting expedition. Ten days' leave of absence did not give me much time, but it was better than nothing. Besides, I could send my "safari" a day's journey on ahead, and it is not every day you can watch herds of elephant roaming in their wild state.

Accordingly half my boys, with a score of porters under an escort in charge of my orderly, started for Masindi from my headquarters at Hoima, in Northern Uganda. I was greatly relieved to see them at last under way, and to hear their monotonous, humdrum singing, intermingled with loud, shrill "coo-eyes," growing fainter in the distance.

While superintending the packing I had caught a glimpse through the kitchen-door of my head-boy, a Swahili, swallowing half a bottleful of my Worcester sauce. Noiselessly I crept up to him; the result was a tableau. After that he sulked.

The following morning I jumped on my bicycle at daybreak, and was soon skimming along the road after them, wondering how many tusks I should bring back on my return. I found it quite cold

A Hunting Expedition

rushing through the air at that early hour. My dress was pretty simple—a khaki shooting shirt, a pair of khaki shorts and puttees. Twelve miles out I met a local chief, who gave me some milk and delicious fruit known as “papaw.” A few miles further on the road was so overgrown with elephant-grass and “wait-a-bit” thorns that I had to wheel my cycle for the remainder of the distance. It was not till late in the afternoon that, crossing the river and climbing up the hill on the far side, I caught a glimpse of my encampment.

After a refreshing tub, I partook of a good meal which my cook had prepared for me and laid out under the shade of some trees. My head boy was reported missing, and I presumed had not got over his sulks.

I was now quite close to Masindi, but instead of keeping on I turned off the main road and headed eastward for the Sese swamp. On arrival I pitched my camp, making myself as comfortable as I could under the circumstances, and sent for the chief.

He soon appeared, and I told him I only wanted two things—firstly, food for my people; and secondly, news of elephant. He, knowing the white man would pay well for his sport, sent numerous natives to the four winds of heaven to look for tracks. There was nothing for it but to sit down and wait in suspense. I set my porters on to build me a “banda,” or native hut of grass, as my tent was quite uninhabitable during the heat of the day.

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I photographed the camp, the porters, and everything of local and general interest, from the native dwellings to the everlasting banana "shambas"; climbed the only hill in the vicinity; learned the names of all those on the horizon; read a six-penny novel threadbare, and the advertisements; mended a defective lamp; and abstracted two nails from the inside of my boots. What a life! A regular rest-cure!

The sun was dipping behind the nearest hill, casting a peaceful tint over a landscape already imbued with a tranquillity redolent of the centre of savage Africa, as in despair I sent out yet two more Unyoro hunters, clothed in naught else but a flimsy piece of brown bark cloth, with their long spears poised in their hands.

What miles they were about to go with no other inducement than a very natural desire for a gigantic repast!

Day after day passed by, and my leave was getting shorter and shorter. This waiting, surrounded by an eternal sea of elephant-grass and stumpy trees, requires a store of patience for even the shortest period.

The mosquitoes are famed in this region. Even in the daytime they hovered round in crowds and stung me all over, even through my very clothes. I was getting desperate, when in rushed a "shensi" native. A big herd had gone by within a few hours.

I received the news just after I had turned in for the night, so I had perforce to wait till daylight.



Daudi Chwa, Kabaka, the young King of Uganda.—P. 28.

Herds of Elephants

In the morning I awoke with a touch of fever, but undeterred I hastened off at a brisk pace in the hope of catching up the herd. Suddenly the native who was leading held up his hand in caution. We examined the ground, and came to the conclusion that the herd had doubled back during the night by the same route as they had come; and if so, we must be quite close.

Accordingly we took to the "gubba," and within an hour we came up on their flank. Climbing on to an ant-heap, I scanned them through my glasses. There they were, walking in single file, winding in and out of the clumps of trees in a leisurely fashion; now and then one would leave the column to pluck an extra tempting morsel from a neighbouring "wait-a-bit" thorn, but always rejoining the line again. They were mostly females with countless young. It seemed so quaint to view these massive monsters wandering aimlessly along at their own sweet will, quite close to where we were hiding. They appeared almost black in contrast to the beautiful white of their ivory tusks, which glistened in the sunshine. Just then I espied another big herd right ahead, and this sudden discovery, coupled with the silence with which they moved along, imbued me with a distinct feeling of uneasiness. Suddenly a third herd came out of the bushes only a hundred yards away. For the moment I thought we were done for. The crowd of native hunters had in a moment mysteriously disappeared like thin snow under a summer sun, and I felt my orderly

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hastily pulling my arm. Together we crouched down behind the ant-heap on which we had been standing, and watched in breathless suspense. The leader was a fair size. He came majestically along, twinkling his small eyes in a cunning manner, flapping his great ears to and fro, with his two ivory tusks gleaming in the sun. I was greatly relieved to see his ugly, slouching stern disappearing behind some bushes. Three others followed of inferior size, then a female with a lot of young. These latter were gambolling all over the place, so that I made certain our presence would be given away by one or other of them. However, they eventually all disappeared after their leader.

We then followed along their tracks, and by so doing saved ourselves infinite trouble, for the long elephant grass was nine feet high, which made it almost impossible to see even where you were going, and made the pace hopelessly slow.

Coming to a rise in the ground about mid-day I took a good look round. We were practically right in amongst them again. I made out through my glasses a couple which had halted beneath the shade of a clump of trees about half a mile away. One of these appeared to have heavy ivory, so I elected to give chase. For one whole hour I lost sight of them, while we threaded our way through the course and heavy undergrowth. We appeared to be going in a diametrically opposite direction, and I checked my orderly rather shortly. He merely placed his finger on his lips, saying, "Wait a

At Close Quarters

little." Presently I saw him stoop down, and he beckoned me up to him. To my amazement I saw the elephant not fifty yards off, looking straight at me. I must own to being a bit startled, as I had no idea they were so close to us. I now saw that the elephant I had thought a good size was only medium; and in such a big herd I hoped to get a very much larger one, so I elected not to shoot. I then enjoyed, for about a quarter of a hour, watching the habits of these quaint creatures. It was a novel experience, and not to be missed. They had halted evidently for their mid-day siesta.

My orderly, however, was impatient, so we withdrew to look for something bigger. By now I felt extremely hungry, seeing it was six hours since I had eaten my breakfast. I mentioned it to my hunter, who seemed disappointed to think that such a base craving as appetite should interfere with the day's sport. He sent a man off, and in less than a quarter of an hour my boys arrived with a chop-box full of good eatables, and better than all, lime-juice and soda. They had been following close behind. We soon emptied the contents on the ground, turned the chop-box into a seat, and I ate out of my lap. I did not waste much time over that meal, and by the finish a native returned with news that he had seen a very big elephant indeed. He got so excited over the size that I began to think it must be the one that numerous hunters had seen with a tusk so heavy that one, famous for embroidering the truth, related that he had seen the

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beast pushing its tusk along the ground as if wheeling a barrow, owing to its preponderous weight. The only drawback appeared that all these sportsmen seemed agreed that it had only one tusk. I questioned the native, but he could not tell me whether the one he had just seen had two or one.

So away we trudged again after our native hunter, and at such a good pace that I soon found myself getting short of breath. I slowed down, as I never believe in getting flurried on these occasions, for when the time arrives to shoot your aim becomes very unsteady. We approached with extreme caution, trying to crawl round on the fringe of the herd, which had halted for their noontide rest, but the object of our search had been located in rather a difficult spot, and we had to risk a bit. I began to get quite nervous. I could distinguish elephants on three sides of us. At last my native hunter pulled up behind a low bush and pointed with his clenched fist in the manner peculiar to them. I crept up and tried to get a glimpse, but the grass was over my head even when standing up; so I summoned my orderly and I climbed on his shoulders. There was my friend standing sideways to me, and, true enough, with a really enormous tusk. I will not even make a guess at its probable size, as I cannot obtain corroboration for my statement; suffice it to say it was the biggest I had seen, or ever likely to see. Just at that moment it quietly and deliberately swung round, and I saw that the second tusk was conspicuous by its absence. Nevertheless, I was



The King of Uganda and his Regents.—P. 28.



An Elephant Stampede

determined to have a try, for the one alone was a prize not to be scoffed at.

I noticed then that numerous young elephants were running about hither and thither among the bushes, and a couple of them were comparatively close. I tapped my orderly to put me down, as I dared not even whisper. In doing so he was clumsy, and dropping me hurriedly, created a slight noise. Upon this the two baby elephants ran to their mother and scared the herd, who began to suspect there was something in the wind. Up went all their trunks, sniffing the air for information. For a brief moment I held my breath. Then came the stampede, and, thank goodness, not in our direction. Down went grass, bushes, and even small-sized trees. Yet the comparative silence was wonderful, considering there were probably no less than five hundred elephants tearing through the bush at a speed of twelve miles an hour.

They left a smooth track behind them as flat as Piccadilly. With them went all my hopes, and left me with a long, weary march back to my camp. But however disappointing the day's result, I had caught a brief glimpse of the famed elephant of the one tusk.

An illustration of a baby elephant caught by the natives, having probably lost its mother by disease or violence, shows him looking out of his small eyes quite lost in astonishment at the barking dog.

CHAPTER X.

ORDERED TO MBARARA IN ANKOLE.

AFTER my disappointment of the big elephant I had to look forward to five good days' trek back to headquarters; nor did I expect to meet with any incident, as most of my journey lay through a more or less frequented track.

One or two of the camps I stayed at were quite picturesque, and many an enjoyable hour's rest was spent under the shade of the shivering, big banana leaves, as the evening wind, springing up from nowhere, gently rustled in and out, kissing their lips, which appeared to make their very beings sway with responsive thrills, while the setting sun painted the most exquisite scenery, which carried the imagination to ærial flights rarely transgressed by even the most extravagant of fairy dreams. I look back at these evenings with many a longing sigh. Was I not lonely? Did I not long for the delights of civilization? Not during these superb moments. Only to be left alone, to be allowed to rest quietly after the heavy march, while the impression weaved itself round one's very soul. These are the moments that dwell in the memory of the traveller for ever and aye, so that even when

Elephant Tracks

he returns to his European life he is pursued by a haunting craving which besets him in a manner similar to the whisperings of the syrens in the ears of the unwilling Odysseus, and which frequently leads him to return once more, and his intimates, shrugging their shoulders, not understanding, merely wonder. It was the last day of my leave. I was nearing camp amidst a tropical downpour, feeling miserable. A long drawn-out exclamation from my orderly caused me to wake up out of my despondency.

He was measuring something on the ground with his feet. "Alfille kebir" ("elephant big") was all he said. I checked his measurements in a twinkling; sent off two orderlies, one for an extension of leave and another for my hunter, who had dragged behind, for it was pleasant once more to turn my back on the beaten track and to wade through the billowy elephant grass, buoyed by that eternal delusion—hope—just once more.

I soon came upon a native village with a crowd of its inmates jabbering around a havoc of wreckage, depredations due to my friend the elephant having very evidently helped himself. I questioned quickly, and discovered that he visited frequently, in fact, every other night. Another Mzunga (European) had arrived, but although they had pointed out where the elephant was he still remained in his tent. I believe the man was either sick, or that the enormously tall elephant grass made the chance too overwhelmingly difficult. At any rate, it was

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nasty-looking country, and I decided to await the elephant's visit, and ordered my tent to be pitched near the edge of the sugar-cane, which appeared the most likely spot. I told the chief to send out his people to search diligently and to bring word.

I employed myself in trying to learn the tracks and points of the neighbourhood by heart, in case I might get into difficulties during the darkness. The moon was bright, which was in my favour, and as it was every other night that my friend paid his visit, he was due that evening. Everything seemed as propitious as could be until I made back to camp: the usual crowd of people to interview. Firstly, my orderly returned to say the native hunter was drunk and incapable; secondly, two scouts from headquarters, with a very pressing letter of instructions. I tore the missive open; the very look of the envelope predicted evil. The orders were to return at once, if not sooner; a code-cable just arrived to march at once with an armed force to occupy a town called Mbarara, in Southern Uganda.

Did I curse? Yes; everything. But orders are orders. Nevertheless, I had to stay that night, and so I staked all upon the elephant turning up, whilst I turned in with all my clothes on, to my very ammunition boots, with my rifles loaded by my side. Not a chance, so at daylight next morning I hastily got under weigh and marched back to Hoima, where I proceeded to pack up my kit and bid my farewells, as I had a presentiment I should never return; nor did I ever do so.



A Dwarf at Kampala.—P. 32.

1

Start for Mbarara

I had done the fifteen miles into Hoima in three hours. This pace had kept my attendant followers at a run, and called forth a really sage remark for a savage from my orderly, that he wished he had four legs. I may say that it is unusual to detect a facetious spirit in a black breast.

I actually played three sets of singles at tennis that afternoon on top of my march, and that and the march and the fatigue of packing, although I laughed it off at the time as a mere nothing, caused a strained heart later on which led to certain pangs of repentance. Such is the result of a combination of youth and ignorance. I ought to have rested a day and taken things easy.

The next day, a Sunday, I made a start in a frame of mind hardly in accordance with that auspicious day of the week. My skipper accompanied me out to our first camp and we had a farewell luncheon. I was exceedingly sorry to say goodbye, as he had always been so pleasant to work for, and a firm friend to boot. But youth is wayward and the world is wide, so I could not always remain by his side. After I had seen the last of him disappear round the bend I hurried up and did a long march to a spot about eight miles beyond a very noticeable boss-shaped hill, known as Msaga Nkuro. I found food for porters was very scarce and led to much dissatisfaction, but I had brought my own headman, who stood little or no nonsense. The following day we had to cross a wide bend of a river called Kitumbui. This we accomplished on rafts

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built by natives, which consisted of bundles of reeds bound together by strips torn off the stems of banana trees. These rafts were propelled by poles and went at the rate of ten yards per minute. This aptly suited the wants of the native passengers, who appear to have been born with an inherent distaste for hurry of any description whatever.

Once across, I pushed on with all speed. The country was fairly thick and hilly, although the actual road was flat enough. I made camp near a village called Kuhemba, and was greatly disappointed to learn there were no elephants in the vicinity, as I had always been led to understand the contrary.

About three hours after I had arrived in came my "safari" of thirty-five porters, very scattered. I detected something was wrong. They hurled their loads down and came to me in a body in a fearful hubbub.

My headman explained that they were disgusted with the long marches, and declined to go on unless I set them easier stages. One had run away already, three others refused to move any further on any account.

I then calculated on my map—an exceedingly inaccurate one, by the way, though the best procurable—and found we had only done thirty miles, measured as the crow flies, in two days; probably thirty-three by the actual road we had taken.

Notwithstanding, my headman assured me if I carried out any chastisement I would be deserted by them all, and as I could not risk any delay, owing

Kakamero

to the urgency of my instructions, I had to give in. So the next day we merely did eight miles, and all the while I was fretting to push on. I shot a few doves as I walked along the road as a variation to the awfully indigestible cuckoo or native fowl. I purchased a goat from a native for one shilling and fourpence. A chief made me a present of some eggs and vegetables, and my orderly, scavenging round the native huts, procured me some bananas and grenadillas; so that when my cook-boy had commandeered some fresh milk, I did myself well.

The following day's march brought us to the prettily laid out township of Kakamero, which had quite recently been deserted by the Government officials, who had retired to the more healthy station of Mbende. The paths and roads were still most beautifully kept, as also all the grounds in the precincts of the government buildings. The Boma looked quite pathetic, standing in a forlorn and desolate manner amidst beautiful roses, flowers, and creepers. I plead guilty here to taking advantage of its unprotected state to remove some of its lemons and papaw to make good a rather empty nook in one of my chop-boxes.

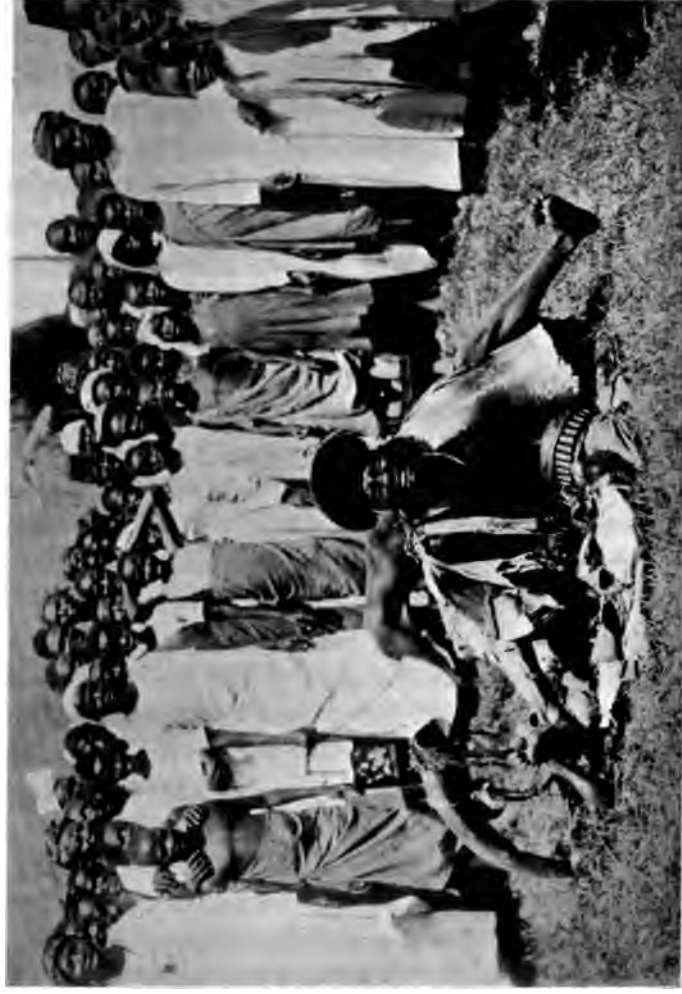
I waited here until my "safari" arrived, as I had to consult my headman again about the camps. I was bent on reaching Mbende by the morrow, porters or no porters, and as the distance was a matter of sixteen miles, I desired to push them on past Kakamero to lessen the next day's effort. On their arrival I marshalled them in line and put it to

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them. No good, they refused to go on ; they had done already eleven miles, and that was sufficient. On a former occasion, when I had sallied out after elephant with picked porters, I had accomplished as much as twenty-three miles a day with them, but these men were of a rather sorry type, and emaciated and riddled with sores ; in fact, they were too childish even to cook for themselves if tired, and I generally had to question my headman on this point, and was not easy until he assured me that they had all cooked their portion of food and eaten it. After some consideration they agreed to go a little farther.

The road leading out to the south of Kakamero is exceedingly steep, affording magnificent views, and is studded with huge boulders and masses of rock, which are in appearance very similar to those that may be seen in the vicinity of Tunbridge Wells. As the character of the surrounding country was very hilly, each top was outlined by the fantastic shapes of these rocks, resembling in their statuesque appearance those interesting and pathetic ruins of old castles which lie scattered throughout the length and breadth of Ireland.

I went out in the evening, and clambered over some of them in search of guinea-fowl. I am sorry to say I hit two birds badly ; but, as my shot was not sufficiently heavy to kill them, they made off into the long elephant grass, where it was hopeless to look for them. I returned very weary to camp, where I had to doctor a fifth of my party for cuts



The King's Jester.—P. 32.



Mbende

and bruises, and for every ache from their chests to their stomachs.

Well, the next day we reached Mbende, having taken five days over the journey from Hoima.

The actual seat of the administration and the houses of the Europeans are situated about two miles off to the left of the main road, and there is no room left for doubt that it is a more healthy site than Kakamero, for it is situated on a long, narrow ridge as high as it is steep, quite bare and covered with short grass resembling the Sussex Downs in every particular. I had to halt several times before reaching the top, and my one wish when once there was to search round for some cooling draft to quench my thirst. I accordingly made for the Boma, where the guard turned out to me. I found one of them understood Nile Arabic, so I enquired of him if there were any Europeans in the place. He told me one had gone off on "safari" that very morning, and the other was sick. The latter was good enough, notwithstanding his indisposition, to give me a whisky-and-soda and some luncheon. I purchased some sugar and matches at a local trader's, and returned to my camp rather crestfallen, as I had centred my hopes on a more jolly day at a place as large as Mbende.

Each day I was becoming more fretful at not meeting any sport, and so the next morning I pushed on for a considerable distance. I crossed a main road evidently running from Entebbe or Kampala to Fort Portal. The same rocky country continued,

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and more hilly than ever, so that it presented a very pleasing and no less picturesque appearance.

These massive boulders often formed curious resemblances to living things, and my Nuby orderly on one occasion touching me on the arm, pointed out some objects, saying "elephant." They were actually two grey-black boulders, one just behind the other in amongst the trees and elephant grass. The resemblance was striking. Some of these massive rocks stood poised on their ends, and seemingly only requiring a puff of wind to topple them over altogether.

On arrival at camp I chose the highest summit I could find to pitch my tent, and I was well rewarded for my trouble. The view extended all around for miles—a sea of "gubba," formed of numerous hills and valleys, covered with trees and long grass. The sun setting in true mid-African splendour outlined their fantastic shapes against the distant orange-red horizon, and the ever-lengthening shadows lent a mystical effect to the view, compelling me to gaze with wondering admiration; and my thoughts seem to wander back again to those happy days of childhood, when hope imbued by expectancy and unsoiled by disillusion tinted the world with a rosy hue. This delightful feeling of expectancy is very strong in Uganda, and I put it down to perfectly natural causes. You never know as you travel along what may turn up. You climb to the top of a hill and suddenly find yourself confronted with a soul-compelling view; you wander down the opposite side

Feeling of Expectancy

and come upon the fresh tracks of elephants; you turn an angle of the road and find a refreshing stretch of the water of an unsuspected lake.

A great deal is due, of course, to the ever and rapidly changing natural effects. At morning the landscape appears quite unfamiliar; the clouds in the valleys give the appearance of huge lakes, with the tops of the hills as islands in their midst. Compare the same view a few hours later, bathed in a tropical sunlight; you cannot recognize it. And probably before you can hold your breath a further dramatic change is rendered before your eyes with startling rapidity. Nimbus clouds, from nowhere in particular, rush together, and banking up in ominous and majestic splendour, blot out the sun. It is as if someone had inserted a darker slide into the magic lantern. A gale springs up, and in a quarter of a minute you see an enormous sheet, like a grey, flimsy veil, quickly advancing towards you down the valley. It has reached you at last. You see nothing, but you hear the sound of rivers of rushing water on all sides of you, as paralyzed by helplessness you await till rescued once more by the tropical sun peeping out of its clear blue sky.

As I was musing on this theme, deep in the midst of my thoughts, my "toto," or small house boy, rushed in shouting "Kanga," or guinea-fowl.

I had my puttees off at the time, but I picked up my shot-gun and ran down the hillside with my bare legs. I soon found myself floundering in some long grass under some tall and fine spreading trees

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(which are rather rare in Uganda), as the last rays of the setting sun flickered through the branches. I bagged a brace and a half, which came in very useful, as I had run out of food and rupees. These were gained at the expense of my bare legs, which I had lacerated all over.

On the following day, after a short march, I came upon fairly recent elephant tracks at a place called Markara. I pitched my tent, and sent four local natives in pursuit. I was doomed to disappointment, as I waited all the rest of the day in vain for their return. Even the next morning I was in a hopeful mood, and delayed to move off till twelve o'clock. Then my patience gave way, and much to the annoyance of my party I ordered the camp to be struck, and we marched on till we sighted the next camp, just as the sun was disappearing over the horizon. The aspect of the country had changed once more and was now somewhat flatter and very thickly covered with trees, mostly of a curious, flat top shape. You could not get any extensive view, but the road was pleasing enough. Both sides of the path were bordered with tall, purple flowers, which grew wild in luxurious abundance, much to the delight of numerous many-hued butterflies, who, fluttering with characteristic carelessness from flower to flower, lent their variegated colours to brighten the effect. A light breeze rustled softly through the trees, and whispering gently in the ear induced a feeling of dreamy repose, mingled with a blissful content.

Makole

Who could resist the charm or be unhappy? One felt nothing mattered now. The past could bury itself, and only the present counted. In the midst of this peace of nature, with care banished to the horizon, no disagreeable distractions, no need of hurry and haste, no use for money, and food in abundance, I could comprehend the native content with his aimless, happy-go-lucky life, which approaching civilization was doing its best to interfere with and eventually destroy.

Before we halted I had to cross a very big stream called Katonga, which at this point measured over 500 feet in breadth. Unfortunately, its surface was completely obliterated by the tall rushes that spoiled a view which would otherwise have been a restful relief to the eye after so many days of travel through a dry country. I experienced a bitter cold half hour whilst waiting for my tent to be put up; a fairly strong gale was blowing, and as I had followed my usual habit of selecting the highest point in the vicinity for my night's rest, I felt the full force of the hurricane. The name of the place was Makole, and its chief, Mtesa, took me to his residence of elephant-grass and proffered me cold tea and bananas; he also offered me presents of lemons, cabbages, and new English potatoes. He was expecting the acting Governor to pass through his country on his annual tour, and was awaiting his arrival. I learned that I had now left the country of the Unyoro and had entered the confines of the Baganda. The change was at once

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apparent. The natives displayed a greater independence and a more manly bearing, and they were evidently a far superior race, morally, to the cringing though infinitely more obliging Unyoro.

It might well have been mid-winter in England when I rose to dress myself the next morning. The sky was a dark lemon colour at first, but the clouds presented a fine spectacle as soon as the sun rose, tipping their edges with gold and giving the appearance of having set them on fire. News had arrived of elephant from my last camp, but owing to the urgency of my instructions it was impossible for me to entertain any notion of retracing my steps. So I pushed doggedly on without a stop for close on eight hours, and I was pleasantly surprised to find myself in the midst of a country of short and burnt-up grass, a substantial evidence that the heavy torrential rains had not as yet commenced to fall in that neighbourhood. As I trudged my weary way my orderly pointed out a fine buck on guard over a regular harem of wives, standing on a hill on my right. A lucky shot brought him down, just in time to provide meat for my deserving porters, who had now carried their sixty-pound loads forty miles in two days.

Once in camp I met the local chief, Sabadu by name, of the place which he called Chikimba, awaiting me on what I at first thought was a friendly visit, until he informed me that my headman had been beating a native who refused to carry the load of a porter who had fallen down sick. *Hinc illæ*

Ruengo

lachrimæ. I took the chief on one side and let him look through my field-glasses. I also showed him my ammunition and taught him how to load the rifle. Overcome with momentary pleasure, I steered his childlike mind from its true bearing, so that the righteous wrongs of his savage subject were forgotten. I also remunerated the beaten man *sub rosa*, and did not hesitate to give my headman a "telling off."

I spent the afternoon following up a herd of "kongoni" buck, very common in these parts. I slept well, after being on my legs for eleven hours and covering thirty miles in all. This was the first camp which I had found free of mosquitoes. There was an unusually long sick list of porters to be doctored, and my medicine was getting very low; and though I only marched nine miles the following day, quite thirty-five per cent. of my porters fell out of their places sick. I could not proceed further without help, so I sent for the chief, Mr. Kabtoto, and on my promising to mend his watch for him he lent me ten porters. I found water scarce and no game, so I was extra pleased to move on the next morning to my next resting-place, called Ruengo, a matter of three and a half hours' march.

As a heavy haze tempered the fervour of the African sun, I arrived in camp comparatively cool and very fit. Throughout all this country I found nothing but chiefs, who spring out of nowhere, and after insisting on shaking hands, would accompany

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the "safari" till the next chief arrived on the scene. It was very annoying, but as they did it out of friendship nothing more could be said. I found the camps since crossing the river Katonga very well kept and clean. In the majority of cases these camps are to be greatly avoided, owing to their being the home of the "Dudu," and, worse still, the "Spirillum" tick. The former are fairly easy to detect beneath the skin of the soles of the feet or under the toe-nails, and the native boys are adept at dealing with them; but the latter's bite produces a nasty intermittent fever, which repeats itself at varying intervals of about ten days and frequently attacks the eyesight, occasionally causing blindness.

I went out again towards the cool of the afternoon, as I had, whilst gazing through my binoculars, sitting under the shelter of the camp "banda," spotted some dark figures bearing a suspicious resemblance to a herd of buck feeding. My old native orderly, ever ready to turn out for the sake of sport, led me round a short cut, and from the top of a rise gleefully pointed them out to me feeding amongst some low bushes, at the foot-hills of a perpendicular ridge. I took a shot, and the next moment the herd were in full flight, and to all intents and purposes I had missed. But my orderly darted forward, saying, "The big one is sick," by which he meant to imply I had wounded him. Well, I have made it my rule whilst out shooting never to leave a wounded beast of any description without first doing my utmost to terminate its



The Witch Doctor.—P. 32.

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Veldt Fire

unhappy and suffering existence. So I gave chase, and the trail being good, it meant going at a trot, as each moment the sun was threatening to drop behind the scenes. But running in the tropics requires an athletic heart, and several times I had to pause for breath. However, determination and excitement are two great incentives, and my perseverance was eventually rewarded. I caught sight of the buck across a burnt patch of grass. I had evidently hit him somewhere in the hind leg, and he, thinking himself secure from further pursuit, was resting before making another forward rush. I made sure of him this time, and he fell down within an ace of where he had been standing.

Leaving instructions that the meat was to be brought into camp as soon as possible, I returned, but by the time I had arrived darkness had fallen and helped to show up to great effect a veldt fire, which looked as brilliant as the lights of Piccadilly Circus, and made a brave show against the inky blackness. Unfortunately, it formed a circle around my camp, which it threatened to entirely engulf. I turned out all the porters and commenced hurriedly to form a clearing as a shield of protection. We were only just in time, and breathing became a matter of no small difficulty, as the piles of heavy smoke suffocated us. I rarely spent such an unpleasant evening, though the spectacle was singularly striking, and the glow seemed to set the whole sky alight, and thus saved me the expense of burning my own oil.

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When eventually I sat down to dinner I found a letter laid quietly on my plate in readiness for me. Now a letter in these parts, being such an unusual occurrence, is a thing to wonder at, and I upbraided my boys for not having brought it immediately to me. What could it be? I hastily tore it open. Great excitement! The old boundary trouble again between Uganda and the Congo State. My instructions were very urgent, to carry rations over a practically unknown country, across the equator into the heart of deepest Africa, at lightning speed, to a place that I had never heard of before, and with a possible chance of a trouble, commonly known in military parlance as a "scratch." I was elated with a prospect which appeared so rosy; and I failed to include in my hasty summing up the arduous trials and hardships which a campaign of this nature must inevitably entail. The place to which I was now ordered was situated on Lake Kivu, in the Congo. The next morning I arose in the dark and undertook a forced march of twenty-five miles, which brought me into Mbarara.

Mbarara, on the river Ruwezi, is the capital of Ankole. The natives are frightfully superstitious, and resort to all sorts of practices to elude the Evil One. One habit is to gather together under their witch doctor and perform certain evolutions, which are supposed to render the district untenable to the imaginary evil spirit. Two illustrations are given of natives performing these practices and evolutions under the direction of a witch doctor. The women

South-West Ankole

rear their children with remarkable zeal and interest, and spurn the notion of doctors. One of our illustrations shows an Ankole lady administering an enema to her child. It consists of a hollow reed inserted in the anus, through which water or other liquid is injected from the mouth. The Ankole men, too, are keen cattle raisers, and possess fine herds, as shown in the picture illustrating a herd of typical South-West Ankole cattle. They possess enormous horns; and being exceedingly wild, the beasts will charge on the slightest provocation. South-West Ankole abounds in crater lakes, some of them being of huge area. They form in the dried-up necks of old craters.

CHAPTER XI.

TO LAKE KIVU TO JOIN AN EXPEDITION, AND BACK TO MBARARA.

MBARARA had been constituted the base of the expedition, and here I set to work on preparations of every kind. My baggage had to be cut down to a minimum; 2,400 rations had to be collected; 88,000 rounds of ammunition counted out; fresh porters to be indented for, and the old ones paid off; my soldiers to be paid up; an escort for specie to be furnished; a small garrison to be left behind; complaints and difficulties to be settled; official letters to be thought out, to say nothing of my own private wants; and as time was everything, it was all hurry and scurry. I was continually wondering what could be the object of the expedition, and for a small armed party to march over the Congo border seemed to me to be inviting disaster, but my orders were imperative.

The next day saw me again on my way with a "safari" of two hundred porters, though not till 4.30 in the afternoon, and by the time the last remnants were well out of Mbarara the evening sun was softening the angular outlines of the distant scenery with its dying rays.



The King's Musician.—P. 33.



Drastic Remedies

I had a very vague idea as to where I was making for. There were, of course, no maps procurable, and all I had to go upon was a vague idea of the position of Lake Kivu from my school-boy days and its general direction.

Our start was unpropitious, however, as there was no food provided for us at the first camp, Luganda, and, to add to my difficulties, all the heavy work, both physical and mental, brought on a feverish attack, which led to the discovery that my head-boy had left behind my quinine and filter—two most necessary articles.

The following morning I pushed on with a very hungry "safari" to a place called Sidera. Imagine my annoyance as I reclined in a fainting condition on a box of Government ammunition, to be told that there was no food at this second halting-place. Drastic ills require drastic remedies, and I ordered the head chief to be seized and put under a guard until food was brought in. This had a very pleasing result, as the chief called his chief advisers, and within a very short space of time rations sufficient to feed three hundred and twenty starving porters were piled up outside the hut where the chief was making a temporary stay as my guest. Then I went in, thanked him, offered him some tea, and we parted the best of friends.

Since my departure from Mbarara I had been greatly worried in my mind at the loss of my pet terrier. Whilst I had been busy in a local store in that place changing rupees into beads and cloth for

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ultimate barter with the natives on the border, two furious cats had attempted to claw out the puppy's eyes. The latter never having seen a cat before, was filled with fear and betook herself off at a fast and furious pace, so that my boy running with all his might had been unable to overtake her. So with a parting tear I was feign to scratch her off the roll-call as hopelessly missing.

On the third day out I arose very weak with my fever, and I had literally to crawl along, sitting down every quarter-mile. I should have been carried in a blanket, but somehow the idea was repulsive to me, and so I suppose I did myself a lot of harm by proudly sticking to my legs. The morning started propitiously, as when I was eating my breakfast who should appear from her usual seat under the table but my lost puppy. She had nosed me out all the way from Mbarara, and was in a very weak condition. She had evidently been going day and night and had had nothing to eat, and probably little to drink since she ran away. I called my boy to bring milk, and she nearly burst her sides with the amount she lapped up, and became visibly fatter under my eyes. She never left me again during my stay in the tropics, and eventually became the property of a black prince, when sickness drove me back to Europe again.

Mwanga, the next camp, was situated on a very high hill, which I found very difficult of ascent in my weak state of health. My porters, who had been drafted from the Ankole, were a low-spirited

Kazara

lot and incapable of much effort. They were even worse than my late ones, the Unyoro. I consider the Baganda are the only useful load-carriers to be found in Uganda.

On the morning of the fourth day out of Mbarara, I was jubilant to find my fever had deserted me entirely, and so I arose early and made for Kazara.

Kazara is quite a big place for these parts, situated on a plateau, and as one has to approach it across an expansive plain, it acquires a greater importance than it possibly deserves.

I was received by an enormous concourse of people and beating of drums, and even a presentation of arms by the chief's local escort, which was quite a pathetic sight, seeing how earnest was their effort to conform to what was to them a European custom of Herculean difficulty. I was then led by the king, Keticulo, into a grass hut, where he gave me tea and ginger cake. I had not tasted the latter since I left home. I gathered from them that a party of Congo troops, under three white officers, with some maxim guns, were on a river about two days off, confronted by ten of our police under a white officer. Unfortunately, it was not in the direction where I was ordered. As I was conversing I espied another "safari" coming from the opposite direction, and was pleased to find it was the Doctor, who was returning from our advanced depot at Hunga to Mbarara. I gave the Doctor luncheon, and was very pleased to offer tea and cake and jam to the King and his numerous petty chiefs, who sat all

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around me on the floor of the hut, minutely interested in watching the two white men taking their food.

The King's son was quite a decent boy, having been educated at Kampala, and could speak and write English with tolerable fluency. The sick having been attended to and arrangements for food completed, I started off from the last camp, where it would be possible to obtain supplies, with four sheep and fourteen fowls to carry me on till my return. I encamped that night in the "gubba," and as there was hardly a stick in the place, my porters had no means of making their grass huts. In consequence there was a great deal of grumbling. Even the next day, on our way to Kakamero, the discontent showed itself by the lazy, loafing way in which the "safari" proceeded, and as Kakamero is seven hours from Kazara, it took a long time getting there. The country was very uninteresting, composed of burnt-up grassy slopes, but in the distance I could see noble hills massed together in generous profusion, outlined against the sky. I also passed a lake—of what size I could not say, as the far end was lost in the haze.

Kakamero is a quaint place—not that there is much of it. Just what you would expect the end of the world to be. You get to it through a narrow pass in the hills, and you leave it by just such another. It is itself almost entirely surrounded by perpendicular cliffs. The chief told me the natives would not bring in food, but that he held some Government stuff, which was delayed by want



Cathedral at Namirembe, Kampala, on fire.—P. 36.

Potosi

of porters to convey it further, so I helped myself. I bought a pail full of peas for forty beads or about twopence. I bribed a native to show me the way with some more beads, although he afterwards told me he wanted clothes and was not contented until my headman assured him that the former could purchase the latter, which was really a brain wave. Thirty of my porters went sick the next morning, which coincided suspiciously with our approach to the difficult and mountainous country. Eventually all arrived in camp at Potosi, after climbing three huge mountains and wading across two big rivers, so that I do not think there could have been much wrong with them.

At last I had arrived at a part of the world worth seeing. Crossing not only the Equator, but also the Anglo-German boundary, with an armed force, over great mountains, with a cold wind blowing strong enough to lift my heavy helmet off my head, was quite a novelty, and a violent change from the country I had been accustomed to whilst marching through Uganda. Although I did seven hours that day over these mountains I never once suffered from the heat. The scenery was magnificent, and I had to stop constantly, much to the irritation of my impatient orderly, to admire the views. Serried masses of mountains, cleft with the deepest chasms, due to the acute climatic disintegration, presented themselves in different aspects at each step, while from an unexpected quarter every now and then a river would wind its way from

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out of a deep recess, which seemingly might be the haunt of unknown mysteries, and wander on for a little in the open sunlight, to be lost again in another deep opening in the face of the steep cliff which rose up to swallow it.

These rivers are covered completely from view by tall rushes, which, although considered weeds of the worst and most pernicious type out here, are really in themselves quite pretty. They are composed of long, green stalks about eight to ten feet high, their tops of a delicate network of flimsy green stamens. When a native drinks from the river he very frequently does so through these tops, which act as a natural filter, though somewhat crude. I was much interested in the inhabitants of Potosi. They were of splendid physique, and had a more European type of feature than I had yet seen. They grow their hair in plaits of about three inches in length. They seemed very independent, and did little else than smoke their pipes. In place of tobacco they smoked wood ash. They have a keen and laudable desire for clothes, but little or nothing to buy them with, as beads still form the currency in these parts. They wear a piece of dried hide in a very *negligé* manner, so that they were practically naked.

The cold at night was intense, and although I nestled in my sleeping-bag under three blankets, it was some time before I got properly warm. I was late getting up the next morning, stiff from my climbs, and the sun had already risen, lighting up

Kumba Hill

a range of iron-stone cliffs with great splendour, and I was loth to get on with my "safari." More hills and mountains, but to-day covered with undergrowth and small trees, which, although adding greatly to the effect, made progress along the paths difficult in the extreme. Wild flowers grew in great profusion, and as the general tendency of colour was purple and mauve, blending in varying shades, the *tout ensemble* was very pleasing to the eye. Occasionally a flood of yellow marigolds raised their long heads among the nestling convolvulus.

My next camp (Kumba Hill) was really an island rising out of the middle of the Kuesca river, at a point where the confluence of several other streams produces a more or less open space amidst the multitudinous mountains. It was even prettier than the last camp, as one obtained charming glimpses of the more distant ranges, covered in a deep blue haze, which is a frequent feature of these parts. Food was very scarce. I followed up the Kuesca river, and soon arrived at the advanced depôt at a place called Bukartsu. Here the natives brought me some yellow substance, which, after being boiled, I discovered to be most excellent honey. I left behind about twenty loads in order to push on as light as possible. My native boy thought I was perfectly mad when I left my table and chair behind. I picked up here two Indian Sikhs, who said that they were escort to a hospital assistant, and that all his twenty-five porters had run

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away. I had met the latter, and did try to stop them, being suspicious of their appearance, but my men told me they were discharged porters with such assurance that I was persuaded to let them proceed.

After a little food I continued my journey, which led up a big hill, but on looking over the top I was agreeably surprised to see a charming lake of great extent with a very irregular coast-line of the most picturesque promontories, formed by spurs jutting out from the main range of hills which completely surrounded it. They told me the name of the lake was Ingezi, and, very contented with my new surroundings, I encamped. My porters were ready to run at any moment after their hard day, so I had to warn the guard to watch them with the utmost vigilance. This was unnecessary, however, as I shortly received a note from a brother officer in a neighbouring camp, who had heard my bugle, to say that after having safely taken possession of the desired post on Lake Kivu, a cable had arrived ordering us to return to Mbarara. I do not know the reason for this change of plan on the part of the authorities at home, and it would be presumption on the part of a mere pawn on the political chess-board to express any opinion. At any rate, retreat is always a bitter pill to a soldier, especially in the present case, as it followed at a moment when the expedition was flushed by the apparent attainment of its object, and our troops had to retire, under orders from home, in the face of

Lake Ingezi

a superior force of the Belgian-Congolese troops, leaving many friendly native allies grieving their hurried departure.

The next day, as I did not see the force of overworking my "safari," I made up my mind to go on ahead alone with a corporal to try and find the main party and receive further orders. While at breakfast a brother officer came into my camp, and we exchanged our news, both very dejected. He finally went on towards Mbarara, after I had presented him with a sheep and two fowls, as he had been reduced to very short rations. Unfortunately, his cook in error took two sheep and one fowl, which I could ill afford. I then started off on my journey, which finally resulted in a very hard day's work, as I was nine hours marching and twice climbed the stiffest hill I ever remembered. My route lay along the edge of Lake Ingezi, following the curves of the pretty and picturesque promontories and through many a quiet nook and shady vista, which attracted the passer-by to linger if only to watch the various coloured birds as they flew about among the clusters of wild flowers of every shade and hue. I pushed on hurriedly, however, though the path which had been cut by the expedition was very difficult, and when I came to the top of the steep hill mentioned above I was thoroughly exhausted, and threw myself down on a tuft of grass. An illustration may be consulted which shows the expedition engaged in cutting a pathway through the papyrus swamp. All Uganda rivers

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are covered with papyrus, obliterating any sight of the water and often creating swamps by blocking up the river bed. The expedition was constantly checked by having to cross swamps so formed, and could not proceed until the troops had cut down the gigantic rushes, which were bound if necessary into bundles and laid upon the surface of the swamp. Their floating power was then sufficient for even the passage of a single mule or of porters with 60 lb. loads. Just then my corporal espied the main body advancing from an opposite valley, and down I rushed over the other side to go and meet them.

They were about to retire by another route, so that if I had not cut them off I should have missed them. They had been on very slender rations, and had marched rapidly through a practically unknown country. Of course they were very despondent at being ordered back. One of their number shot a Situnga antelope just as I came up, and was very elated, as it is a particularly difficult specimen to obtain, living as it does among the long reeds of the marshes and swamps. I left them, after an exchange of news, in order to get back to my camp before dark. I found my cook and boy on a promontory overlooking the lake and half-way back to camp. Here I sat down, and being simply ravenous, ate a very hearty luncheon. I never enjoyed anything so much in my life even at Prince's, Claridge's, or the Savoy.

I had chosen a delightful quiet spot, lapped by the water of the lake, and the sweetest yellow and

Bukartsu

green birds hopped about and sang to me in the sunshine. Over all was a delicious fragrance of some highly scented bloom, and around me the most perfect scenery of lakes and hills, spread over by a canopy of azure sky, from which shone the rays of a sun, equatorial certainly, but mitigated to a European strength by the high altitude; and if ever I again find myself amidst such enjoyable surroundings I do not think anything could afford me a greater pleasure. I lingered about that spot whilst my boys were clearing up, and I was very loth to leave it. But one cannot remain still in this life. One must be for ever pushing on. You may delay a little, but time passes before you are aware of it. What pleases you to-day displeases you to-morrow; so that change is the only method we have of driving away that bogey we all dread, monotony. The everlasting excuse for all we do—anything for a change. The boy who breaks away from home, the girl who leaves her staid existence for more giddy pleasures, the man who runs away from his stereotyped employment to enlist, they all say the same—they could not stand it any longer: wanted a change.

I arrived in camp as tired as could be, and found a veldt fire blowing in dangerous proximity, which I had to extinguish promptly before I gave out the food. The next day I ambled very quietly back to Bukartsu to await the main body.

From Bukartsu we marched slowly back to the base, all very dejected. The "safari" was an

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enormous one, stretching sometimes for five miles, and the porters were a sorry looking crowd. Some of them had sores on their heads from constantly carrying weights on them, others had swollen feet, and they all were very emaciated, having been on very slender rations. They were now given double supplies, and there were plenty of green peas. They would fill themselves up with the latter before starting on the day's "safari." When about two hours had elapsed, and they had probably drunk some water, their bellies expanded to an enormous extent. Then the fun would commence. The headman would place the sufferer on the ground and give him some bark to eat, after which he would hit him in the stomach very violently several times amidst the jeers of an admiring circle of the patient's acquaintances, until the drastic emetic took effect.

It seemed so curious that the ordinary English sweet pea, with its pretty, variegated flower, should grow in such abundance in this wild and unknown region. I noticed another plant which attracted my attention by its extensive growth, and that was the Acanthus plant, the leaf of which was used of old by the Greeks and Romans in a conventional form for their decorative designs round the tops of those magnificent pillars, which were the main characteristics of their buildings—a leaf we all of us remember who at school were made to practise freehand drawing.

Whilst we were trying one morning to find our



"Safari" moving along native road.—P. 39.

L

Fine Waterfall

way back from Kumba to Hunga by a new path, avoiding some big ranges which we would otherwise have had to cross, to our surprise we heard the sound of falling water. Climbing to the top of a valley, we looked over the ridge and suddenly found ourselves gazing at a magnificent waterfall over a hundred feet in height. The unexpectancy lent additional interest, and we all sat down to watch the mass of water issuing from a dark and cavernous hole out of the rocky cliff, and falling precipitously down into a small deep pool at the base, which surged with a furious, boiling hiss. There was something peculiarly seductive about the scene, as we gazed for some time at it, fascinated into silence. My own thoughts were wondering for how many ages that ceaseless torrent had poured continually over the cliff, and whether we were the first white men to have seen it. Probably, at some future date, people would come from a distance to behold a much-talked-of sight in the Wa Ruchigga Hills, at a time when all this *terra incognita* shall have been carefully surveyed and mapped, and the present disputed ownership settled.

I took several photographs before we continued on our way. One of these has been reproduced.

The next day, as I was doing advanced guard, I halted and encamped at a splendid spot overlooking a fairly extensive lake about eight miles from Hunga Hill. Hippopotamus abounded in goodly numbers, and so four of us agreed to go round it during the afternoon in search of sport. Two went the right

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bank and two of us the left. I was on the wrong side, however, and the opposite two saw all the beasts; but although they blazed away much useful ammunition, it was to no evident purpose, as the shoal of hippopotamus floated out to an island in the centre, and may or may not have been hit. A partridge got up later on our way back, and my companion and I blazed at it the same moment, which settled its fate. There were flocks of golden crested crane which we were not permitted to shoot. They are most handsome birds with their magnificent brown, white, and grey feathers and long necks surmounted by superb golden crests. This protracted retreat gradually worked upon my nerves, and I was constantly fidgeting to push on to somewhere more interesting.

I fear I was the most bored of the party, and when we reached the hot springs near Kazara I obtained leave to march on ahead, and on arrival at Mbarara two days before the others, went off on ten days' "safari" to search for an elephant.

CHAPTER XII.

A DAY WITH BUFFALO.

THE day after my return to Mbarara, in Southern Uganda, from the Congo, I laid out a very sketchy map of the surrounding district on the table of the acting Commissioner, and quietly enticed him into a general conversation, which, as it habitually does, gradually narrowed down to the all-absorbing topic of the possibilities of big game within the district. I left after one hour, having acquired the desired information, with my mind fully formed as to future plans, and with his invitation to dinner for that evening in my pocket, which fitted in admirably with the former. I made my way back to my quarters, and turning to the ever-patient and attendant orderly, I told him to summon all the boys to receive their instructions. In a moment the sleepy compound awoke to life, and its quiet inactivity was invaded by bustle and stir. Some of the men were rolling up my tent, the boys were filling up chop-boxes, the "totos" hastily packing bedding, while my orderlies filling their haversacks with ammunition, and the headman rounding up the porters—all these preparations being necessary prior to making a start on a shooting expedition.

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I feasted my eyes on these scenes from a commanding position on my back verandah, giving a supplementary order here and there, although by now my household had been so well drilled that few directions sufficed. Eventually the loads were all lined up and parcelled out by the headman, who told off an additional porter where the heavier packages rendered it necessary.

The porters were then given a few minutes to make circular pads out of banana leaves to place upon their heads to prevent them from getting sore with the friction of the loads.

Then I gave the signal for departure. There-upon the calm and placid demeanour of my headman gave place to one of furious boiling rage. Uttering raucous shouts he threatened the hesitating porters with a thick stick, rushing first at one and then at another. The latter, hastily snatching up their loads, got under way as speedily as possible, following a leader, elected by common consent, who spun out long yarns of ejaculations and queries in sing-song fashion, to all of which the remainder, at stated intervals, replied in unison in short terms of approval.

I instructed my head-boy not to go further than the first camp out on the Entebbe road, where I would catch them up by the morrow.

That evening I had a very pleasant dinner with the Commissioner, and the next morning overtook my "safari" at the first camp, where we left the main road for the "gubba" and headed in a north-



Unyoro Porters.—P. 43.



Towards the Katonga River

easterly direction towards the big Katonga River. This led to my first field day with the gallant buffalo, and as big a fright as I have ever experienced.

I started early, about 5.30 o'clock, without my breakfast, and as I headed off in the direction of the rising sun, I had every opportunity of watching this glorious sight. There was a low-lying bank of strata clouds on the horizon, and the first sign was a rosy pink streak running along the topmost edge; then the streak became more intense and of a golden hue; finally, the fleecy clouds around assumed a rosy blue, and specks of gold burst through the opaque bank in a score of places, until finally his majesty arose in all his glory. What can be more beautiful and more fleeting than a sunrise or a sunset? I can well understand a Rousseau or a Turner desiring that his last hours should culminate in the rapture of a scene of such celestial beauty.

I had been walking some two hours when my native hunters came across fresh tracks of buffalo. I immediately sent them on, and ordered my "safari" for breakfast. So far, so good; but my "safari" was lost. I waited an hour and sent another man; no result. At last, as it was 11 o'clock, I was feeling rather faint for food; and, a hunter having rushed in to announce that buffalo had been seen quite close by, out of sheer desperation I took my orderly and went in search of the lost party. It proved a most useless action on my part, and after a weary search I gave it up. I then sent my orderly back to camp, and

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taking his rifle, haversack, and water-bottle, I made in the direction where the hunters awaited me.

I would have certainly lost my way but for a stroke of luck. What joy! I suddenly came on the lost "safari." I shouted like a madman, and overtaking them, swallowed breakfast in a record space of time. I noticed, however, that whilst the boys were busy cooking the food, my terrier was making hay while the sun shone by lapping up all the milk out of the jug. In order to get back we had to pass over two belts of grass fires. We each took a run and a jump where the blaze was less dense, but it was hot, nevertheless. My hunter's dog had several tries, poor brute, before final success.

Finally, after a rather exhaustive march over hill and dale, the orderly suddenly stopped and pointed in the direction of some small shady trees growing on both sides of a valley. I looked through my glasses, and was at first unable to make out anything, when suddenly I spotted the herd about a hundred yards away congregated together at my very feet—a huge black mass in appearance. It was my first sight of buffalo, and rather a shock to find such a sudden and close acquaintanceship. I could not see them very well, owing to a fold in the ground; but, being impatient, I placed my rifle in the fork of a tree and blazed off at a fairly useful looking old warrior. I let off the second barrel to make certain, when suddenly the whole herd of about fifty strong stampeded right down upon us. To make matters worse, my rifle jammed. The

Buffalo Shoot

orderly had gone up the tree like a streak of lightning, taking with him the spare rifle. For a brief second I really thought I was caught in a trap. I made a leap for the tree, but it was a difficult one, and I missed my grip. The orderly in his excitement failed to render me assistance. It was not till a third jump that I succeeded in getting up; it seemed ages to me, but it could only have been a couple of seconds.

The whole herd had by now galloped up to within ten yards of our refuge. There they halted—uncomfortably close to my tree, which was only a sapling fifteen feet in height—with their noses in the air, trying to ascertain my whereabouts and puzzled at my sudden disappearance. I knew if one of them, finding out where I was, charged my tree, I would fall like a ripe peach into their very midst. I snatched the orderly's rifle from him, as he was very reluctant to let me have it, and fired into the mass. Firing from the branch of a tree after a severe fright is somewhat haphazard work. The result was that I hit a young bull instead of an old one, but I had succeeded in alarming them, and charging in another direction they swerved off up a hill. Behind them all came the splendid old cape bull whom I had originally hit. I let him have another, and he went about a hundred yards and fell headlong. I then jumped down and went in pursuit, but the native hunters were very slow to move, and I had to shout to them to get them to go forward at all. They seemed stupefied by their

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narrow escape from being ridden down by the infuriated herd. An illustration of a buffalo lying prone, with a mortal wound, is given.

I left the native hunter to search for the buffalo that was done for, with instructions to bring more ammunition along when he had located it. I then followed up the herd. I got a clear view of them, all huddled together on the sky-line. I lay down against an ant-heap to take a shot at the leader, a splendid looking old specimen. At that moment the herd became suspicious, and started to trot towards my position. I fired, but must have over-estimated the distance, as I hit my fellow rather high in the shoulder. He hobbled off on three legs, but so fast that he was soon out of sight. We tracked him by the trail of blood for some considerable distance, but as he had gone over a lot of burnt grass, it was difficult in the extreme to follow him. The day was drawing to a close, so I had to give up and wander back to camp, very disconsolate. My annoyance may be imagined, when on arrival I discovered the native hunter had never troubled himself to see about the badly wounded buffalo, or the ammunition either, but had beaten an immediate retreat to camp.

I could not be very angry with him for returning, as I had been in such a mortal fright myself. I sent back some natives to search, but I fear the poor beast must have died a lonely death in some unfrequented spot, as they were not successful; it was too badly hit to have lived.



Lendu Girls in Military Lines.—P. 49.



Poor Bag

The day's bag was indeed a sorry one, numerically speaking—only one small bull; but it was full to the brim with excitement. Thus terminated my first day with cape buffalo, and I am convinced that they can be the most dangerous opponents for sportsmen to encounter.

CHAPTER XIII.

ELEPHANT AND BUFFALO.

I TRIED to push on to Kabula the next evening, but after marching for three hours darkness set in, and I was forced to camp in the open under the shelter of some massive rocks. I discovered here my ammunition was running short, so I had to send my head-boy back to Mbarara for some more. The next day I reached Kabula, a quaint place amongst the hills, forming the only stretch of flat. His Excellency the Governor had left the day before. The chief was very obliging, but wanted a lot of my things. I gave him whisky, medicine, buffalo meat, lime juice, and last, but not least, my card. I also showed him my glasses, which he looked through at both ends, and was thoroughly pleased. Finally, I took out my elephant gun and hewed bits out of trees about two hundred yards away across a gully. This put the finishing touch on his happiness, and he immediately asked my price for the rifle. I had to disappoint him; but I promised to send for my .375, a really good Holland and Holland, and let him have it at cost price, in the event of my getting permission to sell it to him. He now used all his efforts at helping me, sending out a hunter to search

Solitary Elephant

for game and lending me his one and only soldier as an escort. After many "wehwallies" ("good luck!") and handshakes I left him a firm and faithful ally.

I had intended pushing on to a place called Nkole, when a man I met told me in an off-hand manner that there was a solitary elephant asleep under a tree quite close. I was as pleased as Punch as I sat on a withered tree stump and read a copy of *M. A. P.* until my "safari" arrived, when I took to the grass and soon reached a sort of camp, although there was little of the camp about it. I got out of my "shorts" and put on riding breeches to protect my knees from the thorns and grasses, then distributing one round of ammunition to each of the orderlies, I took eight myself (having only ten in all left, as my boy had not arrived with the fresh consignment). We went off full of determination, though I felt rather uneasy as to my ability to bring off the *coup*. I had only shot one before, and I feared I might miss in the excitement. One's thoughts when setting out on an expedition of this sort are rather quaint and curious. I went over in my mind all the different yarns I had heard, and wondered whether my opponent would kneel on me or transfix me or merely play football with me. In the midst of my calculations I stumbled, tripping up in a thorn bush, but I felt encouraged when I recollected how William the Conqueror did the same on landing for his conquest of England, when he picked himself up, holding handfuls of soil in each hand, changing a bad omen into a good augury. I looked

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at every tree, wondering what the distance was, and whether I could pick off an elephant at that range, and what I would do if he charged me, and whether the trees in the vicinity were likely to be stout enough to afford cover. You will understand I had had a severe shock two days previous from my friend the buffalo, which had taught me not to sneer at possible dangers, however rare their occurrence might be. The sun was hot, however, and, with the addition of a little excitement, I soon warmed to the game.

Coming over a hill I at last spotted an elephant regaling himself with his midday siesta and totally oblivious of any approaching annoyance. I tried the wind, but it was doubtful. I examined the tusks through my glasses, and they seemed of doubtful size. My orderly now confided that single elephants were always prone to great anger, which I believe is more or less true. I directed the hunters to approach up wind as far as was possible. Suddenly, when I was within a hundred yards, our friend awoke, arose and unfortunately discovered danger. I looked back to tell my orderly that, as the elephant had only very mediocre tusks, I had decided not to shoot him, when a hurried whisper from him turned me round with a start. Suddenly up went his trunk, and out his ears like studding sails, and he started absolutely in a straight line for my locality. Very unkind and most unnecessary! I was much unnerved, and knowing I must do the deadly deed or things would go badly, I darted to



A Cobus Buck.—P. 42.



Hair Dressing in the Military Lines.—P. 49.



Fifty-pound Tusks

one side and loosed off both barrels into his broad-side. What joy! I had penetrated the heart. Down he sank like a ship in distress. My rifle was very difficult to reload, requiring both hands and one foot and at least half a minute. By the time the operation was finished, the elephant had risen for a final rush, but I managed to shoot him in the head, and, like the gentleman he was, he lay down and kindly gave up living. I went back to camp in quite a different mood to that which I had left it, and received congratulations from all my party.

Next day was Sunday, and I was glad to be able to rest, as I am a thorough believer in and upholder of this ancient custom. I moved my tent over to where the elephant lay, and while I was writing letters I told the porters to chop it up. Great excitement prevailed when the first tusk was brought in, and amidst a circle of enquiring faces I weighed it. About fifty pounds; not so bad for these parts, where they have the reputation of running small. Imagine my surprise when the second tusk was brought in and laid alongside the other, to see that it was quite six inches smaller in length. I was finding great fault, when my orderly assured me that it was the right tusk, which is invariably heavier than the left. True enough, when I came to weigh it, I found it half-a-pound more. They cut out the animal's teeth and lopped off his tail, to say nothing of his two front feet and half-a-dozen of the toes of the hind feet. A photo-

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graph of my tusks arriving in camp has been reproduced.

Whilst these operations were in progress I had a bevy of hunters out looking for further tracks of elephant and buffalo, but unsuccessfully. I fortunately discovered the name of one of my hunters was Entebbe (Swahili for a chair), and I remembered having been told of his great ability as a hunter by the Commissioner at Mbarara. So the next day I placed myself unreservedly in his hands, and he proceeded to lead me to a spot he knew about ten miles through the "gubba," thoroughly deserted by human beings, though crowded stiff with game. I made arrangements to have my porters' food sent out, and away we went.

How delicious this "safari" life is! To get up in the morning with the rising sun and to know that you are away on your own, nobody to interfere, no worries to weigh you down, merely out to enjoy yourself to your full bent, to do whatever you want, to go wherever you wish! To add to this, the glorious uncertainty of not knowing what may turn up, from an elephant to a mere gazelle; and when you return towards evening, even if unsuccessful in bagging your game, that delicious tired feeling, relieved by a refreshing tub, followed by a meal suitable to the appetite of a hawk, which you invariably pick up on "safari," attended to by your willing boys, whose one object is to make you comfortable. Then you turn in at once, read your latest papers from home for a half hour under your mosquito curtain, to give

Joy of "Safari" Life

your digestion a chance, turn out the light and enjoy the finest and deepest of slumbers, to arise the next morning thoroughly refreshed and in perfect pink of condition for another day's sport. Some may disagree with me. *Chacun à son goût.* But I must quote a few words by a writer in the *East African Standard*, who seems to be bitten the same way as I am. He says:—

"It would be impossible for any writer to convey to the Homelander, the smoke of whose neighbour's chimney is rarely out of sight, a convincing impression of that weird experience, the first 'safari.' Presently, however, the wanderer, whatever his peculiar idiosyncrasy, must happen on what appears to him to be the pick of the earth: to one man, perhaps, the wonderful sweep of the enormous grazing areas of the Highlands; to another, the ravines of the great Rift Valley, the wonderful agricultural districts of the Highland settlements, the big-game areas of Ukamba, or the extraordinary rich flats and valleys of the tropical coast belt. For the predominant feature of British East Africa is its remarkable variety and the scope it affords for every kind of land settler." He also goes on to explain the word "safari" as a "Swahili expression for the travelling camp life amid primeval forest and along untrodden stretches of pathless wilds, peopled only by the whispering memories of primitive man. For British East Africa is still the paradise of the big-game tracker, and on 'safari,' away from ordinary routes, lions and leopards, elephant

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and rhinoceros, buffalo and wildebeeste, hippopotamus and crocodiles, giraffe and zebra, and a host of other animals haunt the stranger's wanderings."

Well, to stop raving over the healthy and fascinating life of these outlandish parts, I followed my newly-recruited hunter to the spot of his choice. All the way along we came across countless game—herds of topi, water-buck, and dik-dik, wild pigs in great numbers, while the whole district was marked by tracks of elephant and buffalo. It was with great difficulty I could keep from using my rifle on the smaller game, but my hunter constantly reminded me that I was after buffalo, at present at any rate, and a shot would scare them away. Suddenly we came to the rise where we were to camp, and looking over the other side a delightful vision met my gaze. A large, flat circle of "gubba" lay spread out like an oasis in the desert, looking fresh and green, especially in contrast with its burnt up surroundings, and in the middle were several small ponds of water, around which were numberless buck feeding and drinking. One extra large water-buck with fine horns tempted me sorely. I also noted that buffalo had been there that very morning. There were tracks of elephant, somewhat old, and my hunter told me the place was full of lions. What more could I want? Perfectly satisfied, I sat down to a hearty luncheon, after sending out my men to search the neighbourhood and to bring back tidings, promising myself a shot at the water-buck should they be unsuccessful.



Drummer Boy, King's African Rifles.—P. 79.



Topi for the Pot

They were unsuccessful, and so off I trotted after the latter, one of which through my glasses had appeared to have a fine pair of horns—but, alas! by then he had fled. I revenged myself, however, on a young gazelle of a fairly common type, but which I met for the first time, and which was very good eating. The horns, though small, were very pretty, the tips curling over to the front, rather after the fashion of a young puppy's ears when cocked. As soon as I got in, my head-boy complained that no food had arrived for my porters. The light was just dying out, but I spied a topi about three hundred yards from the camp, and a lucky shot in the semi-darkness maimed him sufficiently for my orderly to run him down. I tied his head and a part of his body to a tree in the hope of attracting a lion. I was sadly disappointed, as I did not even hear one in the distance, but a herd of elephant visited us and made great sport in a small lake about one hundred yards from where my tent was pitched. I got up in the hope of having a shot, but there was no moon to relieve the inky darkness, and I might have potted a female, so I did not risk it.

I arose before the sun the next day in the hope of seeing, perhaps, countless herds come down to the water. I was sadly mistaken. They evidently had spotted canvas, for none came until about nine o'clock, when a few gazelles risked it. In the far distance I could see topi and water-buck, but they were evidently full of suspicion. At last the hunters

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returned unsuccessful, as usual, although one had come across the herd of elephant of the previous night, and reported them very small. So I decided to strike camp and return, my leave being nearly up. As we were packing a herd of zebra appeared, and I took a snapshot of them with my camera. Then some wild hogs arrived at the double and made for a dirty pit-hole of watery mud. I took a pot-shot at the largest of these, and was fortunate in getting him bang through the heart. This was obvious luck, as the beast was half in the hole and I fired in a great hurry, as they make off directly they see you, which does not take long, and they never halt till out of sight. All my men maintained I had missed it, as they did not see it fall into the hole. When I sent them to look and they came across it, they were greatly surprised. I found that the meat is looked on as a great delicacy, and our cook being slack in grasping my portion, the flesh was freely fought for and divided up among the "safari."

After five hours of hard marching in the heat of the day through endless "gubba," only relieved by a herd of hartebeeste, which the orderly had the mischance to frighten away before I could get a shot in, I was greatly refreshed by the sight of some cool looking "shambas." Striking the main road back to Kabula, I found my camp. We were actually about two-and-a-half hours north of Kabula. A good method of calculating time and distance in the "gubba" is to look at the hill or

Chief from Kabula

landmark where you wish to make for, judge the distance naturally, not artificially, double the estimate, and for your "safari" add one hour to one-and-a-half hours for every three hours you make it.

I must record having seen two magnificent wild birds to-day. One, about the size of a sparrow, had a perfectly peacock-coloured body, and the other, larger, was entirely emerald blue in colour, and equal in size to a starling. In the evening I shot a guinea-fowl for the pot. Just as I was getting into my tub the chief from Kabula came into camp to congratulate me upon my elephant. I thanked him, but he evidently wanted something more than thanks, as he repeated his congratulations a second time and with greater emphasis. I did not appear to heed him, as on these occasions everyone demands backshish, and I had determined to put my foot down.

I had intended striking straight across in a bee-line for Mbarara on the following morning, but the annoying Shensi guides purposely took me wrong in order to go near to their own locality. One has to depend on the guides, and if they play tricks one is absolutely helpless. I arrived at a camp about six hours west of Kabula in a very bad temper, and my "safari" did not get in till about four hours after. I sat down at once and wrote for two extra days' leave to remedy the guides' errors. I sent for the chief, whom I knew, and for a rupee he offered me a native runner. Just at that moment a military

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policeman rushed into the camp and brought me a letter. This contained orders for my immediate return to Mbarara, as the Government had ordered the troops back again to take up their old positions on Lake Kivu.

My "safari" was dog-tired, and as I could not push on that day I determined to strike across the "gubba" till I hit off the main road, and then to cycle into Mbarara. This course was as quick as returning to Kabula, and had the advantage of a likelihood of meeting buffalo.

Next morning I was up before the sun, and away we went. After four hours' march we found tracks, and suddenly, and without the slightest warning, my orderly excitedly pointed out a herd about one hundred yards to our left. I hastily lay down on an ant-heap and aimed at an enormous bull. To my great surprise, I missed him. At first I was dumbfounded, and then I recollected I had stupidly rested my heavy rifle on the ant-heap, as these ant-heaps are of a particularly unresisting nature, having no give about them whatsoever. My rifle had been thrown up by it, and the shot went high. Immediately after I fired, out rushed my terrier after them. I was in a fix. They simply hate dogs, and always want to go for them. I knew the terrier would flee back for safety, and then the whole herd would be on top of me. I whistled and whistled, but no good. The beasts stopped and faced round, and the dog fled back, as I had anticipated, but fortunately un-

Hard Work with no Result

pursued, and was promptly collared by the orderly. The herd was concealed by a fairly thick wood, so that I could not see to get in a well-aimed shot, and while I was approaching cautiously to closer quarters they made off again. I was greatly disappointed, but determined to follow them up. Two more hours' hard tracking and climbing up a steep hill we suddenly came upon them again. I did not see them at first, as they were well concealed on the reverse slope, which was very woody. Unfortunately the wind was blowing straight on to them from our position, and they soon became aware of our presence, a huge cloud of dust marking their expeditious flight as they stampeded away for good. I sat down and tried to make light of my disappointment under cover of a scratch meal, but as my small "toto" in the excitement of the chase had upset the pepper-pot over the marmalade sandwiches, I had to make a present of most of my repast to the native hunters. It was another five-and-a-half hours' march before I eventually struck the main road, and luckily the camp was situated just where I arrived. Notwithstanding this was the hardest day's shoot I had yet accomplished, eleven and a half hours in the "gubba" with scarcely any food, I was "done" to a turn, and fell into bed as soon as my "safari" arrived.

CHAPTER XIV.

LAKE KIVU AGAIN—SECOND EXPEDITION.

HAVING paid off the hunters I cycled into Mbarara. I found the troops had already departed and left me to follow on. No one knew the reason for this second expedition, and speculations were rife as to the likely results. On all sides I was congratulated on being in for a good show. I afterwards found out that the true facts of the case were as follows:—England discovered that the thirtieth meridian East had been misdrawn on the maps, which had been used for the purpose of discussing and settling the boundary line between the Congo and Uganda. By adhering to the error, Uganda would have been almost cut off from Lake Albert Edward. When the arc was accurately surveyed by the British Government, and the error, amounting to some fifteen minutes, rectified, we demanded that a large tract of territory which, under the revised surveys, came under the British sphere of influence, should be restored, and immediately sent troops to occupy the new territory. Unfortunately, the Belgian Congo authorities did not at first realize the true state of affairs, and looked upon our advance as an intrusion to be resisted; eventually,

Off to the Front Again

negotiations were opened up, a commission appointed by both sides, and our claim allowed.

I had intended pushing on that day, but as the "safari" did not turn up till late in the afternoon I had to wait till the following day. I sent off my tusks to Kampala for sale, under charge of one of our boys, to whom I promised a whole new suit of clothes, to be given him on their safe delivery. On going round the "dukas," or bazaars, I found nearly everything had been sold; things were at famine prices, and flour, butter, sparklets, sardines, and tongues could not be had for money. This was pleasant, in view of the fact that I might be away in an enemy's country for some months. However, I did not worry; it is no good doing so in Africa; you have to take everything as it comes. I dined in the evening with a brother officer, although I felt rather indisposed by fever. The next morning I was worse, and after I had dealt out the ammunition to my men and allotted them porters, I decided to send them on and to follow myself when the sun's rays were less intense. In the meantime I went and interviewed the doctor and obtained some quinine. I made camp just as darkness set in. Here I found a second brother officer who was on his way, like myself, to join the expedition, and so we linked our "safaris" and made the rest of the journey together, and very pleasant it was after having travelled so much alone.

The second day we came across some hot springs, supposed to cure most diseases after immersion. I

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made one of my sick soldiers strip and go in. I dipped my hand in the water, which was so hot that I withdrew it in pain. My worthy Nuby, however, not only got right in, but splashed himself over. He did remark, however, that the water was warm. The springs bubble up from the bowels of the earth and contain a high percentage of minerals. We all filled our water bottles at this pool of Siloam before going on to camp. A huge concourse of people were gathered together on our arrival, and the Prime Minister of Ankole, a very important personage, offered us light refreshment. He had been sent there to keep an eye on the King and to facilitate the transport of food supplies. He was exceedingly stout, though fairly intelligent. I had, of course, made his acquaintance when passing through to this place on my former "safari." He informed us that the natives who dwelt a few miles further on were exceedingly independent and inclined to give trouble. These men afterwards attacked our lines of communications, stole our supplies and mails, and caused us great annoyance and inconvenience. I lost my cavalry sketching board and a very fine prismatic compass, among other things, through their depredations. The King gave us a sheep and a goat, which afterwards came in very useful, as food was very scarce in Ruampara.

Two more days, one on the flat plain and one over difficult mountains, brought us to the small but picturesque camp of Potosi. Here we had expected to find food, but were greatly disappointed. Our



A young Nubian girl of shapely figure.—P. 80.

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once fertile valleys fallen into neglect, and rich cultivations apparently abandoned, and scarce a native to be met with—a second Ireland after the potato famine.

Our guide of the Wa Ruchigga tribe did very useful work in leading the expedition over the mountains, often accompanying a section for a whole day for a few gaudy-coloured beads. He was of powerful physique, but very dirty. He seemed quite contented to loaf about smoking wood ash out of a long pipe, and evidently any idea of manual labour was distasteful to him. See his portrait.

Another tribe, called the Wa Ruanda, inhabits a large district in the extreme south-west of Uganda. The expedition passed through the confines of this district on their way to the M'fumbiro district lying on the disputed boundary line between Uganda and the Congo. A picture is given of some of this tribe armed with native weapons, and another of Chief Mindu, ruler of the northern section of the tribe, with his followers. This chief always did his best to supply food for our porters and guides when called upon to do so.

At Kumba, the next day, we found a depôt had been formed, but only three or four bags of flour had as yet been collected by the officer in command. The porters, therefore, did not get the very big feed they had been so often promised even here. We left half our "safaris" with the depôt and pushed on very light. Instead of follow-

Kumba to the Lake

ing the Kuesca river to Bukartsu, and then to the lake, as I had previously done, we struck straight across to the head of the lake from Kumba. We started off with an enormous climb, and then suddenly the path led straight over a precipitous escarpment. I have never seen anything so steep in the shape of paths in my life, and two porters, one carrying my bath, fell over and did not stop until pulled up by a tree or root. The latter fell with his head right under the bath, so why he was not killed I do not know, except that the bath was softer than his head—a very likely possibility. After a great delay we reached the bottom, where I had to halt to enable the exhausted porters to rest for half an hour. We then followed a stream to the lake. I had some difficulty in getting them away from this river, as they made a rush for it *en masse*, throwing down their loads hap-hazard, and creating great disorder and delay. It only wanted another half hour's march to bring them to the camp on the lake, where they could obtain as much water as they liked.

On our arrival in camp I found a letter nailed to a tree from the man who was in charge of the civil affairs of the expedition, to say that they had gone nine miles farther on. Shortly afterwards, when the whole camp had been pitched, two hurriedly written letters arrived from the commanding officer of the escort to the expedition, ordering us to hasten forward. Nothing for it but to push on, and our wretched, under-fed porters moved forward once more. See the scene depicted as "Packing up in

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the early morning for the day's march," and note the back-breaking hills in the background, which had the effect of making the porters very unwilling to start. They knew, however, that if they ran away they would probably meet with an untimely end by starvation or at the hands of hostile natives. As Lytton once said: "In this vast chess-board of great ends we must move men to and fro and harden our natures to the hazard of the game." We found the escort encamped in a narrow valley with precipitous sides, where there was scarcely enough room to sit down, the idea being to conceal the party from the enemy's scouts. We managed to erect some sort of covering on the hillside, under which we both slept, huddled up in a most uncomfortable position.

The next morning we did not start till ten o'clock, as we had to await the news of our scouts before proceeding. Our Soudanese did rear-guard, so we were the last of all to get away. Crossing a difficult river, we clambered up an exceedingly steep mountain, and I was fairly cooked at the top of it. It was well worth any climb, however, to obtain the view from the summit: capacious lakes, frowning volcanoes, cultivated plains broke on the vision in tumultuous confusion. If this was the type of country for which we were striving, I could well understand it. I was pleased to find the path leading down to the valley on the further slope very graduated. In this valley the whole of our "safari" had halted, gathered around a pool of good water.



The family of an "Askari" (soldier) of the K. A. R. in the Military Lines at Hoima.—P. 81.

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Kigezi Position

A note was left by the commanding officer to say that five hundred of the Congo force were in position on our line of advance. He had gone on to select an opposing position with his Sikhs. Overjoyed at the news, we immediately ordered a rough repast while there was an opportunity of satisfying our pathetically empty interiors. Just as we were about to commence, orders arrived to advance. Tantalus could scarce have been more disappointed of his grapes than we were at that moment, as we fell in and marched on into the next valley, where there was some more water, and encamped there. Sitting down, we swallowed our postponed repast in a very hasty manner, and afterwards our Commanding Officer took us along the main ridge, and we discussed the various dispositions to be taken with a view of entrenching it against attack. The view from this ridge is worth describing, as from its top one could obtain a general view of the whole M'fumbiro district. A view of the ridge held by the British troops in the M'fumbiro district, and called the Kigezi position, is given, taken from the end of the valley at the back of the position.

Picture to yourself a ridge, long and high, overlooking a splendid and fertile plain, studded here and there with quaint crater-shaped knolls, with many a picturesque native village nestling at their feet, each furnished with granaries stored from their ample crops. One could also see in the distance small heaps of peas showing an abundant crop; the peas are gathered thus into heaps before

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being sifted. Nearly opposite our position and a little to the left stand four massive volcanoes, their outlines sketched against the background of sky dimmed by distance. The biggest peak of the four, called Karissimbi, wears a snow cap, and is 14,633 feet in height. Behind, but only visible on the clearest day, stand two others, *one* of which is reported by the natives to *have* been active within recent times. *They* lend a majestic dignity to a scene *lacking* in naught else, and stand *there* as silent sentinels and forbidding guardians of the fertile plains beyond in the land of M'fumbiro. In order that nothing may be lacking in this wonderful display of Nature, turning half right, extensive lakes lie stretched out before your eyes, not stiff and formal sheets of water, but with coast-lines varied by promontories and rugged rocks, their faces dotted with interesting little islands, all the more attractive by the promise they contain of a certain likelihood of dark-crested crane, hippopotamus, and innumerable else. Immediately behind this ridge lay the hollow of an old crater, bearing a striking resemblance to an old Roman arena. In the bottom of this the numerous porters lie herded together. Parallel with and at the back of the ridge are mountains heaped upon mountains in curious fashion. Behind these the sun was slowly disappearing amidst a panorama of rosy red.

Whilst I was posting the chain of sentries in commanding positions across our front, the remainder of my men set to to dig their trenches by

Sentry Post

the light of a generous moon. A sentry post on the extreme left of the position is shown in the illustration. The volcanoes are in the distance. The native seen in this photograph is a small local chief called "Jew," and he looked very like one of the chosen. He never did anything without "backshish," but, on the other hand, he would do anything for money, so that his services were of great value for acquiring information necessary to the expedition as to the movements of the Belgian Congolese troops. Another view shows a sentry post guarding a flank of the position held by friendly auxiliaries under their chief "Jew" (the native holding the black spear in the centre of the picture). He is describing to the corporal commanding the post all that he and his men had been able to ascertain regarding the disposition and movements of the Belgian Congolese troops.

I did not obtain any sleep that night, and even if I had desired to do so, I should have found great difficulty in obtaining the slightest cover on that bare ridge. In the meanwhile the intense cold added to our extreme discomfort, and it was with a sense of real relief that I welcomed the faint glow of the next day's light. As soon as the sun was well up, after finishing my camping arrangements, I climbed to the highest point of our position and scanned the ridge taken up by the Belgian force, some miles away across our front. I could descry the Belgian soldiers falling in on parade, dressed in their blue uniform with scarlet turbushes

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and scarlet waist-sashes. Then the officers, arrayed in white, would come on parade and inspect their companies, after which they would proceed with their open order drill.

The tension of keeping the men of my company on the *qui vive*, not knowing exactly what might be in store for the morrow, was great, for at any moment the Belgian-Congolese commander might decide to attempt to drive us out of our position in the disputed zone. With a view therefore of occupying the men, as well as of maintaining them efficient in drill and discipline, I employed them in building a parade ground on the hill-side, and then instituted regular parades and drills for those not on duty with the outposts. This small open space was also used every afternoon for football practice. My Sudanese played with naked feet, and were most amusing in their endeavours to use English terms to signify their efforts, and even English adjectives to qualify them in disapproval or otherwise. A photograph of this parade and football ground has been reproduced, and another of my camp at the back of the position. The huts of my men can just be seen surrounding the parade ground. In the foreground quaint shaped *Candelabra Euphorbia* trees stand out. Their juice is very sticky, and causes blindness if it spurt into the eye. So sticky was it that I used it instead of gum. A picture of the company drilling on parade is also shown.

In the early morning it was exhilarating to



A baby elephant caught by the natives.—P. 109.



Casting-out an evil spirit.—P. 126.

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Scenery at Kigezi

stand on the ridge in the soft, cool air and watch the numerous hills, looking dark and mysterious with the low-lying clouds suggestive of concealment, compelling one's wondering curiosity to gaze in a lingering desire to search this veiled unknown. Nature is ever the same—curiosity coupled with unfulfilled desire! How it works on our sensitive imaginations, leading us into the most excessive acts of folly in a vain search after visionary delights. Yet this same view, seen a couple of hours later, when the powerful rays of a tropical sun have penetrated and driven away the early shadows of the morning—what a change! This landscape presents an open, smiling countenance, suggestive of naught else but everlasting prosperity and content, a complete stranger to trouble and care, stretching itself in lazy indolence to the cloudless horizon. Towards evening it will present yet another phase; probably the soft air will have given way to a cold wind, the sun, weakening in its fall, will assume a ruddy appearance till it has sunk behind an opaque mass of nimbus clouds. The aspect of the smiling plain will be lined by the dark shadows of the now threatening hills. The horizon will be black with heavy, mantling clouds, which are creeping over the jagged outlines of the distant hills, nearer and nearer, as the storm approaches in its overwhelming fury. Is it to be wondered at, then, that Nature and her effects are the sole things on this earth which can never cease to fire the imagination of man? and add

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to all this the surprising inability of the mind to imprint on itself even the most striking visionary effects.

Try as we will to recall an effective view, a glorious sunrise, the face of a pretty girl, or even that of your dearest friend or relation. How faint is the recollection, even after ever so slight an interval. We possibly remember the position of a hill, or the colour of the hair, but the *tout ensemble* has been sadly obliterated.

After sleeping three nights in the trenches, we came to the conclusion that the Belgian troops had no intention of attacking. So my captain and I agreed to build a "banda" of logs and grass and to pitch our tents. Rough as this comfort was, it seemed a paradise after the trench existence, and I felt as contented as possible, notwithstanding the simplicity of our pleasures. Well, we continued to live our simple life with little or no variation for over a month, and I must say I felt fitter every day. We built "sangars" of stone on every possible prominence, which commanded every niche and nook, unproductive labour, and unlikely to lead to any profitable result, but that is the drawback of the whole profession—bullets and rifles, guns and armies.

It was not till our third week of impatient inactivity that we received news that we had been utterly cut off. The natives on our rear and on our lines of communication had become hostile and captured all our mails and boxes of food. You

Communications Cut

people who sit at home and have your post three times a day, and your morning and evening paper, with Reuter's telegrams at your clubs, try and imagine yourselves for two months sitting down peaceably while a host of black Shensi natives were seizing all your luxuries and making mincemeat of them. It was heart-sickening. Thirty-five pages of my precious diary, which I had kept so zealously, absolutely destroyed; letters to and from dear friends and relations scattered to the four winds; presents and purchased necessities undelivered; and worse than all, food, that ever necessary adjunct to one's existence, growing scarcer and scarcer. The Officer Commanding the Troops ran out of boots; the Officer Commanding the Political Mission ran out of paper on which to make his reports; I ran out of "Gillette" blades, a packet of which I had been long expecting, and had to grow a parson's beard. All my sketching materials, with my filter, had fallen into the hands of the natives, besides a huge caravan of food, and last, but not least, my pass-books for both the home and colonial banks—a sad occurrence, as it prevented me paying any more of my bills. Having thus depicted a picture somewhat devoid of colour, I can now, with more pleasant fervour, relate how, after an exhibition of patience, wrongly supposed to be an entirely feminine virtue, a dilapidated mail-bag eventually percolated through. I snatched up the three letters of my bag. One was a bank receipt, the second from a man asking payment of

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a bill, and the third missive was intended for a missionary who enjoyed a similar name to my own in the Roman Catholic branch at Mbarara! A few papers helped to make up for a deficiency in the literary line, though they afforded but little satisfaction to our commissariat department.

Well, life went on just the same as ever. We began to think we were forgotten. We worked out chess problems, and I personally commenced answering a very much previously neglected correspondence, until paper gave out again. I then started compiling a useful vocabulary of Swahili and Nuby to add to the one on the Unyoro dialect, which I had already started. I also tried to pick up a little Ankole with a view of forming into one compact volume a dictionary containing all the ordinary words in use among the different tribes in Uganda, as a help to others who might come after me. For this purpose I made my orderly come into my hut after dinner, and derived much amusement in puzzling the words out of him. For instance, in learning the names of animals, I had to imitate their bark or grunt, and then he would tell me the native names. This was often very ludicrous, and we both went into roars of laughter over it. On one occasion I could not make him understand that I wished to learn the Nuby for the ordinary common or garden fly, and the way I got at it was, "Meat which flies round the lamps." After this he volunteered the information that ants made very good eating, but flies always gave him a

“My Orderly”

very bad twist in his “little Mary.” He was a quaint fellow, this particular orderly. He had a face which was not so much annoying as it was, what I might almost call radiant with stupidity. I sometimes wondered what his thoughts centred round, and I asked him one day what would happen to him after he was dead. But his ideas did not carry him further than an earthly burial, followed by complete oblivion. The rest of my men proved very zealous worshippers, and read their Mardi Bible incessantly ; in fact, it was quite a common sight to see my colour-sergeant sitting in the trenches and intoning from his “Mardi,” or Koran, like the parson reading the prayers in church at home. I am quite sure that the Puritan soldiers of the great Cromwell could not have exhibited a greater zeal in this direction. This holy and precious book of my sergeant-major, by the way, was rather a sore point, as it was nearly a porter’s load, and we had orders to travel as light as possible, but he managed to get it through all right. The company now asked permission to build a church, and to bow down four times per diem, which I granted, as I desired to encourage religion, since this prevented them from indulging in excesses of native beer, which they might otherwise be prone to do. My orderly, however, informed me he was not over-given to prayer, but preferred his sleep, and I never met anyone to snore like him. I gave him standing orders when in camp never to go to sleep within two hundred yards of my tent. Well, I suppose

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his argument was good in his savage way; he probably reasoned he obtained as much peace of mind through his form of recreation as the others did. It is a wonderful place is Africa; its motto should be *Laissez faire*. It is most noticeable with a new-comer. He is always worrying at the many irritating trifles which beset life out there. The older hand dismisses them all with the remark "Oh! the usual African 'shire'" (affair). If he asks his friends to dinner, and the cook has run away and there is little or nothing to feed on, everyone understands; moreover, has probably suffered in a similar manner. He never worries himself beyond the usual explanation and stereotyped apology. At my first little attempt at entertaining some friends, when I was just out, my boy served the meat before the fish, and insisted on picking up the glasses to pour the wine into. The cook served such a small entrée, that the first man who helped himself, thinking he was the last, took the lot. In fact, by the time the dinner was finished, I had added years to my existence. Yet everyone thought it was a great success.

I must own this *laissez aller* mode of life is excellent for one's own peace of mind, and is, as a matter of fact, most sensible and greatly to be encouraged. This morning, whilst helping myself at breakfast to some honey, about fifty wasps collected around my table. At home I should have been driven crazy at their presence, but here I enjoyed a most perfect meal, while staving them off

Natives and Congo Troops

with my serviette, or rather apology for one. I might say it almost added zest to the repast.

By August the rains began to set in in very determined fashion, and I was constantly drenched through on water-picquet duty. I took great delight in watching these storms approaching across the numerous hills behind our outpost ridge; they were very local, and it was fascinating to note the manner in which each hill was engulfed in its turn.

The natives evidently much preferred our society to that of the Congoese, as they moved their villages *in toto* and set them down under our ridge to enjoy our protection. Let us hope that we will not be ordered to desert them, as before. The Congo atrocities are sufficiently fresh in our minds to prevent any surprise at the choice of these natives. Besides, we paid systematically in cloth and beads for all we received, whereas it was common practice among the Congo people to levy from the natives all their requirements without payment; their one idea being to make what they can out of the Congo, whereas our administration tends entirely to develop our colonies so that they may eventually support themselves. This probably accounts for most of the unfortunate events that have come to light, for the natives naturally resist, and then the Congoese "askari" (soldier), who apparently is sent out armed without any white supervision, fires indiscriminately and behaves as the savage he is.

As an instance of this, two natives came in to

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be doctored; they both had been shot through the arm, and that of the man was swollen to an enormous size. They stated that a Congo "askari" had fired at their village at hap-hazard, and the bullet had hit the man and his wife while they were asleep in their hut. We were naturally very indignant, as the affair took place quite close to our position, and wrote for an explanation. The Belgian doctor tried to deny the wounds were caused by bullets, and suggested that their arms had been pierced by an arrow. This argument was too childish to hold water for a moment, and we agreed to meet each other at the village and to take down evidence. We stipulated ten rifles a side, but they took the precaution of sending fifty men in reserve behind a hill in close proximity to the village. I was in charge of our escort, which consisted of ten Sikhs. The Congolese arrived under cover of the "Red Cross" and carrying another large blue Belgian flag. Their men wore a Hausa costume of blue serge with scarlet turbushes and waist-sashes, and their officers were dressed in white with blue facings. The conversation was carried on in French, and I do not think they could have ever entertained any doubt about the result of the deliberation. They all wore medals shaped as a star with light blue ribbon; these, I believe, are given for so many years' service in the colony. The meeting between Belgian Congolese and British troops, of which there is an illustration, led to more amicable relations between the opposing forces. The disputed



Clearing the district of evil spirits.—P. 126.



A mother administering an enema to her child.—P. 127.



Native Hill Village

boundary question had been referred to the respective Governments, and eventually a Commission was appointed to lay down the boundary.

I took a look round at this native village. I had often seen it from the top of my ridge, looking interesting and picturesque, nestling under a hill, but unfortunately these villages do not bear too close an inspection, nor are they sanitary. Each family had its grain store, made out of basket work, nearly equal in size to a hut. On my return I was greatly delighted to see a parcel mail awaiting me. I had run short of all necessities in the food line, and although the mail only brought me very little, that little was a great deal to me. There was a pair of boots, the postage on which had cost two and a quarter times the actual bill for mending them. A letter saying that my elephant tusks had been sent down to Mombasa to be sold in the open market greatly relieved me, as I had sent them under the care of a small "toto" and two porters into Kampala, and I was beginning to fear some mishap had befallen them on the way.

I had kept my men up till the present very busy doing outposts every night, which, as anybody who has experienced it will agree, is very arduous and fatiguing work. I now turned them on to "sangaring" and instituted daily parades. As the rains had started I made them build huts. My own life was peaceful enough. I suppose some people would label it colourless.

CHAPTER XV.

ENNUI.

WHEN September came round we were all dying of dulness. As it was impossible to leave camp without a large escort, we had to remain confined within the narrow limits of our outposts. Why on earth must human nature be always wanting to salt his life in excitement? Even my dog insists on my rolling a stone down a hill for him, or chases elusive goats, in order that he may derive a little excitement for his dull existence. After a night of incessant rain and deafening thunder, lit up by continuous flashes of lightning (so much so that I found my way about the camp without a lamp and the least difficulty), the most perfect morning followed. It was one of those mornings on which one felt one must do more than sit down, so I visited my outposts and continued my walk beyond the precincts of the camp. A walk does not sound wildly exciting to the man at home; but when one has to be fully prepared to see Belgian soldiers lurking behind any suspicious bush, or to be suddenly rushed from behind and carried off a prisoner in an ignominious manner—well, I maintain it lends some colour to one's outing. A picture showing the author out for a walk, accompanied

Solitude and Scenery

always by an armed escort of Soudanese and natives to guard against surprise, is inserted.

The perfect Central African scenery, the distant volcanoes, the picturesque lakes, the native villages with their cultivation, all conspire to impart an added charm to your afternoon's walk; while you have but to wander over the hills, at the back of the camp, and dip down into these mysterious valleys, to encounter a feeling of loneliness, majestic and inexplicable, though typically African. This feeling may appear to some unpleasant. To my mind it is, on the contrary, irresistibly attractive. It is a foible of my character perhaps, or may be that, having always been accustomed to live in a crowd, the sensational change of finding myself alone is alluring. It has for me an undeniable charm; the quaint feeling of being in the midst of the practically unknown, accompanied by no other companion than Nature. To gaze on quaint shaped hills, to wonder how they came to be there, whether any human being has ever been up them, or any white man ever seen them; to notice the shapes of the trees, to marvel at the height of the grasses, the wildness of the undergrowth, the striking brightness of the green patches at the bottoms of the valleys compared with the brownness of the watersheds above; all these thoughts, crowding into your mind, afford you ample room for silent cogitation, as you sit and wonder, surrounded by the peace and stillness of the tropics. The other officers had again gone out to interview the Belgians. I heard that their

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boys got into conversation with ours, and various views were exchanged. Ours stigmatized them as cowardly, stating we were only fifty strong, but they replied they had seen many soldiers on our ridge, and that although they might have attacked us at first, they feared the many holes and traps which we had dug. Their men had been given orders to hold their fire to the very last, until we were within an inch of their trenches, in the event of our making an attack. A jolly look-out for us.

Another week brought us an addition to our small circle, as the man in command of the advanced depôt paid us a visit. He had been six weeks with no one to talk to, no where to walk to, no papers or mails, and little or no food, and could stand it no longer. He thanked me prodigiously for the goat I had left him on my way through, as it practically saved him from absolute want. I could not help feeling ashamed when I remembered how I had hummed and hawed before parting with it, as I was rather short myself.

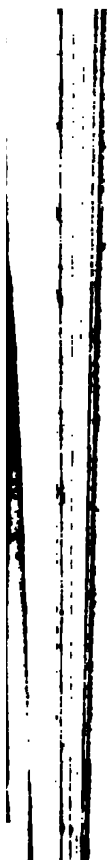
The rains of September were already beginning to colour the hills a rich green, and with the intervening patches of brown which were still left, the landscape was more perfect than ever, and I suppose nowhere in the world can there be seen such fine examples of light and shade. Accompanied by an escort I went out to a high hill on the left of our position, and was surprised to find four extensive lakes lying on the far side. These of course, were not marked even on the most sketchy



Ankole Cattle.—P. 127.



Cutting a path through the papyrus swamp.—P. 137.



Views of Lakes

maps of the country. Across them and away beyond in a southerly direction I could dimly trace the outline of the escarpment surrounding Lake Tanganyika. From this spot I beheld the second Congoese camp for the first time, as it was hidden from our position by a hill. It was badly situated from a military point of view, on the flat and in the vicinity of commanding hills.

Coming back, I noticed a very ingenious native trap for catching "Birds from the Gubba," as my orderly termed the local partridge. My men, acting under my orders, had cleared and levelled a very fine parade ground. They were greatly interested in a portrait of Edward Rex, the great Sultan, which I showed them in an illustrated paper. They pointed to his beard in wonder, and asked about his wives. They could not understand his only having one, although they admitted that when there were many wives there was always a great deal of trouble and disturbance. They asked me to explain a picture of the winter garden of the Midland Hotel at Manchester at the luncheon hour. I told them the white men were drinking water after their food, and that the girl was making much sound (otherwise singing), and that all the bugles were playing (otherwise music).

Our water supply was a matter of great concern, and the party of porters sent to bring it into camp from a spring on the right of the position was always protected by an armed escort under an officer. From the top of the hill, where I was in the

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habit of halting my water-picquet in the early morning just as the sun was rising, I could obtain a beautiful view of the lakes on our right flank.

I took my men on a route march to one of these lakes, in which was a most picturesque island. I tried to induce the natives to come off in their dug-outs and palaver, but they were scared by the sight of my men in uniform, and refused even to come down to the shore of the island. A picture of this lake, with its island, is inserted.

On one occasion, when I was on the top of my hill, the sky above was covered with dark masses of cloud, and across these lakes, the horizon beyond presented the appearance of dazzling silver. The effect was grand as this silver radiancy reflected itself in the water, whereas all the hills surrounding stood in the darkest shade. And surmounting the whole picture away in the distance white billows of cumulus clouds were rising upwards, intersected by long patches of strata clouds, lining them here and there at hazard. I had been so engrossed in watching this typical combination of light and shade, that when my orderly saluted and reported the water drawn from the spring and all safe, I still sat on gazing fixedly at the sight. And I had seen this very same landscape every day for a month and a half. Yet it still wrought its magic upon me. It was like a picture, with which the painter is ever dissatisfied, and constantly adds touches here and there, altering it entirely in colour, though leaving the general outline as before. The

My Faithful Terrier

next day when I tumbled out of my tent, the sun was shining genially, and as it had been pouring during the whole night, the atmosphere appeared clarified. Like a window pane just cleaned, distant objects could be discerned clearly. The sky was of a beautiful clear blue; in fact, the landscape was brilliant with the after effects of Nature's washing day. The tops of the mountains, outlined against the deep blue sky, were exhilarating, and the colouring grand. I shall always associate the scenery of Uganda with its three prevailing colours. The brightness of the green grasses, the clear depth of the blue sky, and the beautiful snowy whiteness of its cumulus clouds. And what a beautiful blend they make together!

This morning it was like looking through field glasses, so clear was the air. My faithful little terrier, instead of creeping on to my bed for warmth and comfort, bounded out of the tent, and amused herself catching flies and eating ants. She has more spirits than any English dog I have ever met; in fact, she is almost wild. She invariably poses in the most original positions of the attractiveness of which I feel assured she is fully aware. Her legs are big for her body, and seem ungainly, as if she had but a loose control of them. Her ears are cocked at a knowing slant; in fact, she might have been the original of those excellent drawings of Cecil Aldin.

The pleasure I derive from keeping her outweighs enormously any inconvenience she causes

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me by her playful waywardness. For instance, she jumped on my dining-table the other night and up-tipped everything. She frequently, when wet to the skin and besmeared with mud, after tearing round my tent in a playful frenzy, eventually takes a flying leap on to my bed or pillow. She has a knack also of jumping up at me when she is very gay, and as her nails are extra long, I sometimes resent it rather brusquely. She loves chasing native goats, birds, butterflies, cows, and even wild buffalo. But whatever wrongs she commits, and they are manifold, she asks forgiveness in such a winning, coaxing, and truly effeminate spirit, that being only a man, I cannot resist her. And so she is not only spoilt, but knows it: a great difficulty I discern looming larger and larger every day. How shall I leave her behind when I return to Europe? Yet I know I shall ultimately have to do so, seeing that she is only an African dog, after all; but yet she has helped me to beguile many a cheerless hour. She has seen me shoot my first elephant, chase my first buffalo; insisted, after having been left behind for two days at the base, on nosing me out and accompanying me on service; and we have shared our very meagre rations, which meant practical starvation from her point of view. She has helped me to dig the trenches by the light of the moon; she has kept me warm when I have had to sleep in them, always cheerful and ready to gambol with me. What a deep debt I owe her, and can you



Beautiful Waterfall in M'fumbiro.—P. 141.

Effect of the Rains

wonder that I hesitate at the idea of handing her over to the mercies of a Nubian "shensi" savage, who could or would never understand her? And so the heart was sad. The Roman writer truly stated that the dog was the most faithful of beasts to man; but what a pity the converse is not equally true. The author is seen in the picture standing on the parapet of one of the trenches and holding his terrier dog in his arms.

We had now to experience the full effect of the rains. Terrible thunderstorms became a daily occurrence, and I will briefly describe a typical instance of the approach of one of these. From the top of the hill I suddenly beheld a section of the landscape black as ink. It gave me really quite a creepy feeling—a sort of inferno sensation. It was restricted to a comparatively small portion of ground, and outside its compass the view had the ordinary appearance of a quiet summer's evening. Inside the pitch black mysterious streaks of sheet and forked lightning gambolled in ecstasy, playing round the tops of the mountains, and paying not the slightest attention to the ear-crashing claps of thunder which went pealing after them. I turned about to look at the lakes. What a contrast! The setting sun had lighted up some cumulus clouds on the far side, and these, reflecting themselves in the lake, lent it the appearance of a mirror of silver—a truly magnificent sight, and how different from the other: the one smilingly white, and the other black with anger. It seemed hardly possible for the two

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views, so diametrically different, to be able to withstand each other and not to embrace and mingle together.

During the month of October we again enjoyed one or two of the old hot days, very happily interspersed between weeks of rain. The sky might well fit into some Dutch painting, with its round masses of snow-white cumulus clouds planted all over it in a most extravagant fashion. I took my now customary walk to a point whence our camp had the most pleasing appearance. I saw many natives at work in the fields, and so destitute of grass are these parts that they are obliged to gather what my Nuby orderly picturesquely calls the feet of the flowers (Metama)—in other words, the cornstalks, to roof their grass "bandas" to keep out the heavy tropical rains. The women were working also, nearly bare, with their children tied on to their backs. These latter frequently give tongue in no uncertain manner, but they heed them not. I cannot say the women appear in any way attractive, not even when they are quite young, and the hides they wear as their only form of clothing are very repulsive. As regards the native forms of dress, nothing in these parts can equal that worn by the Nuby women. They take a goat's skin, and after rubbing it clean they cut it into thin strips, like bootlaces, and make a girdle of it, the strips falling gracefully and loosely to about twelve inches below their thighs. It lends them quite a fascinating appearance, having all the saucy swing of a kilt as

Nuby Full Dress

they walk about, and notwithstanding the fact that at first sight it appears indifferently modest, it is almost miraculous how tenaciously it clings to their forms and prevents any undue exposure of their persons. Their limbs can therefore be seen *in toto*, as they saunter about with a very independent air and a good deal of grace. This garb is particularly befitting to their race, as they are renowned for their shapely figures rather than their facial beauty, the latter being invariably much scarred by tribal marks, which originated in the fact that they were formerly a nation of slaves, and their masters placed certain insignia upon them by which they might be recognized and caught should they attempt to run away. These Nuby tribes, it must be understood, dwell on the banks of the upper Nile near Gondokoro and Nimuli, and are enlisted for service in Uganda because they make such excellent fighting material.

Thank goodness, we continued to enjoy a few more spells of sunshine, which broke through the Cimmerian darkness of the last few days of the month. I awoke one morning under one of those perfect skies, which compel you to gaze and gaze, and as you gaze it enters into your very soul, imbuing it with a thrill of expectancy. I can only describe them by comparing them to those extravagant illustrations to be found in fairy-tale books, with the same appearance of unreality. As I walked back with my water-picquet over the hills, with a light breeze blowing gently in my face, I

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could not help reviewing my present existence as a supremely happy one, notwithstanding all the drawbacks. With scarce a thought beyond the morrow, with mundane cares beyond the horizon and dulness banished by the brightness of the sun, what more would you? I always mark down these supremely happy moments in my existence, as they do not occur in sufficient numbers to allow me to overlook them; whereas troubles are gregarious in their nature, and, as Dickens says, flying in flocks, are apt to perch capriciously. But he also states that thoughts of worldly men are ever regulated by a moral law of gravitation, which, like the physical one, holds them down to earth. To return, therefore, to the necessary and common habits of this life. I arrived back at my hut with a gigantic appetite, and there I found my boy had laid out a fine-looking ham, which I had received the day before by parcel post. I had not tasted ham since leaving England, nearly ten months ago, and I did justice to it. I also received a pair of tennis flannels, which were rather superfluous, seeing I had not been out of my uniform for four months, and as far as I could see not likely to be for another four.

One must be at a pretty useful distance from civilization to be without any troubles. I had been suffering from toothache, off and on, for some months past, but during the eighth week of our position at Kigezi it recurred in its worst form. I sat down and rocked with the pain. My nerves



The Author's Tusks arriving in Camp.—P. 154.



A Tiring Climb

throbbed and my nights were sleepless. There were no means of extracting it nearer than Mbarara, and no dentist nearer than Nairobi, a matter of five weeks' journey. I tried putting in carbolic acid neat, and this relieved the pain temporarily; but I burned my mouth and lips very badly, and swallowing some one night, whilst half-mad with the torture, was very ill for days.

At last an occurrence relieved our stupendous monotony. It was two months since our arrival, and we agreed to climb up a very stiff hill for the sake of the view, which extended beyond the Congo camp. It was a most tiring climb, and once at the top the haze precluded any distinct vision. We nevertheless prolonged our walk round the top of the hills, which, owing to their circular shape, would lead us back eventually to the camp. I had misgivings, as a scanty breakfast at seven o'clock afforded small sustenance for a twelve-mile and hilly undertaking of this sort. Well, we pushed on along the ridge, making our own path. The view on the farther side was very fine, consisting of wild, habitless "gubba," all hill and dale, well covered with bamboo and undergrowth, with streams, lakes, and waterfalls intervening.

We soon began to speculate as to the presence of game, and when, moving along to the head of the next valley, we stopped to watch some monkeys hopping about the trees, suddenly our ears were deafened by the furious trumpeting of male elephants, evidently quarrelling over a female.

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They seemed quite close, and their raucous bellowings made them seem nearer than they were. At last the sounds became rapidly more distant, as the elephants made away up the opposite valley at what must have been a break-neck speed. Just then two of the men espied one quite close at the bottom of the hill we were sitting on, and presently made out a second one. We now decided to move down in their direction. Going was difficult in the extreme. A man cut the path ahead with a military "matchete," and we all clambered after. Trailing weeds tripped one at every step, and the steepness of the hill made a very uncertain footing. We had proceeded about fifty yards when we heard a bellowing on our right from higher up the hillside, by which we gathered that there were a good many of them about. We decided to keep on after our original friend, but we went more cautiously. At last we reached the tree where we originally marked him down. He was gone. I had thought I saw him move off. The other two then proceeded to the bottom of the gully and left me to watch.

I was very glad of a rest, as I not only was dead-beat, but the sun had got at me and made me feel very faint. So I sat down where I could get a commanding view. This waiting is a most trying affair, and I was cursing my luck at having to remain there when a bellow occurred about a hundred yards on my right. I soon changed my position, so as to be ready for either flank, but so dense was the bush that it was difficult to see anything even ten yards

Mountain Elephants

off. Just then I spotted some trees moving at the bottom of the gully, where there was no wind. Watching keenly, I again noted the trees moving, and this time considerably nearer to me, but I dared not fire, as the other two were groping about that very spot. Luckily they soon appeared higher up the valley, and shouted to me that, as they had seen nothing, we had better give it up. At that very moment my friend appeared in an open space at the bottom of the valley, some three hundred yards away. I let him have it, and hit him in the rear. He swung round and I fired again, and I think I caught him all right, as he waved his head to and fro and made off to the right, and was immediately lost to sight among the bamboos. I had borrowed a single-loader, which necessitated very slow firing. After waiting some time the others shouted to me to retire, as they thought he must have disappeared for good ; but I hesitated, as I was for following him up. One never knows.

As a matter of fact, I must have lamed him pretty severely, or else he would have assuredly made off. Presently I heard the cracking of bamboo, and shortly after saw a bit of him and fired again. The others, who were five hundred yards off on the other side of the valley, fired a volley aimlessly to stir him to action. Slowly but surely he clambered round the gully, getting nearer and nearer to my position, and yet still under cover. To sit and watch the great beast approaching nearer and nearer, without exposing himself, created quite an eerie

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feeling. I had to rely on my natives spotting. Suddenly they all right-about-turned and ran up the hill, or rather clambered up it, in a panic. unnaturally I went too. However, we soon halted for it was impossible going, and then it was obtained a good broadside-on view. I let off a few rounds, the noise of which reverberated around the valley, and was followed by a dead silence. The elephant had hit the mark. He slowly halted, and then he performed a complete somersault, fell, rolling over and over, and his huge bulk crashed down the declivitous side of the valley, carrying with it bushes, bamboos, and even small trees. Loading my revolver, I went to find him. This was not easy, as the undergrowth was incredibly thick. We came upon him at last in a pool of blood. He was a huge beast, but with very small feet and tusks; I believe these are characteristics of mountain-climbing elephants. If there had not been for a tree he would have assuredly rolled to the bottom of the gully. As it was, his tusks penetrated right through the trunk of the tree, and by the force of his fall, and he appeared at first to be sleeping with his head buried in it. I cut off the tail, and leaving one of my natives behind, I started back for the head of the gully, at which point the others had shouted out they would wait for me. I was very faint, and that climb fairly knocked me out.

I arrived at the top quite done up. The ascent was all the more difficult, as if you tried to hang on to a root for support, owing to the shallow soil it immediately gave way. Add to this the steep

Toothache

which was like the side of a house, the thorns which gripped you, and the creepers which tripped you, and you may understand the physical effort which it required. A bar of chocolate and a short rest at the top partially pulled me together. We managed to reach camp about 6 P.M., just as it became dark. Eleven hours without food, and climbing hills difficult and hitherto untrodden, with an elephant drive thrown in, under the tropical sun and on the equator, was enough to finish me up altogether, and too tired to eat, I threw myself down in my tent and slept for hours.

My old enemy, the toothache, which had been annoying me for some months past, now took it into its head to make its presence especially objectionable. As there were no forceps in camp, I tried to put up with it. If only the other two officers of my corps had not gone sick I should have put in for leave to return to Mbarara; but there was no one else on the expedition with a knowledge of the Nubi dialect, which was spoken by my men. It was now a case of Mahomet and the mountain, so a runner was sent into Mbarara for the forceps. This would have ordinarily taken sixteen days, but the runner, suiting himself to the urgency of the case, did it in much less time. The Indian hospital assistant extracted the tooth, and although physically muscular, it required all his power to remove it. My jaw suffered from the severe wrench, and I had a day's pain afterwards, but I could bear that in exchange for the former

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continual wear and tear, which I am quite ce
had sown a further furrow on my forehead
some suspiciously white hairs on the crown o
head. The medical fee for this operation wa
kind, amounting to two bottles of whisky. B
leaving, the Indian hospital assistant asked
sheet of brown paper to wrap round the bc
explaining that, owing to the numerous frienc
had in camp, this precaution was necessary, :
had not sufficient to treat them all.

CHAPTER XVI.

A RAPID MARCH.

THE rains, after a comparatively short duration, lasting over two months, had drawn off for a while. The dry earth had everywhere sprung into life, and presented one with an interesting and unending array of wild plants and flowers, lending colour to one's rambles, and clothing the views with the picturesqueness of detail. The rapidity of the change is typical of all things equatorial. The birds appear even more numerous than ever. I noted one very pretty specimen, all light green, with a yellow breast. A few mosquitoes have visited my tent, but did not bite me. The natives were everywhere building their villages under the shadow of our protection. They were at last induced to bring into the camp their produce for sale, which was a godsend to us, as we had for months past been pathetically short of necessities such as vegetables, eggs, and butter; in fact, we had had none at all, and had lived nearly entirely on goat or sheep. They work hard at their crops, producing peas, spinach, potatoes, and maize. The natives may be seen in the illustration breaking ground with their "jimbies" before sowing the seed for their crops.

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As time went on we were obliged to take precautions against future starvation in case the situation was prolonged indefinitely, and we did all we could to encourage the natives to help in this work. We built a hut for them and tried to induce them to bring in their produce in exchange for coloured beads and American cloth. We were moderately successful, and the soldiers bought their food at this local market on their own initiative. They have numerous cattle, and brought in milk and rancid butter. Honey was also procurable. A string of beads (valued at 1½d.) would purchase a fowl. They also caught wild partridges by means of ingenious native traps, composed of a noose affixed to a bent stick, only held back by another cross stick, which the bird, poking about for stray grains of corn scattered just around the entrance, involuntarily releases. Their avidity for American cloth is extraordinary, and a considerable amount of work could be procured from them in exchange. Wives are fairly cheap; in fact, one goat would be sufficient to buy a girl. If a man and his wife quarrel the woman runs away, and whoever lives with her pays back the former husband the goat. There is considerable trouble if a man sleeps with a young girl under the marriageable age; he may, however, buy her when young, but she stops with her father until she reaches the ripe age for marriage. This age they determine by the size of the woman's breasts, and not by time or height. This is natural enough.



The Guide of the Wa Ruchigga tribe.—P. 166.



After the Rains

I should say the latter end of October is the most charming period of the year for these parts. The dead earth, black with bush fires, has now been washed clean and, the rains ceasing, the sun's rays pour their energy and life over everything. The result is a profusion of colour and a mass of flowers amid a variety of plants. Standing in my favourite spot, I could see this beautiful confusion of nature in all its youthful grandeur, now clothing with the luxury of colour what a month or two back was all barren and black. Straight along the path, from underneath a natural archway of creepers, I could view the clear expanse of the lake, with the freshly washed rocks surrounding it, and the mauve hills in the distance beyond. Probably it is early morning, and the thickly webbed cobwebs have caught the silver dew, which, bespangling them, adds a glittering radiance to the pleasing effect.

I am longing for another shoot. I have found a forked stick, just the right height to fire from. I bought an iron elongated ferrule from a native, who had unfixed it from the end of his spear. I fixed the ferrule to the forked stick's bottom and tried my rifle on it. Great success! But the very touch of the rifle brought painful longings and sweet recollections. The very smell of the oil seemed to appeal to me. I thought again of that lucky shot through the head of the irate elephant, that damnable jam when the buffalo were charging, that lucky hit at five hundred yards with the buck in full gallop, and an uneasy feeling seemed to permeate through my whole being.

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Well, I am not far from my friends here, and shall soon see them again. How awful the idea that this feeling may attack me at some later period when I shall have hied me home again, with no likelihood of its gratification. It is an overpowering feeling, this longing desire, when it is on you; the slightest evidence of civilization irritates you. The ordinary routine of life becomes distasteful. Your well-made clothes annoy you; the very ease with which you can purchase your every want and enjoy your lightest whim will grate upon you. Yes, it is a sort of madness, I suppose, but a delightful one to give way to.

I thought I espied a rose bush at the bottom of the valley outside my hut: beautiful pink and red blossoms peeping out of a sturdy green mass. On nearer approach I found these to be flowers resembling exaggerated buttercups, but rosy-red instead of yellow. The bees were buzzing round as evidence that they thoroughly agreed in my admiration of them. They must have sprung into bloom during a single night.

The bad food, want of vegetables and nervous waiting had begun to tell on my constitution. I erected a bar to show my men how to pull themselves up. I am good for a dozen at home. To-day once nearly defeated me.

At last, after this long imprisonment in an out-of-the-world country, confined to a hillside by an opposing force, I was selected to return to Mbarara to take over some reinforcements. My Command-

To Mbarara for Reinforcements

ing Officer thought it would give me an opportunity of consulting a doctor about my teeth and having some of them extracted. Rising at 4.30, and suffering tortures from toothache, I set out by the light of the waning moon to accomplish the journey to Mbarara. What joy when at the top of the first range I looked back and beheld the scene of my late detention and knew I was free again to lead the nomadic life, so attractive to its followers. I had a mule lent me, but I did not ride at first, reserving my mount until I should feel tired. Descending into a place called "Spring Camp," or the valley of the shadows as we named it, I had my breakfast—a hurried repast, for the fever of "safari" urged me on. Up hill and down dale my wearied but willing porters pushed on, carrying thirty-pound loads down the most difficult declines and up the steepest slopes. At length we made the picturesque Lake Ingezi about mid-day. There I found fresh porters, whom I had sent on. After a difficult piece of "gubba" work for three hours, we emerged on an uninhabitable and rocky plain: I sent for the mule. The mule was intractable; it bit and kicked till I was fain to defer my ride. After a while we came to an open space. Three of my men held the brute's head and the syce the stirrup while I vaulted on.

I had scarcely ridden a hundred yards when I came to my own private headman lying prone on the grass with fever. Off I got, and after another struggle placed him upon the back of the stubborn

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beast. Towards evening we tackled the stiff between us and our advanced depôt at Ki. What an effort! Up and up we went till we arrived at the top. Then we slid gently down opposite side, and we found ourselves in having performed thirty miles for the first march. The camp formed the advanced dep of the expedition, so it was fairly comfortable. very picturesquely situated at the junction of streams flowing down from the surrounding but there was no time to look at views. A heavy sleep we were up again by four o'clock morning, and having engaged fresh porters, we went. I made my boys take it in turn to the mule, whilst I marched, in order to ensure not falling sick. I took my breakfast at Buk where crowds of natives stood looking on. men were finely built and of great height strength. About noon we passed the big fall in the Ruchigga hills and descended to plains.

At 4 P.M. we reached Thunga, one of our posts. I had a case to inquire into here, delayed me, and when I had finished all my porters came round on their knees to beg me not to go. I rallied them gently, cracked a few jokes, sent out food, which encouraged them greatly, and we went to Hunga Hill. I pitched my tent in a quaint place—the end of the world, as I nicknamed it on a previous occasion. Sixty miles or more had been accomplished in thirty-six hours. Hardly



Natives of the Ruanda tribe.—P. 166.



Ruanda tribesmen with native weapons.—P. 166.

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A Record March

water could be got here, but a torrential thunderstorm came to our aid, which enabled us in a very short space of time to collect sufficient for our requirements. The next morning, rising at four o'clock, and marching for five hours, we reached Kijamba, another of our mail posts. Here I had luncheon, hired fresh porters, and with some difficulty got my "safari" under way once more. About 5.30 in the evening, just before making camp, we were caught in a most violent thunderstorm, and had to pitch our camp drenched to the skin. I had now done a hundred miles in two days and a half. This left about fifty more to go before reaching Mbarara. Turning the matter over in my mind, I determined to try and break a record by doing the whole fifty the next day. So seeing a dozen men of my escort drying themselves round a camp fire, I walked over to them and asked for volunteers to accompany me on the morrow. They thought at first I was chaffing them, but on realizing I was serious four of them expressed their willingness.

I arose before daylight the next day and marched with my whole party to Kianka. Here I halted, and, after a good meal, leaving them behind, pushed on with my tent and a couple of chop boxes, accompanied only by my four volunteers, to accomplish the last lap into Mbarara. When I was about three hours off my goal I met two sportsmen, who insisted on my stopping and taking a whisky-and-soda with them. They told me they had been shooting on the German East African border.

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They had come across 250 of their soldiers in camp up there, and had heard that a reinforcement of more were on their way to join the first party. They showed me their Ross-Eley rifles, which to my fancy exceedingly. After bidding them farewell I hurried on, but I was only half-way across the extensive plain when night fell, and I did not arrive at the Commissioner's house at Mbarara until 9 P.M., having performed a journey of a hundred and fifty miles over a hilly and half-cut track during a rainy season—a bit of a record for a three and a half days' march. On arrival I sent for some men from the military lines to pitch my tent, whilst I went to dine with my old friend the District Commissioner. Over a cheerful glass of Burgundy I told him all the news from our uncivilized and out-of-the-way corner of the globe.

I was allowed four days to take over the command of the company which had been allotted me; but owing to its being split up into several detachments scattered about the country, from Somaliland to the Congo, with headquarters in Northern Uganda, I had to take a very much longer time.

What a paradise it was to be under a roof again and after five months in uniform to put on civil clothes for dinner, and to crack a bottle of champagne with a friend! These are the delights attendant on a return from the wilds, such as only those who have experienced them may know. I had it was office work from sunrise to sunset, my o

Back to the Front

recreation being a gallop on my mule to and fro between my quarters and the orderly room.

I did not omit to pay a visit to my friend the doctor, who extracted the worst offender among my mutinous teeth, and thereby afforded me temporary relief.

My work completed, I had to undertake the return journey. Having with me a detachment of forty to fifty "askaris" (soldiers), I allowed myself an extra day, making four and a half in all, to get back in. But the rains were so excessive that even this entailed the most exhausting forced marches, and I was very glad to see the camp at Kigezi again. The pretty camp at Kumba, at the confluence of numerous rivers and mountain streams, was as picturesque as usual. The rivers were choked with reeds and bushes, which at this time of year were of a violet hue, contrasting finely with the green of the mountain sides through which the streams cut their way. I stayed a night at this camp, and enjoyed it very much, but I was very tired, and as I watched the sun setting behind the bulging cumulus clouds I fell into a doze and lost myself in the past, dreaming I was still a gay and giddy subaltern stationed with my regiment at Southsea, and that I was dancing once more to the tune of the "Merry Widow" waltz. But I soon awoke to the cold reality of my present position, and turned in early to be ready on the morrow for the last lap of my forced marches, which was the sternest and most difficult of them all.

Some amazement was expressed at my speedy

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return, which met with great satisfaction on the part of the officer commanding the troops, who had received orders to depart for Mbarara himself, and desired to leave me in command of the troops during his absence. I found things just as usual at Kigezi, and I soon grew weary of the same old monotonous existence. Still, the hour before the dawn is ever the darkest, and a few weeks after I had assumed the command instructions arrived that the authorities, taking compassion upon me, had transferred me to the appointment of acting adjutant at headquarters, from whence it would be easy for me to have my teeth rectified, and to put an end at last to this painful form of torture.

My journey back to Mbarara was rather a tedious repetition of former "safaris," over the same arduous course. It was with no little relief that after climbing the huge range at the back of the camp I looked back and took my farewell gaze at that out-of-the-way corner of the world, which for nearly six months had held me confined. There stood the four volcanoes, seeming to smile me "good-bye," each nestling its peak in a billow of cumulus cloud and resting its massive weight on the flat, comfortable-looking plains below.

At the summit of this ridge I sat down to a farewell breakfast, as my companions-in-arms had marched out with me thus far to bid me "good-bye." During the meal, which we endeavoured to make as lively as possible, we welcomed the timely arrival of the weekly mail, which helped to instil



Chief Mindu and followers of the Wa Ruanda tribe.
—P. 166.



Rear of the Kigezi position, showing camps.—P. 169.



A Post at Headquarters

much needed additional interest into our more or less colourless existence.

Soon our only, though thoroughly reliable time-piece, the sun, indicated that it was time to "fall in," so I gave the signal to my headman, who in turn got the "safari" again under weigh, while I exchanged parting salutations with my friends.

I took things easier on this journey, and it was not until the fourth day that, after scaling the tortuous path leading over the cold mountains of the Congo, I descended once more on to the torrid plains of Uganda, and pitched my tent by the shores of the pretty and little-known Kazinga Lake.

CHAPTER XVII.

HIPPOPOTAMUS SHOOTING.

LAKE KAZINGA, whose existence, I believe, until recently was unknown, is situated very near the south-western boundary of Uganda, and not very far from that point where the respective confines of German East Africa, of the Congo, and of Uganda meet at Mount Sabyino, 11,881 feet above sea level. On a former "safari" through that region I spent a couple of hours wandering along the northern shore in search of hippopotamus, and was surprised at its considerable extent. I then gleaned two facts for future reference: firstly, that the natives living beside the lake were very wild and hostile; secondly, that the southern shore offered the best facilities for hippopotamus. Making use of this knowledge on the present occasion, I halted my "safari" half-way up the southern side, and ordered my headman to pitch my tent opposite to a small island. I knew that I should not have any opportunity of sport till late in the afternoon or towards sunset, as the hippopotamus rest during the day and feed at night, so I proceeded to make my preparations with due deliberation. About 4 o'clock I started off, with a strong pair of Zeiss field-glasses

Lake Kazinga

slung over my shoulder and a couple of orderlies carrying my rifles behind.

We found a native path running parallel with the edge of the lake and we followed it up, keeping a sharp look out for any signs of hippopotamus. For the first hour we drew blank. We kept on along the path so far as the huge rocky boulders would permit us, and the shore of the lake curving round brought us comparatively close to the island, where I could distinctly see a big black spot and two smaller ones. A closer inspection through my glasses confirmed my suspicions. Evidently a female was standing on guard over a couple of her young ones. I selected a convenient rock from where I could command the best view of the lake, and sat down. Whilst waiting I amused myself with watching the mother playing with her children. She appeared to me an enormous mountain of flesh, but of course the hippopotamus is the second largest inhabitant of Africa. At frequent intervals she would open her huge, square mouth and perform a gigantic yawn, inconceivably ridiculous, displaying her long, handsome teeth, beautifully polished and glistening white, and then quickly close it again. I was becoming impatient, when I saw three more dark spots appear between me and the island. I guessed that at last some of them had made up their minds to come ashore to feed, according to their custom, and the only question remaining was as to which spot they would make for.

I searched the banks, and noticed at one point

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the edge of the lake formed a re-entering bend, with high marshy reeds growing far out into the water, while the bank was low-lying and protected by tall elephant grass. A novice would have been able to detect that this was the objective for which the beasts were making, so I took up my position in close proximity and concealed myself behind a stone. The three hippopotamus continued their approach in single file, with about thirty yards between each. Their method of progression was by bobbing down and swimming under water for some time and then coming to the surface again to vent. They can perform fairly long distances at a time swimming below in that manner. Five minutes between vents is, I believe, as much as they are supposed to do, although the time appeared to me nearer double that. They swim at a very fast rate, especially after being shot at, and a very few dives will take them out of range when alarmed by the report of the rifle.

Presently I saw that the original three were the advance scouts of a large herd of hippopotamus. They advanced very cautiously, and tried my patience exceedingly. Occasionally they would stop altogether, floating on the top of the water and throwing a huge jet of spray into the air. By degrees the more venturesome approached nearer the shore, followed by the remainder, and very soon they were all collected together just below my coign of vantage, although they made not the least attempt to come out of the water.



Packing up in the early morning for the day's march among the M'fumbiro Hills.—P. 168.



Heart or Brain Shots

Now I was rather in a fix, for this reason. It is very difficult at any time to hit a hippopotamus in exactly the right spot. When he is on dry land you naturally aim for the heart, but when swimming or floating in the water all that can be seen is the broad plane of his ugly square face, capped by two absurdly small ears, which protrude an inch or two above the water. It is therefore necessary to aim for the brain, and this can be effectively accomplished by shooting up the nostril—the surest road to the brain—if the hippopotamus is swimming towards you, or just below the ear if presenting a broadside target.

Therefore from my exalted position I was standing too far above them to get in a really good shot. I selected a fine, big specimen, and watching my opportunity, I fired. He appeared to me to sink like a stone, whilst the remainder, bobbing down, made off in the direction of the island in the centre of the lake.

Now when a hippopotamus has been shot he sinks at once and his dead carcase does not rise to the surface for about six hours, so that it is necessary to have natives continually on the lookout, searching up and down the bank and amongst the reeds. Night fell almost immediately after with tropical suddenness, so that I had to leave the hunt until the morrow, and to return to my tent for a tub and a meal. While I was quietly settling down to the latter a dark form noiselessly presented itself before me, and standing to attention, placed his

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fore-finger on his lips, signifying silence. It was my orderly. I listened and could just make out some dull, low sounds. The hippopotamus had come out of the lake to feed on the grass, and were evidently in the close vicinity of my tent. I walked out a little way with my rifle, but as there was no moon, I could make out absolutely nothing at all in the inky darkness, so I returned crestfallen.

After instructing my boys to call me an hour before daylight, I turned in for my night's rest in a very hopeful mood.

I slept with the flaps of my tent open, nearly immune under my light gauze curtain from the ferocious attacks of countless mosquitoes, although I must credit them with marvellous sagacity for the cunning manner in which they occasionally did force their unwelcome visits beneath its almost impenetrable folds.

I had pitched the tent on a rise commanding an extensive view of the lake and within a couple of hundred yards of it, so that on awaking my eyes were confronted with a magnificent stretch of pure water, over whose surface wild duck, marabout, and golden-crested crane were flying in numbers, and above the crest of a ridge of hills, forming the background beyond, the sunrise was already beginning to clothe the landscape with the magic hues of its romantic colouring. Dressing is a matter of a moment when confined to a khaki shirt, shorts and puttees. Although only a little distance to the lake, I was drenched through to the skin by the time I

Hippopotamus Traps

arrived. The heavy morning dew lay thick on the tufts of the shrubs and glittering on the gigantic swaying stalks of the elephant grass, sprinkled me from head to foot as I brushed past. The sunrise by this time had painted the whole vault of the sky a rosy pink, which in its turn was reflected on the surface of the lake. The whole effect was both exhilarating and dazzling. I was pervaded with a feeling of unreality. I felt I was in a dream from which I would suddenly be rudely awakened.

Now that the exact spot the hippopotamus were in the habit of frequenting was known to me, I had only to conceal myself on the edge of the lake at a point where I could be as nearly as possible on the same level with the surface of the water, in order to obtain a grazing shot. But I was met with many difficulties in my endeavour to select a good position.

The entire margin of the lake was riddled with native hippopotamus traps, into which one was constantly in imminent danger of floundering, so that even my native hunters had to advance with extreme caution, probing the ground in front of them with their spears. Some of these traps are quite ingenious. They transfix a huge mass of wood or a tree log with a native spear, and suspend its point downwards over a deep hole dug in the ground, which they artfully conceal with grass and bushes. When the clumsy hippopotamus comes out of the water to feed on the bank at night, he flounders into the hole and unconsciously snaps a

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small bent twig in doing so. This twig in its turn releases another of much stronger fibre, which at once lets the huge mass of wood down with a smash on to the struggling hippopotamus, burying the spear point into his shoulder, which I presume would do for it pretty well.

I asked the natives whether they had had any luck that way, and they replied not for some time. They confessed to a very keen desire for hippopotamus teeth, as it enabled them to pay the government hut tax. This last statement caused me to smile inwardly, as some time previously, when passing through the chief town in these parts, I had had an interview with their king or native ruler, and he had complained to me that these very natives were very rebellious and absolutely refused to pay the Government tax.

With hard work I succeeded in cutting my way through the thick undergrowth, and took up my stand on the edge of the lake. Unfortunately my view was entirely obscured by gigantic reeds standing as high as ten to twelve feet out of the water. So I sent a native into the water with a long pole to knock down some of them, to enable me to have a clear field of fire. He had scarcely executed his task when a hissing sound proclaimed the advent of my friends. I loaded my rifle and shortly afterwards I saw a black spot appear for a time and then disappear again. He came up the second time fairly close in shore, and evidently becoming suspicious, remained there, floating on the

Skinning the Hippopotamus

surface. I became uneasy, for I feared at any moment he might disappear for good. Presently he approached a little nearer and presented me with a broad-side view ; I could just see the outline of his diminutive ear, and aiming at the water-line just below it, I pressed the trigger. A slight splash and the noise of the report went echoing around the lake ; I saw a jet of blood spray up out of the water as he sank. I knew I had got him. I gave directions to my hunters to patrol the banks, whilst I clambered back to my tent to await the necessary six hours till the dead carcase should come to the surface. Eventually with the aid of a host of willing natives, the prehistoric monster was tugged into shallow water, skinned and deprived of his beautiful teeth. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* The illustration shows the natives busy skinning the hippopotamus.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BACK TO CIVILIZATION ONCE MORE.

THAT very same afternoon I had to strike camp and push on, as I did not intend to allow the recreation of hippopotamus shooting to interfere with my day's marches. Moreover, my duties rendered it imperative that I should arrive at the base at Mbarara in eight days from the time I left our position at Kigezi. Nothing I should have liked better than to have been able to stay another day or two on the shores of that fascinating lake. It was yet another illustration of those well-known lines,

"I slept and dreamt that life was beauty,
I woke and found that life was duty."

I camped that night at Kijamba, the principal town in those parts. It was here that the head and other chiefs resided.

They all turned out on my arrival, and while the boys were preparing my table for a meal, I heard a great stir and commotion in the village. Presently a big procession fell in, and forming up, advanced down the road in the direction of my camp. It was quite equal to a Christmas Pantomime. Marching in front were four men with various bits of uniform scattered over their persons, the only real uniformity among them being their headgear. They all wore

Reception at Kijamba

red tarbushes with black tassels. To render their appearance absolutely formidable they had each been given an antiquated gun, which probably in former times belonged to the old Arab slave raiders. These they carried as emblems of their office rather than for actual use, for I fancy if one had gone off by accident the owner would have done so also, and pretty quick, too. These men were the King's bodyguard, their main duty being to try and keep step when on the march, to stand to attention when not so employed, and to perform an evolution in imitation of a salute at frequent intervals according as their feelings prompted them. Behind these warriors came the band, most of whose members carried quaint instruments of music made out of reeds, grasses and skins. Some of these latter were quite ingenious, and I purchased one for a few shells (native currency).

After the band strode a very big, powerful and pompous native, in whom I had no difficulty in detecting the chief, as another semi-nude native held a huge umbrella over him, in order that the rays of the equatorial sun should not come in contact with his august though woolly head. A youth followed him carrying his chair and a mat, in case his lordly master should take it into his head to sit down. Marching behind the chief came a huge concourse of sub-chiefs, all dressed in white Kunsis, which are nothing more nor less than female night-dresses, and quaint as it may seem, made a great addition to the picturesque appearance of the display. On arrival

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at my banda, they lined up in a crescent formation, each headman sitting upon the chair he had brought with him, while the chief came forward and shook hands with me. I led him inside the hut and offered him tea, cake and biscuits. He introduced me to his son, who, having been at school at Kampala, spoke and wrote English fluently, so that I was able to dispense with my scanty knowledge of Swahili. The chief then waved his hand, and a string of his servants appeared, each carrying an open tray made out of basket work, containing presents of food.

I was a trifle embarrassed, but necessity made me wave any scruples I had entertained about accepting his generosity. Finally a goat and a sheep were dragged in by a strip of banana fibre tied to their hind legs, much against their will. I was graciously pleased to accept them also. After an hour's conversation, during which I collected all the local news that there was, I signified that the interview was at an end by instructing my boy in Arabic, which I knew my visitors did not understand, to come in and announce that my bath was ready, in a loud voice in Swahili, which is the language used by all the chiefs in their intercourse with Europeans. I might here add that with a knowledge of Swahili, a man might travel the whole length and breadth of Africa. After thus tactfully hastening the departure of my well-meaning visitors, I ate my dinner and turned in. In the morning my orderly reported to me an incident which had



A sentry post and native allies. "Jew" is holding the black spear in the centre.—P. 171.



A Native Incident

occurred to one of the porters who had been up the day before to the village to ask for brushwood. It is usual on "safari" to burn a large fire in the centre of the camp throughout the night, and two special porters were always detailed for this purpose.

When my wretched Shensi appeared in the village, he was roughly handled by an "askari" (soldier) belonging to the chief, and only escaped *à la Joseph*, by leaving his scanty apparel in the latter's grip. The porter was very sore, not so much from the loss of his garment, but because, it being their usual custom to tie up any spare rupees they may have in a corner of these loin clothes, all his savings had disappeared also. I demanded from the orderly why he had not seized the offender, but he replied with great truth, that whenever the soldiers mishandled the natives, there was always a "muktub kebir," or, in plain words, the Commissioner would soon want to know the reason why. Rightly or wrongly, I had the offender caught and marched off with my "safari" as a prisoner. I had hardly accomplished the first mile of the day's journey when a runner overtook me and told me that the chief wished to apologise for the misdoings of his man, and asking me to let him off. I took no notice, however, and soon after the headman appeared in person, having run a considerable distance, which I felt quite certain he had not done for years. I purposely argued with him, telling him I was determined to march the man to Mbarara and place him before the Commissioner for his disposal.

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After I had thus enticed the chief and his followers many miles out from his capital, I relented and released his man on the condition that the money stolen was immediately repaid to my porter, and that the chief himself should have the man beaten on his return to Kijamba. I have no doubt the last stipulation was obeyed to the letter, considering the amount of trouble and undue exercise to which the headman had been treated.

No further incident of note marked the even tenor of the rest of my "safari" back to Mbarara.

On the morning of the last day's march I determined to try my .577 rifle with a long shot. I had only used it on one occasion since I had bought it second-hand from an elephant-hunter whom I had met on his way down to the coast from the Congo to embark for England.

The road at this stage of the journey passes over a flat plain, which is the haunt of myriads of buck of the specimen known as *topi*, and exceedingly common in that district. The *topi* may be described as a smaller species of *hartebeeste*, although differing widely in the shape of its head and its horns; the head is shorter, and the horns are heavily ringed and curve gracefully backwards. They are usually found in big herds of a dozen or so, and the great difficulty is to pick out the males, as the heads carried by the cows appear in the distance almost identical, although in reality the horns of the males are thicker. They are evidently bitten with extreme curiosity, and having grown accustomed, I suppose,

Topi Buck

to men passing along the road, when they saw my caravan of porters chanting their way onward, instead of running away, they made for the nearest of the many ant mounds which dot the plain, and standing up to their full height on the top, so as to obtain the best view, gazed steadfastly in our direction. They really look most noble in their sentry-like attitude, but they offer at the same time a most tempting shot, their brownish-purple skin making them very distinguishable. I desired, moreover, to treat my hard-worked porters to some meat before paying them off at the base, as some slight reward for their energies.

Instructing the "safari" to proceed in their usual fashion, and detailing five or six porters to remain behind, I took the heavy rifle, and advancing under cover of stray ant-heaps, without much loss of time I arrived within four hundred yards or so of a fine upstanding male, carrying very fair-sized horns, looking straight towards me. A second buck stood on the same mound searching the ground with his gaze to my right, in the direction where my long line of porters were trailing along the main road, looking sufficiently grotesque in all conscience, each with one of my loads upon his head, notwithstanding that acting upon my previous instructions they had deferred their monotonous chant and shrill "coo-eyes" until out of sight. The buck had scented danger with unerring instinct, and their very long sight had enabled them, although half a mile away, to detect the point from which it threatened. The command-

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ing position which they had taken up made it all the more difficult to approach at all near to them, and very careful stalking was required.

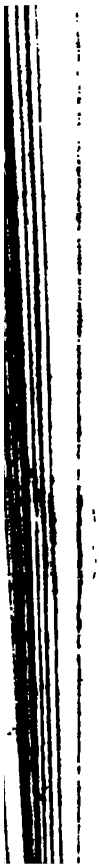
Wanting a fairly long shot to test my new rifle, I did not hesitate, against my usual principles, to take a careful aim at this distance, having arrived there without any of the undue fatigue or loss of breath usual in a really well carried out stalk. I rested my hand against the mound to steady my shot and then released the trigger. The buck made one bound and disappeared behind the far side of the mound. There was no need to criticize the rifle. My orderlies rushed forward with their knives to cut the animal's throat, as in accordance with their Muhammadan religion, if they do not do so they are precluded from eating the meat of the dead animal. To my amazement, I saw the leading man go down all of a sudden on one knee and beckon to me to approach cautiously. This I did, and when I caught him up he whispered "one sick" (*i.e.*, wounded). I did not understand, but supposed that after all I could have only wounded, not killed, the buck I fired at. After I had approached a little nearer a buck got up with a jerk out of the long grass where he had been lying and made off. I could see at once he had been hit, and I experienced no difficulty in giving him his *coup de grâce*. It was not till then I realized that the shot out of my heavy rifle had not only polished off the big buck through the heart, but had also wounded the smaller one, standing close



A Buffalo killed in Ankole.—P. 148.



Sentry-post on the extreme left of the Kigezi position.
—P. 171.



Mammon or Sport

behind, through the hind-quarters, and so had prevented the poor beast getting away.

In shooting buck, one can hardly take sufficient precaution to ensure the combination of a quick death with a good shot, as I know of no more pitiable sight than a wounded creature, who probably collects just sufficient strength to outdistance his pursuers, only to ultimately die a lingering death in the depths of the "gubba." The conduct of the would-be sportsman, whose method is to fire indiscriminately into the thick of a herd, as he would say "on the chance," cannot be too severely condemned, and to my mind should be classed with that of the man I met near the Kafu River, who, after severely wounding an elephant, allowed it to shuffle away in a half-dying condition because he discovered on a nearer approach that its tusks were not so heavy as he had at first sight supposed, and so he did not wish to count it on his licence. This stamp of person might be described as a gold prospector, certainly not a sportsman.

I arrived in Mbarara in due course by easy stages, and there I remained a whole week. I greatly relished being in a house once more, and thoroughly appreciated the many comforts it entailed, and perhaps I derived some pleasure, when the rain was pouring in buckets off the roof, from sitting to watch it from the dry shelter of my verandah. Discarding my much worn khaki, I got into my white tennis flannels with as much joy as a young girl trying on her wedding dress. I played

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round the rather quaint golf links which my enterprising commanding officer had lost no time in laying out during his short stay in the neighbourhood. I had dinners composed of quite a lot of courses, and afterwards regaled myself with the latest homely ditties on a borrowed gramophone.

What pleased me most was to have at my disposal plenty to read, as I discovered the remains of a library in the old Boma House, and I collected piles of illustrated newspapers recording all the European events which had taken place during the six months of the expedition. In fact, I enjoyed becoming quite civilized again.

My period of leisure did not last sufficiently long to allow of my suffering from ennui. I managed to ascertain the whereabouts of a certain herd of waterbuck, among which, I was assured by an official who had spent some time in the neighbourhood, there was a record bull.

I accordingly obtained a day's leave, and within three hours of Mbarara I came upon the herd in a very thick tract of country. I had a good look at them through my glasses, and one of them certainly seemed to be carrying a very fair-sized head. But my luck was out, for a bad stalk led me to betray my presence, and to my mortification the whole herd made off at high speed and were soon out of sight, so I lost no time in getting back to Mbarara.

I fear the days are now numbered when it will be possible to chase waterbuck within so short a distance of what is one of the biggest towns of Uganda.

CHAPTER XIX.

ON "SAFARI" TO BOMBO.

I NOW had to make arrangements for continuing my "safari" to Bombo, where I was to take up my appointment. This meant a good fortnight's trek. I took the opportunity of exchanging all my Kauri shells and American cloth, the currency of Uganda, back into rupees, and by so doing saved myself a good many porters' loads. Eventually, on Christmas Day, I departed upon my journey once more. It was in rather a mixed mood that I stood on my verandah drinking my early morning cup of tea and taking a last look across those wide plains, to bid farewell to that beautiful range of mountains lining its farthest edge, over which I had clambered so frequently and so toilsomely. Certainly distance lent them enchantment. The morning air was softly coaxing one's spirits to rise. I walked to the further end of the garden to get a better view. How extraordinarily a place grows upon one! So did this base of the expedition, through which I had passed so many times, under so many different circumstances, win upon me. My eyes wandered over the now familiar landscape. There stood the Mission, with its carefully laid out ground; and nearer, the District Commissioner's house; away

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down the slope, towards the centre of the town, I could see the old Boma House, where I had stayed on the occasion of my last visit. Over my head the usual flock of golden-crested cranes flew heavily past, uttering their mournful, haunting cries, as if saying good-bye for ever.

Yet I had disliked the place at first intensely, and now, although there was hardly any definite, visible thing to attract me, I was seized with a vague disinclination to depart.

I looked round at the pretty stoep of the house beyond mine, with its curling creepers and beautiful flowers opening their sleepy eyes to the rising sun, and transforming the most uninteresting thing in the world, an empty house, into a vision of loveliness. I thought of its numerous previous occupiers, and where were they all now? Few of them, indeed, left behind in this country of come and go. I found myself unconsciously delaying over all I did to put off the moment for starting. I visited each room on the excuse of making sure that my boys left nothing behind, although I well knew they were much more likely to have packed up the Government furniture as well as my own. Then, snatching my helmet, I jumped on my bicycle, wishing an inward and muttered farewell to all around, and rode out of my compound with feverish speed. Some distance out of the place I found myself slowing down, and I felt quaintly that I had to get off just for one last silent look, and then the wrench was over. I do not suppose I shall ever again revisit the place,



Another view of Camp at Kigezi.—P. 172.



Chapter of Accidents

though my thoughts will often revert there involuntarily. Such is life!

I cycled two camps that day to a place where I had expected to meet some native hunters, who were to put me on to buffalo. They did not turn up, and so the next day I decided to go one camp farther and summon the chief to my assistance in procuring natives for me who were acquainted with the district. But this decision resulted in a regular chapter of evils.

I started off to cycle, telling my cook to follow with food. Then it came on to rain cats and dogs. I rode as rapidly as I possibly could to make camp before being drenched. The site, however, had been altered; and as it was very small, the inevitable happened, and I missed it. Wet to the skin, I persevered until I easily saw that my growing suspicions of having passed the camp were confirmed, and by the swampiness of the surrounding country I recognized it to be Sanga. Just at that moment my bicycle, which had been gradually getting clogged with the adhesive mud, absolutely refused to budge. I got off and pushed it. It slid along, but the wheels did not go round, and I found it difficult to stand up myself. What was to be done? Would my "safari" understand what had happened? At any rate, it was no use going back on my flat feet, so I made up my mind that buffalo-hunting was out of the question that day.

Things, however, in Uganda right themselves as quickly as they go wrong. The rain suddenly

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ceased, which was some comfort. I threw my derelict "bike" down in the mud by the side of the road and plodded on. Gradually the sun came out, which both cheered me and dried me, but the want of my breakfast made me very hungry. Farther on I came upon some natives who talked Luganda.

My smattering of Unyoro did not help me much, so I continued on my way. Then came a petty chief who understood Swahili. Great joy! He told me the camp was only half an hour ahead and Kabula two hours on. How I must have travelled! Instructing him to order the "safari" to come on, I made for the camp, where I hoped to get some bananas to stop my inner and vulgar craving. No one appeared, however, not even the camp caretaker. I threw myself down by the side of an ant heap, and, worn out, I slept for about a couple of hours. When I awoke I stopped two natives who chanced to be passing, and told them to get the camp man from his shamba. He took a long time turning up, as he was at work among his crops. I told him to bring the chief, so off he went, and did not return for an hour. In the meantime I made a bit of a dial on the ground and found it was about twelve o'clock. I spent some time watching some long-bodied spider-flies digging themselves into the sand. Afterwards I collected a handful of petals from some very pretty mauve flowers; my patience was fast diminishing when the chief arrived. I asked him for bananas. None! Then milk. None! Then water. None! He was the essence

Porters' Attempt to Strike

of laziness and cursedness combined. He sent for his pipe and chair (the latter I deprived him of, for my own needs were greater than his), and he sat down and stared at me, saying intermittently there was nothing. I knew so few words of his dialect that I was just beginning to wish I had not sent for him when my bicycle turned up. A native had found it on the road and brought it along.

It was now about 2 P.M., and after spending some time in cleaning my debauched cycle with handfuls of elephant grass I began to feel ravenous. My two orderlies at last arrived with my dog. Acting on my instructions, one of them told the chief to bring food quick. The chief tried on the same old game. Then my orderly talked to him in such strenuous terms that it ended in the chief's precipitant flight, even to leaving his chair behind. More waiting, and then in came the "safari" in driblets nearly exhausted. My head boy approached and asked me in a solemn manner if I wanted breakfast, luncheon, or tea, as it was then the hour for the latter of the three meals. After I had satisfied my hunger, I unfolded the fact to my "safari" that they had to go on another two hours. Ugh! What a clamour! They distinctly and firmly refused; and when the headman tried to stir them on, they handed him back their potia money. Potia money is the preliminary payment made to each porter before undertaking a journey, to enable them to purchase their food on the way. It was in vain he told them there was nothing to eat in that camp. I instructed

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beheld this fairy land of colour, and shouting to the boys, orderlies, and porters, soon animated them to stir and bustle.

In order not to lose time I sent them on ahead while I finished my dressing. This was a fortunate move on my part, for when I started to overtake them on my bicycle, I discovered that notwithstanding my most careful instructions, they had missed the path which led to Kabula and were well on the way down the big main road leading to Masaka, which I had taken the night before. What I had then regarded as a misfortune was really a blessing in disguise, as I was able to rectify the mistake and to save them a day's march in the wrong direction. No doubt with them it was more than half a case of the wish being father to the deed, as they much preferred the big broad road to a rough native path covered with thorns, which entered their feet, and lined with sharp rocks against which they knocked their toes and "barked" their shins.

Eventually I arrived at the residence of Lumama, the big chief of the district, whom I had met before. He displayed great joy at seeing me again, but was unfortunately very ill. He, however, placed his son at my disposal. This boy had fine manners, and spoke English in a very methodical manner, which was more attractive than otherwise. He had been schooled at Kampala, and was accordingly well versed in European ways. He saved me no end of time and trouble. As soon as

After Elephant

he knew I was after elephant, he made all the arrangements for me, while I ate my breakfast in the mud-house, which the chief had erected to serve the dual purpose of a bazaar or assembly house for chiefs, and a banda to give a night's shelter to the passing Mzungu (European).

After my meal, which I ate surrounded by an admiring circle of natives, who were struck dumb with amazement as they watched me playing with the knife and fork, I said good-bye to the chief's son, and gave him some medicines for his father. He was very grateful, and sent his orderly, who was dressed up as a soldier, to accompany me as far as the shamba of a sub-chief, by name Mentebbe, whom he had summoned to show me where the elephant were most likely to be found. Mentebbe had worked for me on a former occasion, and I knew I could place implicit trust on his information. As I marched along I noticed the grass had grown very long, and I accordingly foresaw great difficulty in bringing my friend "tembo" (elephant in Swahili) to book. The country north of Kabula was very picturesque, consisting of alternate hill and dale covered with small trees. In due course we met Mentebbe coming into Kabula in response to the chief's summons. From him I learned the joyful news that a herd of elephant had visited his shamba the night before and had frightened his natives out of their wits. He then conducted me to his abode, which was a mile off the main road.

CHAPTER XX.

ONE ELEPHANT TOO MANY.

I HAD fitted out a fairly big "safari," and the pace was somewhat slow in consequence. As usual, I marched on ahead of my party, and, after selecting the site for the camp, sat down on a convenient ant-heap to digest the contents of my latest newspaper, which was never less than two months behind the times. In the meantime I sent my orderly to the nearest shamba (collection of native huts) to summon the local chief, with a view of giving him orders to bring food for my porters. On his arrival I learned that half his crops had been destroyed during the previous night by a herd of elephants, and had terrified out of their wits the wretched natives, who had tried by shouting and noise to rid themselves of their unwelcome visitors.

Delighted with this news, I hurried off to inspect the scene of the elephants' depredations.

The annoyance of the chief could be well understood, for the whole place had been turned upside down by the elephants, and a mass of young bark-cloth trees, sugar-canes, and sweet potatoes lay littered around the shamba.



Parade of the Author's Detachment at Kigezi.—P. 172.



View of the Author's Parade Ground.—P. 172.



Following the Tracks

After inspecting the tracks I discovered that at least one of the herd was of a fair size, and decided to follow up the tracks. I accordingly made my dispositions. I sent off three hunters in advance. Although the elephants had six hours' start of me, I hoped that my men might catch them up, as at mid-day the herd would rest to take their ease in the shade of the trees from the excessive heat of the sun.

That night I took my orderly and watched from an ant-heap near to the shamba, in the slender hope that the elephants might revisit the place. But it was in vain, and so I turned in, ready to be up at dawn to start immediately on receipt of news.

As a matter of fact, it was about two hours before daylight when my boy came into my tent to announce the return of one of my native hunters. I cross-questioned him, and found that the elephants had been located about four hours away.

Hastily scrambling into my clothes, I swallowed a plate of buttered eggs and some tea, and started in pursuit, followed by my orderly and a native carrying some sandwiches.

Only he who has experienced it can fully estimate the joy of a morning of this sort. I felt as fit as a fiddle, right on the track of my quarry, the whole day before me, and the excitement of not knowing what might eventually be the result. The air was balmy and soft, the sunrise superb, the sky a mass of gold, and the valleys full of mysterious shadows. It was intoxicating.

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Hour upon hour we wandered on, and eventually a black form rose up out of the "gubba" (thick bush). Excitedly he pointed away towards some small hills. No more was said, and leading the way he hurried on.

Another hour and the sun reached its zenith. We had been ploughing our way through a piece of flat country inundated with the recent rains. My heavy marching boots were full of water, and my motive power was greatly reduced. Suddenly, with tropical swiftness, clouds seemed to roll up from every quarter, and what had been a clean sky was now changed to Cimmerian black with threatening thunder. I signalled to my orderly to stop, and I slid down with my back against a tree to enjoy my frugal luncheon. I had just begun to eat the sandwiches when the storm broke. Heavy drops fell with resounding taps upon the leaves about my head. These were the advanced guard of a perfect deluge. In the space of a moment I was drenched to the skin, sitting in a rapidly-forming pool of water. Under the force of this combination of supreme discomfort, my patience was speedily oozing with the water out of the soles of my boots. However, the hour before dawn is ever the darkest. The rain suddenly ceased, and almost simultaneously a runner came in to bring tidings of the herd.

After another hour's march, advancing up a valley, I at last made out some elephants standing idly together at the top of a rise. I carefully loaded both my rifles, then I lit a cigarette to ascertain the

Herd of Elephants Found

direction of the wind, and decided to work my way round to the right.

It was now about three in the afternoon, and I was pretty well done, but excitement is a great stimulant. I think we must have taken the best part of three-quarters of an hour before we finally made the top of the rise. Then a happy inspiration induced me to ascertain the direction of the wind once more. There was, as a matter of fact, scarcely a stir, but I found that now we were out of the valley it had veered round considerably. This was annoying, as it meant making a long detour across a valley to retrace our steps back whence we had just come. To those unacquainted with elephant hunting it is difficult to appreciate the precautions which are necessary. As it was, we passed the herd on our right much closer than I cared about. Through my glasses I could make out the great beasts lazily fanning their big ears, or swinging a leg, a quaint habit they have when standing at ease. Now and then they would pluck some dainty morsel from a neighbouring bush of "wait-a-bit thorn," or toss a tuft of grass over their backs to scare the flies.

One must own to a distinctly creepy feeling. It is these preliminary manœuvres which are the most trying to the nerves. Unfortunately, the grass was very long, about six feet high, which necessitated creeping up very close to get in a good shot.

When we were about fifty yards off, I crawled up behind an ant-heap and made my selection from the herd. One was a very big male, which I esti-

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mated at 80-lb. tuskers, and the rest below 50lb. I whispered to my orderly which elephant I intended to bring down, and I then crept round in the long grass to a spot where I imagined I could get in a good heart shot.

It may be said here that the heart shot is preferable to the head shot as regards the size of the target aimed at; but, although eventually causing certain death, it gives the elephant sufficient breathing space to work serious havoc. The head shot, on the other hand, brings him down at once, but the aim must be absolutely correct—half-way between the eye and earhole, if firing from a flank, and at the base of the trunk if he is charging towards you.

When I arrived at the point I had selected, I discovered that, owing to the height of the grass, I could not, even then, distinguish my quarry. This necessitated getting to very close quarters, and in fear and trembling I crawled nearer still, followed immediately by my first orderly. One could not help pitying this man. I had the rifle, and the excitement was all mine; whilst he had no rifle, and had to rely entirely on the correctness of his master's aim. My other orderly, with my second rifle, remained a few yards away. I now seemed to be right up against the herd. Four of them stood exactly in front of me, swaying to and fro, and emitting quaint rumbling sounds. One of them seemed to be looking at me straight through his absurdly small eyes.



A Meeting of the British and Belgian Congo troops near the disputed boundary.—P. 180.



Big Bull Elephant Shot

My orderly requested me in a hoarse whisper to fire quickly ; but I knew that we had arrived at the critical moment, when any hurried mistake might prove fatal to us. At last the big bull slowly turned a broadside view to me. Silently my orderly placed himself in front of me. I raised my heavy .577 and steadied it against him. I aligned the sights and tried in vain to hold my breath. My heart was beating fast, and one could not help wondering what the herd would do after the trigger was released. Which direction would they make for? What a heap of ideas seem to drift across one's mind in brief moments of this sort. At last I gently squeezed my forefinger and thumb. Bang! The big brute seemed to stagger. What was happening? He hardly moved. Had I missed? Off went my second barrel somewhat wildly. Thank goodness, he was dropping head foremost.

A hurried warning from my orderly aroused me to instant action. Two of the herd were bearing blindly down on our right front, but as their first and foremost idea was to make tracks, we easily avoided them by hurriedly running to our left, notwithstanding that the long grass seriously impeded our movements. They passed by, going like the wind—at least fifteen miles an hour in the thick bush, which lends the appearance of rapidity. I now hastily took the precaution of reloading without further delay, although all was apparently over, and fortunately I did so, as this probably saved my life.

I had barely finished loading when my orderly

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shouted to me and pointed in the direction where the elephant which I had shot had fallen. There, to my horror, an enormous bull emerged from behind some small trees. Another instant, and he had got my wind. Down went his trunk, and out went his huge ears. He bore straight down upon me, making a great noise. I recognized it was useless to try and get away in that long grass, and so I mechanically brought my rifle to the shoulder. But in the hurry of the moment I scarcely took aim; I remember firing straight at the centre of his enormous head, and the recoil of the rifle nearly knocked me over. I had a sort of dull idea I might turn him, and if not, well—*c'est une autre affaire*. Almost simultaneously I heard another shot ring out. My noble orderly had delayed about twenty-five yards behind me with my second rifle, and by doing so was enabled to obtain a heart shot. Seeing the imminent danger of his "effendi," he fired without a moment's hesitation. The two shots were effectual, and the infuriated beast fell like a log quite close to where I was standing. It was all over. It was with a grateful feeling of relief that I subsided into a sitting position, with my back against a tree. My orderly, in the excess of his joy, seated himself on the dead carcase of the elephant, discussing volubly the details of the fight, and applauding his vast superiority over all elephants under any circumstances.

The tusks of our infuriated friend weighed about 60 lbs., as far as I could judge, but the matter did

One-Tusker

not interest me vitally, seeing that they had to be handed over to the Government, as the elephant was one in excess of the number allowed by my licence. I knew, however, that the one I had first shot, and which properly belonged to me, had much heavier ivory. True enough, on examination it proved to be an 80-pounder, but, sad to relate, also a one-tusker—probably the result of a domestic squabble with a male rival. But such is the fortune of sport. Photographs are inserted of “A good tusker” and “Two fine pairs”—450 lbs. of ivory in a fortnight’s shoot.

CHAPTER XXI.

ON "SAFARI" TO BOMBO.

ON the day following the disappointment of my one tusker, I walked over to superintend the men whilst they were extracting the tusks. I spent some time inspecting the two colossal beasts, and although they were twenty-four hours dead I could not restrain a certain feeling of awe. In fact, I felt in the position of the yokel, who, as the story goes, stood for a long time gazing at the picture of an elephant, and pulling himself together with a start, said very decidedly: "No; there ain't such a beast." It is gruesome work chopping up an elephant, and needs not only hard labour but no little time. Leaving the carcasses under the supervision of my orderly, with instructions to cut off a fore-foot and some of the huge toenails, and to secure the tusks, I returned to my tent carrying with me the tail of the elephant that had charged me, as a memento of a pretty near thing. Whilst I was writing in the camp, some Shensi natives came in and brought me milk. I asked them whether they knew how to make bracelets out of the hairs of the elephant's tail. One of them confessed to being a "fundi" at the game, and proceeded to do two or three of them.



Out for a walk attended by an armed escort.—P. 182.



Shensi Herdsman

I presented him with some of the hairs in return for his work, with which he was vastly delighted. All natives prize these hairs, giving them to their women to wear as bracelets, and also wearing them themselves.

I was greatly tickled at the dirty appearance of one of these Shensi natives. His hair was matted with clay, and his face and arms encrusted with yellow sand from the marshes. When I checked him for his slovenly appearance, poking my stick through his entangled curls, he told me he was a herdsman, and went on to explain that when he tended cattle, if he turned up clean and washed, they would have such a fright at the sight of him that they would run away, whereas in his present messy condition they had no fear of him whatever. Again, when he had to milk them, the more begrimed he was, so much the more did they produce. When I laughed at this ingenious excuse, he went on to pick out further samples from his dusky store of knowledge. I asked him if he would like some elephant-meat, but he replied that if a herdsman ate meat the cattle would mistrust him, whereas as it was they treated him as one of themselves. I must say these Shensis were most original and amused me very much by their legendary yarns, and who shall say they are not correct?

Before continuing my journey I was most anxious to have another go at buffalo, in order to secure a good head. So having made inquiries I was advised to make for a place called Namberenzi, in

Soldiering and Sport in Uganda

the direction of the Katonga River. As I was encamped only a few miles north of Kabula it meant a long day's march—in fact, above seven-and-twenty miles as the crow flies, but much more in reality, as we had to pick our way across country through the long grass and "gubba." My porters had rested the whole of the previous day while I was cutting out the tusks, and, moreover, they were so numerous that I was enabled to give them only very light loads. But to secure my plans against any more miscarriages, I took the precaution of enlisting a dozen extra porters from the local chief. It was a long day's "safari" all the same, and I did not feel over confident about the result.

Three hours' marching brought me to some great rocks of granite, where I called the first halt. I sat down to rest myself and to assuage my thirst near a pool of clear limpid water, formed in a hollow of a rock. Before I could do so some natives appeared from the opposite direction, and seeing me, immediately came forward and offered me some milk. I drank it out of compliment, for most of their wooden milk-jugs are cleaned by smoking them over their log fires, which has the effect of imparting to the milk a very unpleasant flavour, so much so that I was in the habit of giving my jug to the natives and telling them to milk straight into it.

These natives belonged to a tribe called the Bahima, who form the aristocracy of Uganda; although they are to be found scattered in groups

Bahima Natives

all over the colony, the greatest number of them are gathered together under their king in the province of Ankole. Those whom I met in my travels were remarkably light-skinned, and had quite a European type of feature. They are a very ancient race, and are originally supposed to have come up the Nile at some very early date. They are great cattle-owners and all herdsman. Their women are very high caste, and hide themselves away from strangers as a rule. The headman of those whom I now met had such pronounced breasts that I mistook him for a woman until my orderly laughingly put me right. I believe that this tribe exists in various parts of northern Africa, and is even to be found right away over on the west coast. A picture has been inserted of Bahima natives in a cattle kraal.

I noticed one of the younger men who was standing looking on had a very pronounced "little Mary" for a mere youth. So I tapped him thereon with my cane, asking him at the same time whether he had had a good meal that day. This insipid joke was received with greater applause than it merited, which showed that they too were full of that innate childishness so typical of all African tribes.

I did not delay over long, as the weather looked threatening, and I had still several hours' march in front of me.

The country through which we were now passing was very pretty, clumps of bushes and low

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trees dotted the landscape, while here and there delightful peeps could be obtained down open glades looking refreshing and cool after the recent rains, and ripe with the promise of game. It was coming down one of these valleys that we ran into a herd of buck. Their leader was a very fine big specimen. I took a running shot at him, but missed badly, much to the disappointment of my whole "safari," which had stopped temporarily to watch the result, their keen appetites leading them to hope that it would have been successful.

Half a mile farther on the rain started, but I had become so used to being drenched to the skin that it made little difference to me, beyond the discomfort it caused. I suppose I was within three miles of Namberenzi, my objective, when I called a halt. The rain was falling fast and furious, I was very hungry, and I had entirely lost my bearings. The deluge obliterated the entire landscape, and had I gone on any further without a capable guide, I should probably have ended by going round in a circle. I chose a fairly flat piece of ground for the camp, and told my escort to collect brushwood while I sat down on an ant heap to count the minutes until my "safari," which had evidently taken a rest some miles behind, should turn up. It is in these moments that one begins to calculate whether the sport is worth the discomfort. You have no one to grumble to, in order to vent your feelings, so you naturally start railing against your own stupidity, which brought you out on a wild goose



Picturesque Island in a Lake to the right of the position.—P. 186.



A Shensi Hut

chase of that description, and vowing that the game is not worth the candle. It does not last long, however, and the first glimpse of sunshine is more than sufficient to dispel that mood.

My orderly, after reconnoitring the country all round, announced his discovery of a group of Shensi huts, where I promptly proceeded to avail myself of whatever shelter they could provide. The old woman offered me a stool to sit on. These stools or native chairs are carved out of logs, in the shape of a cotton reel, turned up on one end and a hollow carved in the other to sit down upon. To a European, they are somewhat wanting in comfort, not having anything behind for his back to lean against. They are extremely portable and naturally cheap. The interior of this circular brushwood hut was full of dense smoke from the log fire, for which the only outlets available were by the entrance by which we had just come in, and through the roof, which was covered with dry elephant grass. I accordingly took up my position as near the doorway as possible, whilst my orderly sat behind me. As for the inmates, they crouched down as far away as the limited space would allow them, and proceeded to stare at me as if their eyes were about to fall out of their sockets.

Just as I was attempting to enter into conversation with the aged woman, we were interrupted by a fearful noise. This emanated from two huge yellow Shensi hounds, who were inside

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and who had hurled themselves upon my wretched shivering "wanshi" (dog). The poor little faithful beast, who scarcely ever left my heel, had followed me into this den of furies, a step which nearly cost her her life. In a second she was knocked over on the floor, one of the hounds had taken a piece out of her neck, and the other had her by the ear. I created a temporary diversion by breaking my stick on the backs of the mongrels, during which my little bitch ran out of the hut. They followed after her and the air was rent by the most agonizing wails. I signed to my orderly, who promptly went in pursuit. Presently, I heard the sound of a series of dull thuds, and then my orderly reappeared with my terrier in his arms, bleeding profusely, and merely said "Kalas" (finished). I did not question him for fear lest he should inform me that the hounds no longer existed. I ascertained from the owner of the hut that Namberenzi, the place I had tried to reach, was an hour ahead, but she said if we were after buffalo she would lend me the services of her sons, who would be able to show me recent tracks of them.

More than satisfied, I decided to remain the night where I was. We pitched the camp in a consistent downpour, which made us all feel very miserable. There was little or no brushwood, but the porters managed to build some quaint grass huts, into which clambered my boys and the women of the party. My escort had three tents, and so were better off. Among my party I had fifteen

Native Recruits

youths whom I was taking to headquarters to enlist as soldiers. These boys afforded me the greatest amusement. They would march about swinging their arms in true military style, and throwing out their chests to make the most of themselves. Their tent was always the last up and the last down. The old soldiers would stand looking on, and occasionally, jeering at them, but it took much more than that to upset their equilibrium. The amount of noise and shouting that this tent evolution required was extraordinary, and at intervals a fearful rough and tumble between two of the boys over some fancied difference would take place. I marvelled how they lived, as they only had a few cents which I gave them each evening out of pity, and occasionally some food which I shot for them.

CHAPTER XXII.

A TYPICAL DAY IN THE "GUBBA."

A BRILLIANT sun stirred my activities the next morning and dispelled the preceding day's gloom and rain. I delayed striking the tents in order to dry them a bit, as everything was soaking.

I felt very fit; and instructing my "safari" to go to Kirkoma, about twenty miles on, I went into the "gubba" to look for buffalo. I may say I rather anticipated a long day, but not quite so bad as it eventually turned out. For the first five hours we had a path absolutely ankle deep in water the whole way, but still a path. We saw nothing but Kongoni buck. Then my guides advised me to leave the native track to explore some thickets about two valleys farther along. The grass was simply terrible. I felt as if I were walking on a beach in two feet of water, having to raise my foot each step as if bicycling, which is the most tiring business I know. After some two miles of this I suddenly made out five beasts, such as I had never seen before. Behind them trotted two small zebra. I instinctively seized my rifle, when my guide stopped me by saying the big white man at Masaka had forbidden it. I then realized that the game must be eland. Their leader was a



Ruanda natives breaking ground to sow seed for their crops, using the native jimbeas.—P. 199.



An Awkward Surprise

glorious animal with an enormous head, and the temptation was strong upon me as I scanned him through my glasses. Here was a prize specimen for which men would have travelled hundreds of miles, and yet my hand was stayed. As if they were aware of the edict, they journeyed parallel with me for about half a mile, offering tantalizing shots, so that eventually I had to turn my gaze in the opposite direction, as I did not feel sure of myself.

The next thing I saw was a bush buck, but he got up suddenly and was away before I could cover him. Then we went through some even thicker grass intermixed with many thorns. We searched each thicket thoroughly. There were numerous elephant tracks everywhere, showing that large herds had been in the vicinity. We were getting very careless in our search, relying on spotting tracks before danger. My hunter suggested we might have a nasty surprise, and shortly afterwards one actually occurred. We worked our way across a valley of thick sand, and came to a very likely-looking spot. I sent a hunter and an orderly one way, whilst I went the other. We walked round the exterior edge, but could see nothing, when suddenly my hunter grew very excited, and the next minute we came to the tracks of a big bull. I had then a lurking suspicion that our friend was in the thicket; but as we had marched all round, it seemed hardly probable that he should have laid "doggo" all the time.

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Then I shouted to my orderly, and as soon as he came up he told me the tracks were only two hours old. We followed them up. Almost immediately they took what the drill sergeant calls an "about-turn," and led right back to where we had previously been standing. Before I could warn my party, and whilst one of the native hunters peeped in over a bush, there was a wild charge, and our friend was off like a bolt from the blue, and not a couple of yards off us. I jumped back to get clear of the wood to get a shot in, but it was useless. The old beast must have been listening to all that was going on; and if he had charged about two feet to his left, he would have bowled over more than one of us.

My hunters treated it as a huge joke, and followed in pursuit, quite regardless of dangerous spots and hiding-places. As my experience had taught me that the wily beast very often turns the tables round, and while you are still hot on his tracks he is yet hotter on yours, I advanced with extreme caution. About a mile away we came on him again close to a thicket. This time we lined up outside, while the natives beat about on the farther side, hoping to make him bolt. Presently we descried him moving off to our left. I raised my rifle to fire, but unfortunately my orderly was in the way. He, however, got excited and blazed off, and he missed. Greatly annoyed, I threw up the sponge and returned to camp. In the rain this seemed a good deal farther off than I imagined.

Elephants in Camp

The road was practically the bed of a stream, and at one place the water was right up to my hips for nearly a hundred yards.

A little farther on I shot two buck for the pot, and just as the sun was on the verge of disappearing I reached camp. Before doing so I passed a most beautiful shamba. It was very extensive, and evidently belonged to a big chief. The sunset tipped the leaves a delicious dreamy colour, and everything combined to produce the effect of coolness and restfulness, which was balm to the soul after twelve hours' long trekking in the wet and in tropical heat, embittered by a blank day. The elephants had paid a visit to the camp only the night before and played awful havoc. I saw the place where they had gone off as a herd into the "gubba." Everything had been mowed down in front of them, forming a broad avenue of about fifty yards wide straight into the depths of the wilds. Trees had been wrenched from their roots, bushes and grasses levelled and trampled down, and it looked as if a vast steam roller had run amok. I tried to picture to myself this huge herd moving rapidly onward over every obstacle big and small. It must have been a great sight.

One of the factors in my annoyance during this strenuous day was that my boy had so doctored my drinking water with alum that I had to throw it away. True, I got some from the swamps through which we passed, but this was both muddy and smelly, so that I drank very little. On my way back,

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about five o'clock in the evening, I came across some somewhat purer water. I was stooping down to fill my cup when my boy pulled my sleeve and shouted, "Look, Effendi, elephants!" On the opposite hill was a large herd wending its way to the shambas in search of sugar-cane and other delicacies. They presented a wonderful spectacle; and if my licence had not been already exceeded, how I would have rejoiced! As it was I sighed and moved onward.

On my arrival in camp the chief came and complained to me bitterly about the destruction wrought by the large herds of wandering elephants to the shambas in his district. I was prevented from helping him, as I had already shot more than my licence allowed. It seems a great pity that the administration do not allow officials to shoot these marauders, as it would relieve the natives from their annoying attentions, and at the same time supply the Government Treasury with increased funds from the sales of the tusks.

I had now reached Kikoma, on the Katonga river. I crossed the river on the following morning on my way to Kissossi. The country was very flat; and owing to the heavy rains, the road was more under water than usual, which is saying a good deal. But I was able to decipher more easily the footprints of the various and numerous big game which must have quite recently crossed over the road. Hippopotamus, jackals, lions, and buck had left their tracks behind them, and by tracing these as I marched along I could form in my mind



Natives skinning the Hippopotamus.—P. 217.



Elephant Tracks

a very interesting and reliable account of what had taken place in that neighbourhood with regard to movements of wild game during the last week. What astonished me most was to come across elephant tracks measuring over a breadth of five miles where they had crossed diametrically over the road. Imagine for one moment what a sight this huge herd must have presented! What one would have given for a bird's-eye view of them from an aeroplane!

I had determined this day to make some use of my bicycle, as I had done nothing but heavy marches for some time, and it was quite a novelty to cycle along in two inches of water, which splashed in a shivering cascade to the left and right of me as I ploughed my way through. At one place I came to a bad marsh, which compelled me to make a detour to circumnavigate it. Whilst doing so I came across a stream which, though small, necessitated a jump to reach the other side. As I was carrying my bicycle, I hesitated, but I could see no other way, and my orderlies were some miles behind, so it had to be done. I am not good at acrobatic feats, and this occasion was no exception to the rule. I fell in with my bicycle and all. Fortunately I was not far short of the farther bank, and managed to clamber out, though in a very bedraggled condition, pulling my bicycle after me. I eventually arrived back on the road, which, once over the swamp, promised better going. I must not forget to mention that I saw here a peculiarly large cluster

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of white butterflies. They swarmed on the face of the marsh, and when I remounted my cycle they hovered all around me, flitting about at haphazard in the most distracting way possible; and as the sun had come out, lighting up their bright white wings, the effect was most dazzling.

I had entertained some hope that such a broad river as the Katonga would have presented a charming display of running water to please the eye; but not a bit of it. The usual tall reeds and masses of papyrus had overgrown its bed, and appearing above the water, had completely obliterated the face of the river.

A few miles beyond I came to Kissossi, where I halted. As the "safari" did not arrive till four in the afternoon, I was ravenous, not having tasted anything since sunrise, and so I determined on a good feed, to put it vulgarly. I had been carefully storing up a bottle of old Burgundy, that is to say, about thirty years in bottle, and I was just wondering on what excuse I could broach it, when I remembered it was New Year's Day. This train of thought recalled to my mind what I had at the time forgotten, that the week before was Christmas, and that I had never eaten the fine plum-pudding sent out to me all the way from England by my ever-to-be-esteemed parent. Accordingly I ransacked my chop boxes, and telling my cook to exert himself to the utmost, proceeded to sit down and enjoy myself, although all hilarity was out of the question, as I had only my terrier to talk to. Being a native dog,

A Pattern Wife

it must have been her first introduction to plum-pudding; but she took to it as a duck to water. What a life! And yet I might have spent a far worse Christmas in that gay city of London. At any rate, out in the wilds everything is redundant of life and freedom, whereas the former place, on the occasion of these high festivals, is like a city of the dead.

A part of my large "safari" had broken down at the river, unable to proceed farther from sheer fatigue. So I sent a native to inform them that another three miles would bring them into camp. I tried to cheer them up, but they were far too exhausted. The rain saps the strength out of the porters very effectively. I felt especially for a very pretty young Nuby girl, who had from the first attracted my attention by her excellent figure. She would have been a fine model for a Michael Angelo or a Canova. She was the wife of a prisoner whom I was marching to Entebbe, with orders to hand him over to the tender mercies of the authority. Here there was a fine faithfulness which might well be emulated. This beautiful young wife still remained true to her erring husband, and however long the day's march, she followed him, blind to all but love and duty, to try and ease his punishment, carrying his pots and pans on her head in order that nothing might be wanting for his comfort at the end of each day's march. I could not help wondering what she would do whilst he was undergoing his six months' sentence at Entebbe; for it is a dangerous place

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for a pretty young wife with a locked-up husband, who has her living to earn. I tried to encourage her by a smile now and then, which probably led her to believe that I might sympathise and let her husband off. But she little knew that nothing is ever allowed to interfere with the strict execution of an officer's duty, not even sympathy for the young and lovely in distress.

In the evening I went for a stroll, and, of course not having my gun, I met partridge and guinea fowl in great numbers. From Kissossi I went to Kalwanga. I had heard there was plenty of game here, but the country appeared nothing but long grass, and uninviting. All I could see from the road was the Kongoni buck, which I did not want. When we did arrive at Kalwanga, the camp looked so full of du-du and other noxious insects that I decided to pitch my tent on the main road.

I read some illustrated papers after my luncheon and being rather bored, went for a walk. I soon came to Lumama's place, who was a big chief. There I found a camping ground and a comfortable "banda," so I sent for the man looking after it and asked why he had not notified me, seeing that it was his duty to look after the place for the disposal of passing Europeans. He was as humble as he was ancient, and grovelled at my feet. I then asked him if he knew of any game round about. Rather Impala "mingi, mingi" (many). I sent for my rifle straight away and made him lead me to them. To my surprise, within half an hour we came to a big



A Good Tusker.—P. 243.



Herds of Impala

swamp where there were herds of impala. These pretty little beasts are very nervous, and make off at the slightest sound. They have a habit of leaping away with successive bounds, which makes it difficult to aim correctly at them.

One of my men soon arrived, but brought his own rifle, which had no magazine, and only five rounds of ammunition. I soon espied a herd coming down the opposite side of the swamp to drink. Wading across and over some tall grass to within a hundred yards of them, I picked out a beautiful specimen. Determining to leave nothing to chance, I went down on my hands and knees and stalked them carefully until I was quite close. Then a female perceived me, and giving the warning, the whole herd bolted. I fired at the big male, and to my disappointment missed him. I could not understand how I managed this, as the shot was such a near one; so I tried the wretched rifle on a Kongoni buck, which afforded a very large target not far away from me, and missed again. Then the brilliant owner of this antiquated "Queen Bess" informed me that the weapon shot extraordinarily high. High! Skywards I should say! Well, it had been too much for me, and so I had to return to camp, promising myself another chance the following morning. The mosquitoes that evening were truly dreadful, and before I could finish my evening repast I was reduced to a mass of bites.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BUFFALO AGAIN.

LONG ere the sun was up I clambered out of bed, and lighting my lamp, swallowed my breakfast while it was yet dark. The next camp, Gomba, was thirty miles farther on, a very difficult march, so I tried to get my "safari" well on their way by the time the sun was up. I detailed two men to follow me, while I made off back to the swamp of the night before, to chase the elusive impala.

I met with a series of rebuffs, although they in reality stimulated me to greater keenness. I might almost call them bracing exasperations. The first herd I fell in with was headed by a male with a very fine head. I took a long shot at him, feeling confident now that I had my own rifle. But the shot went just behind him, and quickened his going. I proceeded on my way crestfallen, when suddenly a whole herd darted out from behind a clump of trees and halted in a group some hundreds of yards from me. I had my rifle at the shoulder, but as the females were all in front, I waited till the male should show himself. Just at that moment a stupid, blundering Shensi native, whose services I had chartered to show me the paths, yelled out to me, pointing with his clenched fist, at the very herd I

Jammed Rifle

was drawing a bead on. I naturally took my eye off them for a moment, to see what he meant, and the whole herd made off, and were speedily lost to view in the thick bush. Going on for the third time, I came upon another solitary male. He was standing motionless, watching intently some object away on my left, so that he presented an ideal heart shot. Scarcely breathing I gently squeezed the trigger between my forefinger and thumb. Nothing happened! My rifle had jammed. The nose of the bullet had disconnected itself from the cartridge and stuck in the barrel of the rifle. A pessimist once said that life was an opportunity for making mistakes, which may lead to grief or glory according as chance strikes the chord. Many a time I have been vexed at some foolish act on my part, or some apparently untoward happening on the part of fate. In the end it has turned out for the best in this best of all possible worlds. I am now, therefore, a bit of a fatalist, and "Kismet" is my reply to all such occurrences, as I have just related.

I wandered on through heavy bush for yet another five hours, loath to acknowledge my ultimate defeat. I saw plenty of zebra, tame as horses out to grass, protected by a wise government's game laws. I also caught sight of a wart hog. I could just discern the knob of the end of his tail, stuck up in the air, and his white tusks gleaming in the sunshine. He was going rapidly away from me on some private business of his own, so I heeded him not.

In the course of my peregrinations I lost my

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orderly. I shouted to no avail. Then my gun carrier did a funny thing. Taking an empty cartridge case he blew down the hole in it, making a very loud, shrill whistle. I do not know who taught him the trick, but it was efficacious in attracting my missing man. About mid-day I arrived back at Lumama's village very exhausted, and started on my cycle for Gomba, where I hoped to find my camp pitched in readiness to receive me. But alas! I came across the whole caravan resting on the road at least five miles short of their destination. When we did eventually arrive at Gomba, there was no "banda" or camping ground. I sent for the chief, who told me there had been a hut built for travelling Europeans, but it had been accidentally burnt down the year before.

I questioned him about the local game. He told me there were elephant and buffalo. The latter were exceptionally numerous, and existed in three different herds. Unfortunately the grass was enormously tall, and did not appear inviting for a buffalo hunt, as the degree of danger in undertaking the latter is in proportionate ratio to the difficulty of the neighbourhood which they frequent. For instance, if the grass is short and the ground open, it is easy enough to keep your eye on your quarry and to be prepared for a charge, but in the long grass and close country they can take you unawares, and while you are deceiving yourself with the erroneous idea that you are giving chase to the buffalo, the buffalo has circled round, and in reality



A Pair of Tusks.—P. 243.



Herd of Buffalo

is chasing you, and his galloping hoofs, bearing down on your rear, is probably the first intimation you receive of any change in the manœuvres.

I sent out natives to search overnight, and two of them came to my hut at dawn to report they had been successful. I arose in a sad and sorry frame of mind. I had overstrained myself in the herculean efforts I had made the previous day after the impala. I had not slept, and so my temper and my head were equally bad. My guides led me at first two miles back along the Kalwanga road. Then we branched off down a native footpath, which led towards a small hill. This we climbed, and sitting down on the top, we were able to obtain a commanding view of the country all around.

My natives now displayed great excitement, and in hushed whispers directed my gaze to what looked like a black blotch in the centre of some light coloured grass. I eagerly scanned them through my glasses. They were a herd of anything over fifty, browsing like tame cattle, at the bottom of a valley, just clear of an extensive jungle of trees and tall undergrowth. My natives informed me that a large herd of elephants inhabited the jungle; but this time I was after buffalo, and not elephant. I accordingly made my dispositions, which appeared simple enough from my position on the hill top. In fact, what could be simpler than to crawl along the skirt of the trees until close upon the flank of the herd? Our first little difficulty was the wind. To get into position we were constrained to perform

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a circular tour of some length through very dense country. Whilst performing this evolution we found that the bottom of the valley was several feet deep with water, and, worse still, we came upon a very difficult marsh.

From my former elevated position on the tree top, the ground had looked comparatively easy, but in reality it turned out a truly trying piece of work. Finally, we made for the shelter of the trees, and scarcely daring to breathe, cautiously advancing step by step, fearing lest the snapping of a twig might betray our presence, we gradually crept closer. It was ticklish work and not very pleasant. You could not see two yards in front of you ; at the same time, you knew the enormous herd were only a few yards distant, but you could not see *what* they were doing. Your nerves, strained by the eerie silence around, expected each moment that a violent stampede straight in your direction would follow, and in which case there would be little or no chance of safety. After what little experience of big game shooting I have had, it appears to me that you can divide your feelings into well-defined periods. You start from your camp full of energy, and the boldness engendered by complete security. This dwindles as you proceed, and when you strike off across the "gubba" on to fresh tracks, you begin to realize that you are not playing an ordinary parlour game of kiss in the corner. Then your orderly presses his finger on his lips to indicate the proximity of the quarry, which leads you inadvertently

Shot at the Leader

to examine the solidity of the ant-heaps and to measure the heights of the trees. Next your hunter having located the beasts points with his finger in their direction. By this time you really have to pull yourself together. At last you view them yourself. Then you forget about everything in the exciting pleasure of the fight, which culminating perhaps in your success and victory, leads your spirits up to giddy and almost paradisaical heights of happiness and content. After which, tired to death, you wend your way back to camp to enjoy a well-earned bath and meal. You follow this up by a glorious natural sleep, and in your dreams you do the day's deeds all over again.

To continue with the day's adventures: after following my guide through what seemed to me an interminable maze, he at last beckoned me to go forward whilst he dropped behind, and I found we had arrived at the outskirts of the forest, and right up against the herd. The guide had done his work well. The herd was a very numerous one, so I determined on bagging one good head at least. The only difficulty now was the height of the grasses in which they were grazing. Whilst I delayed behind the cover of a solitary bush, the herd evidently became uneasy, and started to move off. Without an instant's hesitation I aimed at the leader. He stampeded away, leading the remainder in full flight right across our front. Becoming rather flurried, I fired at a second, but he did not afford too easy a target, and I only

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succeeded in wounding him. Thus far I had little or no cause to congratulate myself. I was, however, to get yet one more opportunity. While I stood reloading, an old bull, who had cunningly remained behind, thinking the moment advantageous, charged headlong at an acute angle to our position, with a view, I suppose, of catching up the remainder of the herd. I had collected my wits by now, and took a pretty careful aim. I missed his heart, but, as I afterwards ascertained, by a very little. I must have damaged some essential factor of his inner vitals, for he stopped short, and I made sure he was done for. I fancy that he was merely trying to catch a whiff of his adversary, but the wind was right, and the next moment, foiled in his aim, he had plunged furiously away on his course once more. I lost no time in taking a second shot at him, and this time I hit him in the neck, which brought him down at once.

Now the trouble ensued. I knew I had wounded two of the buffalo quite close to where I had killed number three. I had heard too many stories of these wounded animals to risk wading through that heavy grass without taking every precaution. I only had a very vague idea where they might be. My orderly, quite heedless of my warnings, went in ahead of me, and not wishing to show the white feather, keeping my rifle at my hip, I followed him. We first came upon the one I had shot in the neck lying dead at the foot of a tree. That was com-



Bahima Natives.—P. 247.



Two Buffaloes Killed

paratively easy. Now for the wounded. Listening intensely, I heard snorts coming from the direction of a flat top tree. So I whispered to my orderly that I intended making for the tree, in order to climb up it and have a look round. Cautiously, we made towards it, calculating each step by the way. There was an ant-hill fairly close to it, under cover of which we were able to approach. Taking a peep over the top, I experienced rather a shock at seeing my wounded friend standing right under the very tree gazing in our direction. I had just time to warn my orderly, when down he came. At that close range a single shot sufficed to check his remaining energy, and his charging days were over. The third beast had made off into the jungle, and I did not feel inclined to risk following him up in that close country, as I would not have had an even chance. I was very satisfied with the second one I had bagged, as he was a very old bull, and a fine specimen to boot. I arrived back in camp in time for luncheon, and setting my easy chair so as to command a view of some cultivation belonging to the chief, which afforded great relief to the eye after the endless "gubba," I read a book till I fell asleep.

In the afternoon my porters arrived staggering under the heavy weight of the buffalo heads. By a curious coincidence, which I had reason to suspect, the chief appeared on the scene at the same moment, but merely for the purpose, of course, of paying a call upon me! I made him a

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present of a large piece of meat, with which he displayed almost childish pleasure. My orderlies made sandals out of the hides, and my cook dutifully cut out the tongues for his master, so all went merry as a marriage bell.

Whilst I was refreshing myself with a cup of tea, a travelling minstrel came into my camp playing upon a most ingenious instrument of his own make. He had stretched a fine piece of hide across a piece of wood carved like a banjo, and down its length he had made taut some fine fibres, which he assured me he gathered in the "gubba." By pressing his fingers on different parts of these fibres, and drawing a bow-shaped piece of bark across the lower parts, he produced a sound similar to a bag-pipe. He only valued this musical instrument at threepence, and grinned with joy when I paid him double that sum.

Towards evening it was so deliciously cool that I took a stroll after some guinea fowl. It is on days spent in this manner one becomes intoxicated with *la joie de vivre*. The landscape, beautifully painted by the sun's last rays, the air dreamy and soft, the birds singing in the distance, to wander with one's dog and gun through the cool banana shambas and to knock over a couple of guinea fowl for one's dinner, after having had an exciting and successful buffalo shoot in the morning, what more would you have?

The next day my "safari" started for Mbali at 6 A.M., and did not get in till 8 P.M., as they had to

Pert Nuby Girl

perform a heavy day's march of fourteen hours. I cycled on, and had a most unpleasant time wandering about waiting for them and my food. I called on a local chief who was holding a "baraza" to hear all the complaints of his tribe. He gave me one of the finest and juiciest pine-apples I have ever eaten. This fruit, I may say, I ate with my hands *faut de mieux*, as none of the numerous natives present could produce a knife, whilst they all amused themselves by standing in a circle and staring at me. It is not an easy fruit at all to gobble in this manner, and my face was covered with its sticky juice before I had accomplished it. By which time I felt the full force of a remark I once heard, that the drawback to eating pine-apples was that it made your ears so wet. At last my "safari" turned up. One of the young Nuby girls was very angry at my making her walk so far, and shook her finger at me, saying that the porter carrying my tent had been seen lying down by the roadside, exhausted, a very long distance back, so that I should have to sleep in the open. I could not help laughing at her cheek in daring to make fun of a white man, to say nothing of a commandant. So I told her that I would make her sleep out in the open also, and I added that after her pleasant walk, she would probably be tired enough to sleep very soundly notwithstanding. My tent, needless to say, arrived all right. I made up for having been fourteen hours without food or drink, and thoroughly enjoyed my evening meal under the light of the moon.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION.

NEXT day I determined to push on to Entebbe, the chief town of Uganda. The road was extra good and flat, so I cycled gaily along until I was confronted by a long reach of water, an arm of the Victoria Nyanza, which intervened between me and Entebbe. I chartered a boat at the lake side, and placing my cycle in it, was paddled over by four desperately energetic Baganda natives. I had to curb this energy eventually, as they worked themselves into a regular frenzy, and the water went splashing all over me. It was a great change to find myself once more afloat after so many miles over land, on this fine expanse of lake water. They had to keep a "toto" or small boy in the boat, purely for balancing purposes. This boat was the ordinary plank business tied together by strips of the banana leaf, and as one may imagine, anything but watertight. I had no money upon me, so I left them a "barua" or paper chit to present to my head-boy on his arrival. I then ascended a steep hill, at the other side of which was situated Entebbe. How cheering it looked, nestling peacefully in green, by the side of the opalescent lake. I found my friend, whom I had hoped to stay with, was on "safari," but



Jinja Pier, on Victoria Nyanza.—P. 277.



Entebbe Again

I took his house, which was beautifully situated right on the margin of the Victoria Nyanza, which seemed to present a different prospect every hour: now peaceful and lazy, then gloomy and dull, now shining and bright, then worked up to fury and storm. The name Entebbe means a chair. And the town certainly does resemble one in shape.

As time was heavy on my hands, I wandered up to the law courts—a fine capacious building and very imposing for these parts. I met here a man who promptly asked me to luncheon, and another who offered immediately to put me up for the club. True British hospitality, which meets you everywhere you go, and of which we may as a nation be justly proud. I was very pleased with the club, where you could obtain all the latest papers and cables, write your letters, play billiards and cards, and have your meals. There are two rooms where you can be put up with all necessities supplied. There is also a ladies' reading room, and they have one night kept apart on which lady friends can be invited to dine. I happened on this very night. To my consternation I was told I must appear in evening dress. I protested. I was still only on "safari," and in consequence had only some very old kit. Offers of clothes were speedily forthcoming, and I, feeling very strange, wore an evening shirt and a white tie for the first time since I had come out a year previously. I felt quite shy going in to dinner, and keeping my eyes well on the ground, tried to behave as if I had been living in civilization for some time. A

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member of the secretariat, who was dining, invite me to join his table, and I was soon happy, lost in the telling of my stories of elephants and buffalo which he was kind enough to take a great interest in. I had a busy day following. I had fourteen people to interview on topics varying from the purchase of a pulpit to the signing of a committal warrant. It was a delightful change after my year's wanderings to see men in white flannels and English girls in refreshing white dresses, cycling along the shops, or on their way to tennis or golf.

I took my trophies to a local man, and was grieved to find that all the head skins had rotted and some of the feet also. I had had no taxidermine, which is so essential for their proper preservation. I sold my solitary tusk. While it was being weighed, the tame elephant, which the late governor Bell had introduced from India appeared outside the shop, and started rubbing himself against a tree, which nearly broke down. My raw Nuby orderly was simply itching for me to take a shot at it. I must say after having chased so many, it made one feel quite eerie. I spent a long time at the photographers, learning the intricacies of a Ross Focal Plain Camera. It has been a great grief to me not to have been able to take photos of the wild game which I had shot on "safari," and I determined to remedy this for the future.

I next paid off all my bills, a weak idiosyncrasy which I have inherited from an excellent

Bombo District Chief

parent. I found that even a telephone has been instituted in this up-to-date capital, which is a great convenience, as it runs out to Kampala, and even Bombo, the military head-quarters. About 5 o'clock in the evening I was about done, having finished up with interviewing the German consul. At the club I met two men going to Kampala the next day to spend the week-end. I therefore agreed to have breakfast with them and cycle over afterwards. *L'homme propose mais le bon Dieu dispose.* I awoke to the rattle of rain on my tin roof. Mumbling "'Twas the voice of the sluggard," etc., I turned over and slept the sleep of the just for another hour to give rope to the rain. The old campaigner was right. The rain lessened, the clouds appeared lighter over the lake. Very soon the little islands could clearly be discerned, and by the time I had dressed it had fully cleared. I immediately saw my "safari" start, and went to the club. My friends had breakfasted and departed.

I did not relish leaving this comfortable club behind, but as I could not very well take it with me, I was constrained to do so. I was not long in overtaking my "safari." The road was very heavy indeed, and about half-way I was feeling very tired, when I met a chief, called Kisingiri. He immediately recognized me, and proffered me his rickshaw, which I was very pleased to make use of. He was the big chief of the Bombo district, and had met me on my previous visit there. I had about a dozen natives to pull me along, and a man

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running after me with my cycle. He also gave me some tea out of a water bottle, and did all he could to make me comfortable. After this, although my time was exceedingly short, it was absolutely necessary to visit his house in order not to offend him. It was quite close to the main road: a very imposing two-storied edifice, furnished in European style. Large cups and saucers heavily decorated with gold were produced, and an excellent Genoa cake. One or two chiefs were allowed to join the company. Presently, the chief's wife came into the room, and having knelt to her husband to wish him a happy return, he gallantly placed her on a chair, introducing me in European style. She seemed to be quite used to meeting strangers, and was not a bit put out. I conversed with the chief for a quarter of an hour, and then said I was lunching with the District Commissioner, and must push on. He ordered his rickshaw to take me wherever I wished to go. So after saying good-bye to his wife, and telling the Chief to visit me at Bombo, I continued my journey to Kampala. I experienced some difficulty in remembering where the Boma was, as the town is very scattered. I found my friend hard at work. He was turning out of his house for a man and his wife who were just out from England, but he took me along and introduced me to them, and we finally all had lunch together.

Before leaving Kampala, I reported to the authorities that I had shot an extra elephant to the number allowed on my licence, entirely in self-

Arrival at Bombo

defence. They confiscated the tusks, and notified me that the case would be placed before the Governor. I eventually arrived back at Bombo on my birthday, after having been away a whole year, and during this time I had made a complete tour of the Uganda Protectorate, and marched roughly twelve hundred miles in twelve months. I must admit I was not at all sorry to sit down for a spell in a comfortable office and to bed down in a comfortable house once more, though I knew in my inner heart that the call of the "gubba" and the desire of the chase would in a little while combine to drown this content in a wave of restless feeling. This is the way it takes you.

I conclude the illustrations of this book with pictures of the far-famed Ripon Falls and the pier at Jinja. Jinja is a port of call on the Victoria Nyanza for steamers on their voyages between Entebbe and Kisumu, in East Africa. It lies at the head of Napoleon Gulf, where the Victoria Nile debouches from the lake, and the falls are not far off. It was from Jinja that I visited the falls. It is from this port that the new railway is being made along the bank of the Victoria Nile to Kakindu, to enable traffic from the north to circumvent the falls and rapids, and so make through communication with Mombasa.



APPENDIX.

UGANDA'S TRADE AND PROSPECTS.

IN talking of the colony of Uganda, the most popular mistake made is in relation to its altitude. It is pointed out that the Uganda Railway, after leaving Nairobi, climbs to an altitude of over 8,000 feet, and the natural deduction is that the climate of Uganda must be very healthy and fit for white colonization; but, unfortunately, it is not so. The railway, after ascending the Mau escarpment, in the highlands of British East Africa, descends very rapidly on its way to the Victoria Nyanza, whose altitude is not more than 5,000 feet above sea-level.

Now the highlands of British East Africa may be a white man's country, although living at such an immense height acts upon the constitution, and may for some people prove too great a strain; but Uganda is not a white man's country so far as climate is concerned. Nevertheless its future is bright, since it has been conclusively proved that the soil is well adapted to the cultivation of cotton, and the considerable progress that has been made in the establishment of plantations, and the rapid and flourishing growth of rubber, cocoa, and coffee

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gives every prospect of the Protectorate becoming a great planter's country.

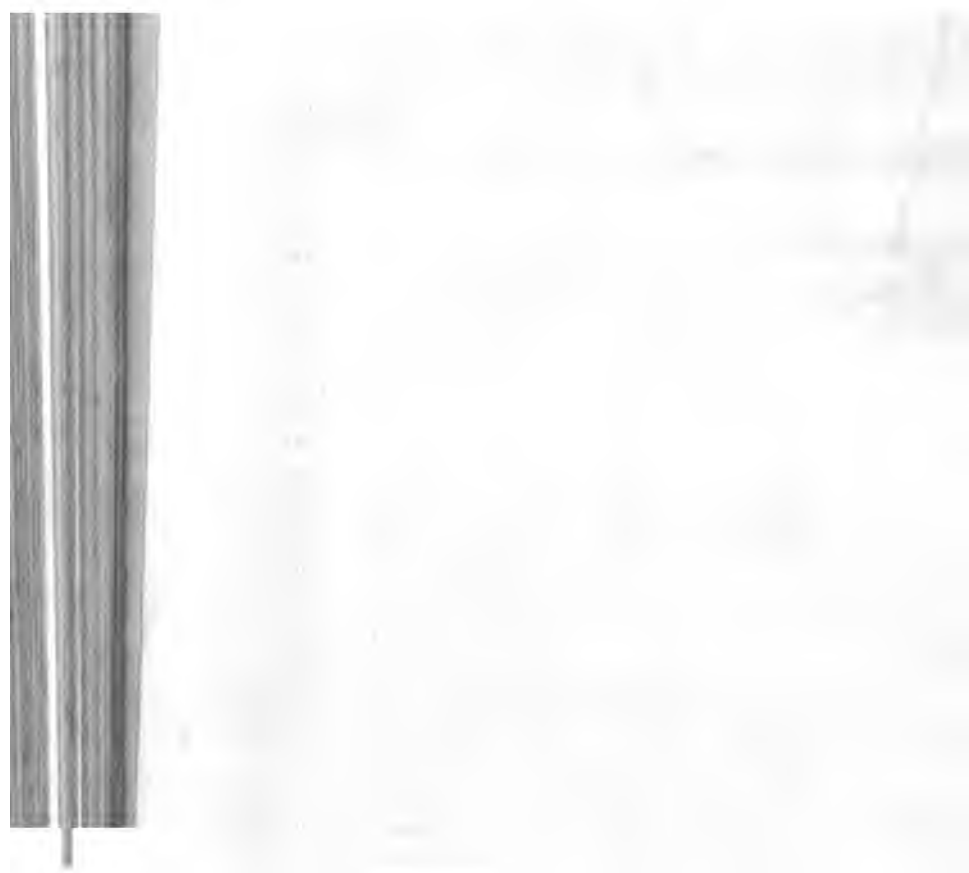
The climate may be characterized as mild, being neither excessively hot nor cold, and varying between a maximum of 78.2° to a minimum of 61.9° Fahrenheit. There are two wet seasons, one from March to May, the other from August to November. The imports for the year 1909-10 totalled £403,400 compared with £147,021 for 1903-04, and the following table shows the value of the chief articles for the year 1910, as also the country from where they are imported:—

Piece Goods	-	-	£60,115	From United Kingdom and Germany, and some from Belgium.
Americani or Unbleached				
Calico	-	-	57,046	From United States.
Bafta or Long Cloth	-	-	12,907	„ United Kingdom
Provisions	-	-	20,893	„ „
Hardware and Cutlery	-	-	13,725	„ United States and some from Germany and Britain.
Ships and Boats	-	-	12,489	From United Kingdom
Spirits	-	-	8,671	From United Kingdom and some from France.
Machinery	-	-	7,062	From United Kingdom
Oils	-	-	6,269	„ „
Vehicles, Wheeled	-	-	5,733	„ „
Flour	-	-	5,652	„ British India.

Other imports, of under £5,000 in value, include tobacco, wines, rice, timber, sugar, soap, and



A close view of the Ripon Falls.—P. 277.



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corrugated iron, firearms, earthenware, chemicals, brass and copper, bicycles, boots and shoes, beer, papers, etc.

The value of the colony is thus amply demonstrated by the above table, showing, as it does, what a large proportion of trade is done on an average by it with the mother country.

The exports throw even more light on the rapid growth of the prosperity of Uganda.

During the year 1903-04 they totalled	£43,156
„ 04-05 „	60,378
„ 05-06 „	89,326
„ 06-07 „	116,001
„ 07-08 „	178,608
„ 08-09 „	174,413
„ 09-10 „	225,271
„ 10-11 „	306,609

The annual increases, as can be seen, are most satisfactory, and the large increase in the export of cotton is the outstanding feature of the export trade; the intelligent native has taken up its cultivation with a commendable enthusiasm under the direct supervision of the officer of the Cotton Department. It has now become an established staple industry, and shows an extraordinary increase in output. For instance, in the year 1904-05 the export was valued at £235 only, and for 1909-10 it had increased to the sum of £59,596, and during the year 1911 the value of cotton ginned amounted to no less than £120,664.

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The origin of the seed is a mixture of "Black Rattler," imported direct from America, and the ordinary upland seed of Uganda. The Egyptian seed has had to be eradicated, the cotton seed selected being that of the longest staple and 'the cleanest appearance. It is very regrettable that up to the present the keenness of the native over the cultivation of cotton has been sorely hampered by the want of transport facilities.

The principal exports for 1911 are as follow:—

Cotton, Ginned	-	£120,664	Ghee (Clarified		
„ Unginned		44,748	Butter)	-	£6,109
Ivory	-	35,674	Sesame Seed	-	4,477
Goat Skins	-	24,920	Cotton Seed-	-	3,208
Hides	-	20,544	Ground Nuts	-	3,180
Chillies	-	20,492	Sheep Skins	-	1,771
Rubber	-	13,412	Cotton Seed Oil	-	1,322
Plantation	-	147	Sesame Seed Oil	-	355

The principal destinations of the exports, so far as can be ascertained, are as follow: cotton and rubber to the United Kingdom; ivory to the United Kingdom, America, and India; hides to the United Kingdom and America; skins to America; chillies to France and the United Kingdom; ghee to Aden, Zanzibar, and British East Africa; sesame seed to France.

With regard to **Rubber**, the Mabira Forest Company have been granted the lease of a large forest area of 150 square miles, where they are exploiting the West African tree known as the

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Funtumia Elastica, the produce of which is said to compare favourably with the best Para rubber. Negotiations for other areas are at present going on, the principal leases being in connection with the extensive forests known as the Budoga and Bugoma.

Vines are to be found everywhere in the smaller forests, and a permit to collect rubber is granted at an annual fee of £2 per square mile, subject to an export duty of 10 per cent.

The Administration are also planting along the sides of the main roads rubber-trees such as Para, Castilloa, Funtumia, and Ceara.

The cultivation of **Cocoa** is very promising, and the total cost in the Government nurseries at Kampala amounts to 43 rupees per acre. It ranks with good quality Ceylon in the market.

There is a very large demand for seeds and plants. The latter appear to be hardy and free from disease.

Coffee is extensively cultivated, and with every prospect of success, as undoubtedly both the soil and the climate of Uganda are suitable to it. Large quantities of the seed have been distributed in different districts. An indigenous variety is found in Buddu and on the Sese Islands. The cost per acre on the Government estate is 35 rupees.

Rice should become an industry of first-rate importance, although the Bombay varieties appear to be the only ones suitable to the country, as the rainfall is not quite sufficient for the upland

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varieties. The chiefs and people are showing great eagerness in its cultivation, and the rapid decline of the import figures attest the fact that it is now grown for consumption to a considerable extent in the Protectorate.

Great attention is being paid to the **Beeswax** industry, which, although only in its infancy, promises to develop on substantial lines.

Although the rich and loamy soil of Uganda enables all cereals to be grown with a certainty of success, the cultivation of **Corn** has been a failure, except in the Toro district, where further experiments are being carried out.

Sugar-cane is only grown in a very haphazard manner by the natives. It is quite a sight to see them stripping off the strong bark of the cane with their powerful teeth and chewing it to obtain the sweet interior substance. Without doubt the manufacture of sugar could be made to pay if it were more carefully and systematically cultivated.

Nearly all the **Timber** required for use in the Protectorate will in future be supplied from the Toro forest, which is situated at the mouth of the Bukora River, near the German boundary. It is worked by the Government, who have set up machinery to drive the saw-mills. They have also dug a canal, so as to float the output down to the Victoria Nyanza, where it will be picked up by the Uganda Railway steamers and towed to the various ports as required.

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Mahogany and cedar abound in the larger forests, and ebony is found near Lake Albert.

Uganda is well supplied with **Fibre**-yielding plants. Unfortunately experiments with the Kafumbo fibre have proved disappointing, and the further cultivation of this plant has been abandoned, as hand preparation of the fibre cannot be made a financial success.

The sisal plant grows very rapidly. The total cost per acre of its cultivation amounts to 49½ rupees at the Government plantation. A sample grown in the Botanical Gardens at Entebbe was forwarded to the Imperial Institute for examination. It was found to be of the same character as the sisal hemp grown in British and German East Africa, of excellent quality and readily saleable.

The **Bark**-cloth tree I have dealt with elsewhere.

The chief mineral production is **Iron**. Hematite ore is to be found everywhere, and no difficulties are to be met with in its extraction. The Baganda excel as workers in iron, and can turn out hoes, spears, knives, hatchets and adzes.

Deposits of white **China clay** of great value are found under the red soil. Gold also has been discovered, but not in payable quantities.

Internal communication is somewhat impeded by the fact that hitherto there have been no railways in the colony, although the building of one between Jinja, on Victoria Nyanza, and Kakunguru on the river Nile, fifty miles in length, has been sanctioned. The merchandise has therefore to be

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carried on the heads of porters, who are requisitioned by the local district Commissions from the chiefs.

On its arrival at the Victoria Nyanza transport steamers carry it across the lake to Kisumu on the British East African side, from whence it is taken by the Uganda Railway direct to Mombasa on the coast and shipped to its various destinations.

A large transit trade has been maintained in the past to and from the Congo Free State, consisting of ivory and bullion from the Kilo gold-mine, employing a large amount of labour for transport. Unfortunately for this trade, the produce of the mine is now shipped *via* the West Coast of Africa, and no longer comes through the Protectorate; while a great falling off is shown in the amount of ivory passing through, owing to the transfer of the Lado Enclave district, the former paradise of the professional elephant hunter, to the Soudan Administration, which exercises a strict control over the shooting, and has thus checked the enormous slaughter of these animals, which had annually taken place under the Belgium Government, and which would have led to the ultimate extermination.

All the principal towns are connected by telegraph, which has been extended to link up with Gondokoro on the Soudan frontier, and also with Mombasa on the coast.

The revenue is raised by direct taxation supplemented by grants-in-aid allowed by the Imperial Government. A poll-tax of five rupees has been instituted instead of the mixed system

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of taxation of three rupees hut-tax and two rupees poll-tax. Previously many young men had refused to marry on account of the extra rupee to be paid by hut-holders. This growing disinclination to marry, which was causing alarm, has already been checked by the alteration in the system of taxation.

For the present year the grant in aid by the British Government amounts to £250,000, and it is a thoroughly sound investment, as every pound spent on the country will bring back ten under the present era of steady peace and prosperity.

Since the above was written the Government of this country has agreed to make an additional loan of half a million sterling to Uganda for the development of the Colony. It is not my province to criticize the way in which this money was found, which was the subject of considerable discussion in Parliament last session and is within the memory of all. Whatever opinion may be on that matter, there can be no question that this windfall will be of the utmost advantage to Uganda. Works already in hand under the previous loan can be continued and completed.

First of all, there is the line of railway from Jinja—a port on Lake Victoria served by the lake steamers—to Kakindu, on the Victoria Nile south of Lake Kioga. The original estimate was for fifty-one miles, but it was found desirable to carry the line seven miles further to Namasagoli. Additional steamers and a tug are to be placed on Lake

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Victoria, and four of the existing boats adapted to oil fuel. Two stern-wheel steamers and a dredger are being supplied for Lake Kioga, and the remarkable and promising production of cotton is to be dealt with effectually.

A large expenditure is to be made on the Uganda Railway, and although this is not in Uganda but in British East Africa, anything that improves the main line of communication between Uganda and the sea is for the benefit of the Protectorate. Feeding lines are being or to be constructed to the main line—one to the Magadi Soda Lake, ninety-three miles long, and another from Fort Hall, in the direction of Mount Kenia, thirty miles long, and traversing a rich and fertile country. These cannot fail to be of advantage to both colonies.

The general improvement of the railway, with connections and extensions, is to be taken in hand, and wharves and piers on the lakes are to be renovated and added to. The construction at Kilindini, the ocean terminus of the railway and the harbour of Mombasa, of a deep-water pier, so that steamers can load or discharge their cargoes alongside it instead of lightering, will materially affect the cost of transport of goods for export from or import to Uganda, which is at present very high.

In a country like the colonies of British East Africa and the Uganda Protectorate the most important consideration is the construction of com-

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munications. Good roads first everywhere, and then main lines of railway judiciously chosen with a view to future development, and, later, light railways as feeders, are the points to which attention should be primarily directed. The land is generally rich, and the crops it is capable of producing are very varied. It only requires cheap transport from the farms to the towns for home supply, and to the sea for imports and exports, to insure prosperity to this favoured country.

EXPLANATION OF NATIVE WORDS USED

Safari—To go on a journey; also used in speaking of a caravan of porters carrying loads.

Banda—A native hut made by interweaving twigs.

Mzungu—A European.

Shensi—A common native.

Gubba—Thick.

Toto—A young boy servant.

Boma—Town hall, or commissioner's office.

Duka—Shop.

Potia—Money advanced to porters to enable them purchase their food on journey.

Barua—A note or message on a slip of paper.

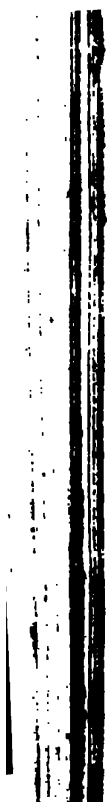
Rupee—1s. 4d., roughly.

Cent—Hundredth part of a rupee.

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